Henry Ward Beecher

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Henry Ward Beecher

LIFE AND WORK

OF

HENRY WARD BEECHER

AN AUTHENTIC, IMPARTIAL AND COMPLETE HISTORY OF
HIS PUBLIC CAREER AND PRIVATE LIFE

From the Cradle to the Grave.

REPLETE WITH

ANECDOTES, INCIDENTS, PERSONAL REMINISCENCES AND CHARACTER SKETCHES.

DESCRIPTIVE OF

THE MAN AND HIS TIMES.

By THOMAS W. KNOX,

Author of "Overland through Asia," "The Oriental World," "Underground," "Boy Travelers in the Far East," "Life of Robert Fulton," etc., etc.

Superbly Illustrated with a Steel-Plate Portrait of Mr. Beecher, and Numerous Full-Page Engravings from Original Designs.

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PREFACE.

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It has been said by an eminent historian that the biography of no man can be properly written while he is yet alive. To no one will this remark apply with greater force than to him whose name has been foremost for nearly half a century as the pastor of Plymouth Church, who fearlessly preached freedom for the slave, and whose words have electrified a continent and sent a thrill to the heart of the whole English-speaking race. A man who was so highly distinguished for originality of thought, who has been called the Shakespeare of the century, the advocate of universal liberty, the friend of the oppressed everywhere, and who converted the English public to a right view of the civil struggle in America, could only be fully and fairly appreciated when the grave had closed over him, and the mighty voice with which he spoke had been hushed forever.

On the first Sunday of his first visit to New York, nearly thirty years ago, the author of this volume crossed Fulton Ferry and went to Plymouth Church "to hear Beecher." The words to which he listened on that occa-

sion are still ringing in his ears despite the lapse of time and the many opportunities of later days to listen to this remarkable teacher and orator. From that pleasant summer morning in 1858 may fairly date the origin of this memorial tribute, which is now placed before the public in the hope that it will meet the kindly reception which has been accorded to other books that bear the writer's name on their title-pages.

Much of the data and material from which the volume was written was collected during Mr. Beecher's lifetime, but, with the opening thought of this preface ever in view, no effort was made to prepare it for publication in book-form until the sad event which spread mourning throughout the land. As now presented, the volume is an account of the life and work of Henry Ward Beecher from Litchfield to Greenwood—from the cradle to the grave. The estimates of the character and abilities of this remarkable man are by those who survive him and can fix his place in history as one who has ended his career and gone from our midst forever.

The author's thanks are due to the many friends and acquaintances of Mr. Beecher who have supplied anecdotes and personal recollections of this intellectual hero, and thus given us an insight into his character and daily life which would otherwise be wanting. Thanks are also due to the author's assistants who have aided in the collection and transcription of the events that make up

the personal and public life of the subject of the narrative; to the newspapers of New York and Brooklyn that so fully recorded the incidents of Mr. Beecher's illness and death; and finally, but by no means least, to the publishers who have spared no energy in promptly issuing the volume, so that it may be read by the many admirers of the Plymouth pastor before time has dimmed their remembrance of the man who was pre-eminently typical of the age and the people and has been aptly called "a milestone on the highway of American progress to show how far we have progressed."

T. W. K.

New York, April, 1887.

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THE LIFE AND WORK

OF

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEECHER FAMILY.

The Genealogy.—American Origin.—Grandmother Hannah.—Joseph Beecher.—Lyman Beecher.—His First Marriage.—His First Pastorate.—East Hampton, Litchfield, Boston, Cincinnati.—An Active and Useful Career.—Three Times Married.—Father of Thirteen Children.—A Conspicuous Progeny.—Catherine Esther Beecher.—Edward Beecher, D.D.—Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.—Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker.

HENRY WARD BEECHER was born at Litchfield, Conn., on the 24th day of June, 1813. He was the eighth child of the Rev. Lyman Beecher and Roxanna Foote Beecher, who had moved to Litchfield from East Hampton, L. I., some three years earlier.

The circumstances of the minister and his family were humble. His salary of eight hundred dollars, not regularly paid, was inadequate to the maintenance of so large

a family, and additional income was obtained by taking to board young ladies attending a neighboring school.

The Beecher family in America has a notable history. The peculiar qualities that marked Henry Ward Beecher were characteristic of his ancestry. Hannah Beecher, a widow, who came over with John Davenport in 1637, was a woman who possessed the endowments shown by the Beechers ever since. Coming to Boston when the theocracy was excited over the tenets attributed to Anne Hutchinson, she sympathized with the Antinomian movement that was exerting such a remarkable influence in Massachusetts Bay. That dispute affected even the distribution of town lots, and as Mrs. Beecher had been induced to emigrate by a promise of her husband's share in the town lot distribution in Boston town, it affected her very seriously indeed. Giving up all idea of acquiring a home in Massachusetts, she accompanied her pastor to Quinnipiac, now New Haven, and there, under a spreading oak-tree growing on Hannah Beecher's land, John Davenport preached the first sermon heard in New Haven, April 15, 1638.

Hannah Beecher, who in England followed the humble occupation of a midwife, brought with her to New England her son, John Beecher. John Beecher's son Joseph was noted for his wonderful strength, which he proved to admiring friends by lifting a barrel of cider and drinking from the bung-hole. Joseph Beecher's son

Nathaniel, and his grandson David, were both able to lift a barrel of cider, but history is silent as to whether they were accustomed to drink out of the bung. Nathaniel and David Beecher were blacksmiths, Nathaniel's anvil standing on the stump of the old tree under which John Davenport preached his first sermon. David Beecher was considered one of the best read men in New England, being particularly well versed in astronomy, geography, and history. He was five times married. His third wife, Esther Lyman, was of Scotch descent, and was noted for her joyous and hopeful temperament, as well as for her strong mind and excellent character. She was the mother of Lyman Beecher, Henry Ward Beecher's father.

Lyman Beecher was born October 12, 1775, of Esther Lyman, David Beecher's third wife, who contributed a strain of Scotch blood to the Beecher stock, already of English and Welsh extraction. Lyman Beecher was her only child, and she died of consumption two days after he was born. He was such a puny babe, having been prematurely born, that the nurse, who was laboring to save his mother's life, actually wrapped him up and laid him aside, believing it useless to try to keep him alive: "So you see," Lyman Beecher writes in his autobiography, "it was but by a hair's-breadth that I got a foothold in this world." He was raised by bottle under the care of an aunt in North Guilford. As a boy his passion

was for fishing. He couldn't leave off until the bull-heads had quit biting. He developed much physical strength among the Guilford hills. When he entered Yale College its scientific apparatus comprised a great rusty orrery as big as a mill-wheel, a rusty four-foot telescope, an air-pump that would never have killed a mouse, a dingy prism, and an elastic hoop to illustrate centrifugal force. Slaves were then owned in New England, and Lyman Beecher was made a fag to an upper classman; but he broke in the windows of his student master at midnight with brickbats, and broke up the old aristocratic college custom.

Lyman Beecher came twice to death's door. He tried to skate over Long Island Sound, fell through the ice, and saved himself with great difficulty. The same year he almost died of scarlet fever. Yale College students were then infected with scepticism. Students called each other Voltaire, Rousseau, and D'Alembert. The college church was almost extinct. The students idolized Tom Paine. Intemperance, profanity, gambling, and licentiousness were common. Lyman Beecher learned to gamble, won at first, lost next, then got into debt, and then took a week off, cured himself of the mania, and never touched a card after that. Old Dr. Dwight preached for six months on the subject of infidelity, and changed the temper of the students. Lyman Beecher was butler of the college. The butlery is now an ob-

solete institution. An English parson bought for him a hogshead of porter, which he retailed to the students, with cider, metheglin, pipes and tobacco, and by the profit thus obtained he helped to pay his own way through college.

After his collegiate course at Yale, he became pastor of a church at East Hampton, L. I., where he received a salary of $300 and a dilapidated parsonage. He stirred the country with a sermon that in 1804 he preached upon the death of Alexander Hamilton, whom Aaron Burr shot in a duel. When in 1810 Lyman Beecher removed to Litchfield Corners he assailed the vice of intemperance, then so common in the land of the Puritans that formal meetings of the clergy were not infrequently accompanied by gross excesses. His sermons were extempore in form, but were carefully thought out, generally while he was engaged in active physical exercise. He had striking peculiarities, and was accustomed to relieve the excitement occasioned by preaching by playing "Auld Lang Syne" on the fiddle or dancing the double-shuffle in his parlor. He remained at Litchfield sixteen years. From 1826 to 1832 Dr. Beecher was pastor of the Hanover Street Church, Boston. Here his influence was so powerful, his controversies with Unitarianism and the Finney system of revivals so trenchant and triumphant, that his fame went abroad in all the land; and he seemed to be the man of all others

to help build up a Western school of theology. From 1832 to 1842 he was president of the Lane Theological Seminary, near Cincinnati, O. Upon his retirement from the Lane Seminary, Dr. Beecher returned to Boston, where he lived until 1856, when he removed to Brooklyn, where his death occurred in 1863, in the eighty-eighth year of his age. Dr. Beecher was one of the twelve children of his father, David Beecher, and he was himself the father of thirteen children, of whom Henry Ward Beecher was the eighth. He was three times married, first in 1799, then in 1817, and again in 1836. It is unnecessary here to recapitulate the labors that gave him his fame as a theologian, orator, writer, and leader in great moral movements, such as the temperance and anti-slavery causes.

Of the children who attained distinction, there were Catherine Esther Beecher, who wrote a number of books upon education and domestic economy; Edward Beecher, D.D., a studious theologian; Harriet Elizabeth (Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe), author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin;" Charles Beecher, Thomas K. Beecher, and Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker.

Catherine Esther Beecher was the eldest of Dr. Lyman Beecher's family. She was born at East Hampton, L. I., September 6, 1800. She has been dead only a few years. Catherine Beecher never married, her life being

devoted to promoting education. She was for many years principal of a school at Hartford. Her writings were mostly on educational and domestic subjects, including a work on the "Duties" and one on the "Wrongs" of women. Her only work that is sought for nowadays is "Truth Stranger Than Fiction," which contains the story of the infelicitous love-affair of the late Delia Bacon, the originator of the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy with the Rev. Mr. McWhorter. This book was never really published, but it is the only one of Miss Beecher's books that will be remembered. Catherine Beecher also wrote the memoirs of her brother, George Beecher, a promising clergyman, who was killed in 1843 by the accidental discharge of his own gun.

Edward Beecher, D.D., was born at East Hampton, L. I., in 1804, and graduated from Yale College in 1822. He studied theology at Andover and New Haven, his first charge (1826 to 1831) being the Park Street Congregational Church, Boston. From 1831 to 1844 he was president of the Illinois College, at Jacksonville. In 1844 he became pastor of the Salem Street Church, Boston, and in 1856 he removed to Galesburg, Ill., where he was for many years pastor of the Congregational Church. Dr. Beecher's most noteworthy books are, "The Conflict of Ages," 1854, and "The Concord of Ages," 1860. In these he argues that man's life upon

earth is the outgrowth of a former existence as well as a prelude to a future one. The conflict between good and evil which has been going on for ages is to be ended with this life, and then all the conflicts are to be harmonized into an everlasting concord.

Harriet Elizabeth Beecher was born at Litchfield, Conn., June 14, 1812. In her fifteenth year she became a teacher in a school at Hartford conducted by her sister, Catherine Beecher, where she remained until 1832, when she went with her father's family to Cincinnati. There, in 1836, she was married to Calvin E. Stowe, recently deceased, who in 1833 had become professor of languages and biblical literature in the seminary. During the earlier years of her married life Mrs. Stowe gave little attention to literature. Her time was devoted to her household duties and the care of her children. Mrs. Stowe's family now comprises only her two daughters—Harriet Beecher, called after her mother, and Eliza, so named in honor of Professor Stowe's first wife. These sisters are twins, and were the first born of Mrs. Stowe's children. Another daughter is Mrs. Allen, an invalid, whose husband is the rector of the Church of the Messiah, in Boston. Mrs. Stowe had only one son, Charles Stowe, a young clergyman in Hartford. Mrs. Stowe's first book, "Mayflower; or, Sketches of the Descendants of the Puritans," was not published until 1849, when she had

already reached her thirty-seventh year. Although published both in London and New York, this volume met with no marked success until after the appearance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in 1852. The popularity of the latter work, as all the world knows, was phenomenal. It was originally published in weekly parts, from June 5, 1851, to April 1, 1852, in the *New Era*, an anti-slavery paper in Washington, but it was not until its appearance in book-form that it made a sensation. In eight weeks after the appearance of the first Boston edition, in two volumes, 100,000 copies were sold. The first London edition was published in May, 1852, but it was not large, the publishers doubting the popularity of pictures of negro life in England. Before the close of the year it is estimated that in England alone as many as a million copies had been sold. In September, 1852, one London house gave an order for 10,000 copies daily, which was regularly filled for a month. The sale in the United States reached 200,000 within a year, and 313,000 in four years. No other work of fiction ever came near it in circulation. Before the close of the year 1852 it had been translated into French, Italian, Spanish, Danish, Swedish, Dutch, Flemish, German, Polish and Magyar, and subsequently Portuguese, Welsh, Russian, Wendish, Wallachian, Armenian, Arabic, and Romaic translations were made. Indeed, it is said that there were even Chinese and Japanese versions. Apart from the popularity of

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" as a novel, it has had exceptional success as a play. Almost as soon as the story was published it was dramatized for the Fox family. Mrs. G. C. Howard, who still plays *Topsy*, was the original *Little Eva*, thirty-four years ago. Besides the Fox version there have been many others, Mrs. Stowe preparing one which was published in 1855, with the title of "The Christian Slave." Probably no production in the whole history of literature provoked the bitter animosities that resulted from the publication of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It would be a hopeless task to repeat the story of the long controversy. As the first powerful blow dealt to American slavery, as it existed previous to 1861, the book naturally became hateful to the South, and Mrs. Stowe was for a time the most hated woman in the United States. This book, however, gave her the widest reputation of any member of the Beecher family, and her fame as the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will probably prove the most lasting.

The younger members of the Beecher family who attained to distinction as clergymen are Charles, born in 1815, and Thomas K., born in 1824. Charles Beecher was successively pastor of a church at Newark, N. J., and Georgetown, Mass. He edited the "Life" of his father, Lyman Beecher, and was joint author, with his sister, Mrs. Stowe, of "Sunny Memories of Foreign

Lands." Thomas K. Beecher was for a time pastor of the New England Congregational Church, Brooklyn, E. D., but in 1857 he removed to Elmira, N. Y., where he remained until a year or two ago. Another well-known member of the Beecher family was Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who was an active champion of the claim of women to the ballot. Of the remaining children of Lyman Beecher one died in infancy and three were content to live the lives and perform the homely duties of ordinary mortals.

The following anecdote is told of the parents of Henry Ward Beecher: "Lyman Beecher was an utterly impracticable and erratic person out of the pulpit, while his wife, who was refined and well balanced, had much of her time occupied in undoing the mischief her husband had done. For instance, Lyman Beecher once bought and sent home a bale of cotton, simply because it was cheap, without any idea or plan for its use. His wife, at first discomfited, at once projected the unheard-of luxury of a carpet, carded and spun the cotton, hired it woven, cut and sewed it to fit the parlor, stretched and nailed it to the garret floor, and brushed it over with thin paste. Then she sent to her New York brother for oil-paints, learned from an encyclopædia how to prepare them, and then adorned the carpet with groups of flowers, imitating those in her small yard and garden. This illustrates at

once the improvidence of the father and the useful and æsthetic turn of mind of the mother, who seems to have had high ideals and great perseverance in attaining excellence under most unfavorable circumstances. Lyman Beecher was passionately fond of children; his wife was not. Lyman Beecher was imaginative, impulsive, and averse to hard study. His wife was calm and self-possessed, and solved mathematical problems not only for practical purposes, but because she enjoyed that kind of mental effort. Lyman Beecher was trained as a dialectician and felt that he excelled in argumentation, and yet his wife, without any such training, he remarked, was the only person he had met that he felt was fully his equal in an argument. He had that kind of love for his children that moved him to caress and fondle them; she, on the contrary, did not care to nurse or tend them, although she was eminently benevolent, and very tender and sympathetic. In other words, as the late Catherine Beecher once wrote, 'My father seemed by natural organization to have what one usually deemed the natural traits of woman, while my mother had some of those which often are claimed to be the distinctive attributes of man.'"

On one occasion the members of his church had, by dint of much effort, raised $100 to buy furniture for the parsonage. The money, in bank bills, was given to Dr. Beecher, who crowded it into his vest-pocket and forgot

all about it. When sought for a few days later, it could nowhere be found, and for some time all trace of the money was lost. It was finally ascertained that the absent-minded doctor had dropped the roll of bills into the contribution-box one Sunday morning when it was being circulated for the benefit of a line of stages that was being run at a loss because of its owner's refusal to break the Sabbath.

Once Dr. Beecher left his horse tied to a tree in the woods, and the poor animal remained there two entire days without food or water.

CHAPTER II.

HIS BIRTH AND BOYHOOD.

The Eighth Child.—Not the First Baby, Usually a Novelty in the Family.—Mrs. Stowe's Reminiscences.—His Birthplace at Litchfield, Conn.—His Mother's Death.—Scene at the Death-bed.—Aunt Esther.—The Step-mother.—Henry Never had a Toy.—Doing Family Chores.—Primitive Life in New England.—Does not want to wear an Overcoat.—A, B, C School.—School-girls cut His Curls.—The District School.—Not a Bright Pupil.—Difficulty in Memorizing.—No Elocutionary Ability.—Sent to School from Home.—Rev. Mr. Langdon's School.—A Student of Nature.—Boy's Debate on the Bible.—Miss Catherine's Young Ladies' School.—His Brief Career There.—His Practical Jokes.—The Umbrella Story.—The Grammar Contests.—Amusing Anecdotes.—Back Home.

In such a numerous family as that in which Henry Ward arrived, a baby is not the novelty and attraction that the first-born always is, and so throughout most of his life he had to take care of himself.

As Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe says in a sketch of her brother Henry Ward, in her volume "Self-Made Men," "The first child of a family is generally an object of high hopes and anxious and careful attention. They are observed, watched, and if the parents are so disposed, carefully educated, and often over-watched and over-educated. But in large families, as time rolls on

THE BEECHER HOMESTEAD AT LITCHFIELD, CONN.—THE BIRTHPLACE OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

and children multiply, especially to those in straitened worldly circumstances, all the interest of novelty dies out before the advent of younger children, and they are apt to find their way in early life unwatched and unheralded. Dr. Beecher's low salary, and sometimes slow payment, made the problem of feeding, clothing, and educating a family of ten children a hard one. The family was constantly enlarged by boarders—young ladies attending the female academy, and whose board helped somewhat to the support of the domestic establishment, but added greatly to the cares of the head-manager. The younger members of the Beecher family therefore came into existence in a great battling household of older people, all going their separate ways, and having their own grown-up interests to carry. The child growing up in this busy, active circle had constantly impressed upon it a sense of personal insignificance as a child, and the absolute need of the virtue of passive obedience and non-resistance as regards all grown-up people. To be statedly washed and dressed and catechised, got to school at regular hours in the morning, and to bed inflexibly at the earliest possible hour at night, comprised about all the attention that children could receive in these days." And so young Henry Ward did not receive the attention and deference as a younger child that would have been bestowed on a first-born.

The house in Litchfield in which Henry Ward

Beecher was born, June 24, 1813, was a square structure with an L and a hipped roof. It stood in a yard filled with tamaracks, elms, maples, and other trees. The old-fashioned two-leaved double door on the east looked over toward Bantam River. Great apple-trees filled the orchard in the rear. The dining-room contained a famous Russian stove, built so as to warm six rooms, including the large parlor, where ministers met and talked and smoked until they could not see across the room. A fragrant honeysuckle shaded the dining-room window. The love of flowers was inherited by Mr. Beecher from his mother, who, just before he was born, spent much time amid flowers about their homestead. She was constantly exchanging flower-seeds and slips of shrubs. The letters of his mother describe him as a merry, clinging child. "I write," she wrote to her sister in November, 1814, "sitting upon my feet, with my paper on the seat of a chair, while Henry is hanging round my neck and climbing on my back, and Harriet (Mrs. Stowe) is begging me to please to make her a baby." Mr. Beecher's mother was from a family that traced its genealogy back to the man who aided King Charles to conceal himself in the royal oak, which stood in a field of clover. As a reward he was knighted, and the Foote coat-of-arms bears an oak for its crest and a clover-leaf for its quarterings. Mrs. Beecher possessed a fine presence, and there was such dignity and sweetness in her manner that the pict-

ure of her impressed upon Henry Ward Beecher's mind when he was three year's old remained the chief treasure of his memory all through life. She died on September 23, 1816, when eight little children, among them her son Henry Ward, were weeping about her bedside. Her parting message to them was, "Trust in God, my children. He can do more for you than I have done or could do." Six members of her family had died in September, and it was always regarded as a fatal month, and she had a presentiment that whatever was of ill omen would happen to her in that month. It was her wish that all of her sons should devote themselves to the ministry, and they all did so. Lyman Beecher said that after her death his first sensation was one of terror, like that of a child suddenly shut out alone in the dark. Intellectually and morally, he regarded her as the better and stronger half of himself. He had depended upon her so much that once after her death, when in trouble, he sat down and "poured out his soul" in a letter to her.

Henry Ward was too small to go to his mother's funeral. Mrs. Stowe once wrote: "I remember his golden curls and little black frock as he frolicked like a kitten in the sun in ignorant joy." They told him that they had laid his mother in the ground and that she had gone to heaven. One morning he was discovered with great zeal and earnestness digging under the window. His sister Catherine asked him what he was doing. Lifting his

curly head with great simplicity, he said, "Why, I'm going to heaven to find ma." The passage in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" where Augustine St. Clair describes his mother's influence is a simple reproduction of the influence felt by Roxanna Beecher's children.

The mother's place in the household was assumed by a sister of his father, Esther Beecher, "who measured out the things of this life as conscientiously and accurately as if they were the outer court service of the temple in which her inner soul devoutly adored." The father, who was a vigorous, earnest thinker and preacher, was absorbed by his theological studies and pastoral duties, and devoted little attention to the younger children. In a year he took to himself a second wife (Miss Harriet Porter), "a beautiful lady, very fair, with bright blue eyes and soft auburn hair," of whom Mr. Beecher's Friday night auditors have had many bright pictures. Henry is described in the early letters of the family as a good boy, a quick and apt student; and if he was mischievous, his pranks were cast into the shade by those of his brother Charles, who was a typical small boy.

Speaking of the step-mother, "who took the station of mother" to the infant, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, in the work referred to, observes that she "was a lady of great personal elegance and attractiveness, of high intellectual and moral culture, who, from having been in early life the much admired belle in general society, came at

last, from an impulse of moral heroism combined with personal attachment, to undertake the austere labors of a poor minister's family. She was a person to make a deep impression on the minds of any children. There was a moral force about her, a dignity of demeanor, an air of elegance and superior breeding, which produced a constant atmosphere of unconscious awe in the minds of the little ones. Then her duties were onerous, her conscience inflexible, and under the weight of these her stock of health and animal spirits sunk, so that she was for the most part pensive and depressed. Her nature and habits were too refined and exacting for the bringing up of children of great animal force and vigor under the strain and pressure of straitened circumstances. The absurdities and crudenesses incident to the early days of such children appeared to her as serious faults, and weighed heavily on her conscience. The most intense positive religious and moral influence the three little ones of the family received was on Sunday night, when it was her custom to take them to her bedroom and read and talk and pray with them."

The religious impressions thus early imbibed by Henry Ward were profound and lasting. Children had not as many ways of enjoying themselves as in these days of cheap children's books and toys, and in the stern, practical life of New England, which only observed one feast day—Thanksgiving Day—there was little to interest

growing children. Mrs. Beecher Stowe states that "the childhood of Henry Ward Beecher was unmarked by the possession of a single child's toy as a gift from any older person, or a single *fête*."

He was early called upon to assume a portion of the domestic routine: he had to care for the domestic animals, to cut and pile wood for the household use, to work in the garden, and so formed the magnificent physique and healthy as well as industrious habits which distinguished him through life. He grew up a rugged, healthy boy. The long and severe winters characteristic of the mountainous region of Litchfield necessitated the hardships usually associated with the primitive border towns.

The severe winters occasioned the water-droughts so frequent in New England towns. One of his duties, in his ninth year, was to harness the horse to a sledge containing a barrel and go to a spring three miles away, on the town hill, to obtain water for household use. He would fill the barrel by the slow process of dipping the water from the spring. His robust vigor enabled him to endure the cold without wearing an overcoat, and one of his first trials in life was in being compelled by his step-mother to wear one. He had determined not to wear an overcoat the winter through, but he reluctantly obeyed his step-mother.

He attended a primary school kept in the village by

the Widow Kilbourn, on West Street. Here he learned the alphabet, saying his letters twice a day, and was kept out of the mischief incidental to childhood and consequent annoyance to those at home by the hours of attendance. He wore his hair, then of a golden hue, in long curls. One day some mischievous girls sawed off, with tin shears formed from fragments obtained from a shop near by, some of his golden curls, and on his stepmother discovering the fact, she had his curls cut short, greatly to his joy, as he thought they made him look like a girl.

A district school was opened near the parsonage about the time he had mastered the alphabet and rudimentary spelling, and he was removed from the Widow Kilbourn's and sent there. Here a school-mistress who did not hesitate to use the birch presided over a large attendance of the children of the surrounding farming population, and imparted elementary instruction in ciphering and writing, with daily readings of the Bible and the "Columbian Orator," then a sort of classic in the schools. Henry Ward was not a bright pupil. His verbal memory was deficient, he was extremely diffident and sensitive, and his utterance, so eloquent in later life, was thick and indistinct, because of an enlargement of the tonsils of the throat. Indeed, he never at this time articulated distinctly, and his aunt used to have to make him repeat a message several times before she could comprehend him.

He experienced great difficulty in committing the catechism to memory, and every Sunday morning he was in trouble in consequence. With his hearty health and temperament these passing troubles sat lightly upon him, and none of them bothered themselves much about him, since he was never sick, and his father was engrossed by his pastoral duties, and all his paternal hopes were centred in the elder brother, who was now attending college.

In his tenth year, having graduated from the district school—a poor writer and a miserable speller—he was sent by his father to a private school kept by the Rev. Mr. Langdon at Bethlehem, a neighboring town, to enter upon a more elaborate system of preparatory studies.

An incident of his admission to the Rev. Mr. Langdon's school may be narrated as the indication that even at this early age he had the courage to defend his convictions. One of the older boys in the school obtained possession of a copy of Paine's "Age of Reason," and was in the habit of quoting therefrom in arguments against the Bible, which the others did not consider themselves able to refute. Young Beecher found it necessary to prepare for engaging in the controversy which he proposed to himself to wage in defence of the Bible. He had recourse to Watson's "Apology," which he studied in private. When thoroughly ready he challenged the

champion of Paine to a debate before their respective followers. He completely vanquished the elder boy. His victory was acknowledged by all, and has never been questioned.

He was not the student, however, that the incident would indicate. He was more partial to gunning in the surrounding woods than to his books. It is related that in his studious observations of the trees and the leaves, and the habits of their feathery inhabitants, he seldom shot anything with the gun he carried on his shoulder. Generally unprepared in his studies, he adopted all the usual school-boy ruses to escape punishment, by reading answers surreptitiously from his hat, or accepting sly assistance from his more studious comrades, always ready and willing to help the good-natured and amusing laggard. He remained a year with the Rev. Mr. Langdon without making any recognizable progress in his book-studies.

In 1823 Miss Catherine Beecher went to Hartford and established a select school for girls, with her sister Harriet, then twelve years old, as a pupil as well as assistant. She commenced the Latin grammar only a fortnight before she began to teach it herself. Her brother, Edward Beecher, was at this time at the head of the Hartford Latin School, and boarded in the same family with his sisters, and she studied with him while she taught her pupils. Surrounded by young life, en-

thusiastic in study and teaching, Miss Beecher recovered that buoyant cheerfulness which always characterized her.

She was at this time in her twenty-third year, and had a ready sympathy with all the feelings of the young; she encouraged her scholars to talk freely with her of the subjects they studied, and the recitation hours were often enlivened by wit and pleasantry. She had under her care some of the brightest and most receptive of minds, and the results, as shown in the yearly exhibitions, to which the parents and friends were invited, were quite exciting. Latin and English compositions—versified translations from Virgil's "Eclogues," and Ovid's "Metamorphoses"—astonished those who had not been in the habit of expecting such things in a female school. The school increased rapidly; pupils were drawn in from abroad, and it became difficult to find a place to contain the numbers to be taught. The father, in sending his daughter Harriet, concluded to also place Henry under the tutelage of his elder sister, probably wishing to keep the family as united as possible—and here, near by to the nest, could be four of the brood. Between the two youngsters, Miss Catherine and Mr. Edward must have had considerable trouble. Rose Terry Cooke, in her interesting account of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, says:

"To this sister's care and teaching Harriet, now twelve years old, was confided. No more scrambles now over

hill and dale after huckleberries or honeysuckle apples; no more nutting frolics or fishing excursions to Bantam Pond; apple-cuttings, wood-spells, strawberry-hunts, and expeditions after winter-green were all over; she must 'buckle-down' now to serious work without these alleviations; and besides her own studies she taught Latin and translated Virgil into English heroic verse, becoming in due time an assistant pupil in the school then and still known as the Hartford Female Seminary, and flourishing for many years after Miss Beecher left it under the rule of the same John P. Brace who was previously her teacher."

Henry did not achieve any better record for scholarship under his sister's tuition than he had at the Rev. Mr. Langdon's schools. His sisters must have had a troublesome time with him, as he was more given to practical joking than to study. It is related that one rainy day he opened and placed the umbrellas belonging to the girls in a row, one above the other, on the stairs leading up to the school-room, in an upper story of the house, so that when the door opened all were precipitated into the street, to the dismay of the new arrival and the merriment of the school.

There were two divisions in grammar, with leaders, who would select their sides and engage in a competitive review. Henry was so deficient in his knowledge of grammar that he was always the last chosen—Hobson's

choice, in fact. Mrs. Stowe describes one of these occasions:

"The fair leader on one of these divisions took the boy aside to a private apartment, to put into him, with female tact and insinuation, those definitions and distinctions on which the honor of the class depended.

"'Now, Henry, *A* is the definite article, you see, and must be used only with a singular noun. You can say a *man*—but you can't say *a men*, can you?'

"'Yes, I can say *Amen*, too,' was the ready rejoinder. 'Father says it always at the end of his prayers.'

"'Come, Henry, now don't be joking; now decline He.'

"'Nominative he, possessive his, objective him.'

"'You see, His is possessive. Now you can say His book—but you can't say Him book.'

"'Yes, I do say Hymn book too,' said the impracticable scholar, with a quizzical twinkle. Each one of these sallies made his young teacher laugh, which was the victory he wanted.

"'But now, Henry, seriously, just attend to the active and passive voice. Now, "I strike" is active, you see, because if you strike you do something. But "I am struck" is passive, because if you are struck you don't do anything, do you?'

"'Yes, I do—I strike back again.'"

Mrs. Stowe also relates:

"Being of a somewhat frisky nature, his sister appointed his seat at her elbow when she heard her classes. A class in Natural Philosophy, not very well prepared, was stumbling through the theory of the tides.

"'I can explain that,' said Henry. 'Well, you see the sun, he catches hold of the moon and pulls her, and she catches hold of the sea and pulls that, and this makes the spring tides.'

"'But what makes the neap tides?'

"'Oh, that's when the sun stops to spit on his hands,' was the brisk rejoinder."

Henry was sent back home after a six months' sojourn with his sister, probably as a hopeless case. Miss Beecher continued her school, and became a resident. Miss Beecher had always enjoyed the friendship of the leading ladies of Hartford, and when at the end of four years she drew the plan of the Hartford Female Seminary, it was by their influence that the first gentlemen in Hartford subscribed money to purchase the land and erect such a building as she desired, with a large hall for study and general exercises, eight recitation-rooms, and a room for chemical laboratory and lectures. A band of eight teachers, each devoted to some particular department, carried on the course of study.

In a recent interview Rev. Edward Beecher told the following incident about Henry's boyhood:

He was always of an impulsive, warm-hearted, imagi-

native nature, and very ambitious. He would excel his comrades if he could, and especially so in athletic sports.

He said that one day young Henry was playing "follow the leader." As usual he was the leader. He ran at breakneck speed toward the river, jumping posts and turning somersaults, which every urchin in the line had to imitate. When he reached the river he jumped from the dock to a vessel that was moored a few feet off, but all the boys followed him. He climbed the rigging and slid down ropes, but his playmates still succeeded in imitating him. He ran out on the bowsprit, but the boys followed.

"Harry would not let them equal him," said his brother, who is ten years his senior. "And what did that hot-headed boy do but jump right into the water, where he almost drowned. The other boys admitted that they were beaten."

Mr. Edward Beecher said that his brother's athletic tendencies were confined to healthy and manly out-door sports. He was no hand for exercising in a gymnasium. He had a strong constitution and was built like an athlete.

"What was Mr. Beecher's position on the temperance question?"

"He believed that for a man to deny himself the use of wines or spirits for the sake of a weaker friend was praiseworthy and even admirable. But provided the

wine was genuine and good, he did not believe it wrong for a man to drink a glass now and then."

Mr. Edward Beecher said that Henry Ward was the one of his brothers with whom he was least acquainted. William and Thomas K. were nearer his own age. Charles, Henry's next youngest brother, he had fitted for college. But as for Henry himself, he was of an independent turn, and studied only such courses as he fancied, or thought would increase his power as an orator. He saw his brother but little after he was seventeen years old.

CHAPTER III.

HIS YOUTH AND COLLEGE CAREER.

Litchfield Scenery.—Atmosphere breathed by the Youth.—His Father removes to Boston.—Ambitious to become a Sailor.—Youthful Dreams.—Boston Latin School.—Mount Pleasant College.—Meets Miss Bullard.—His Methods of Study.—Learning Elocution.—Studying Mathematics.—Interested in Phrenology.—Teaching in the Winter Vacation.—Decides to become a Minister.—Graduates from Amherst.—Lane Theological Seminary.—Editorial Work.—Graduates, and resolves to Marry.

THE scenery surrounding the Litchfield home made nature a great school-teacher. The round, blue head of Mount Tom marked the far-off horizon, and through a sea of distant pine-groves the two sheets of water known as the Great and Little Ponds gleamed out. It was the village habit then to love and notice nature—the influence of the wonderful sunsets, that Mrs. Stowe says "used to burn themselves out amid voluminous wreathings or castellated turrets of clouds—vaporous pageantry proper to a mountainous region." With but few books within reach, and only the church for mental diversion, Henry Ward Beecher, as a boy, opened his mind to the fullest extent to the beauties of nature. His eye was educated in color by the changes of the verdure from the

tints of spring green that, after a long winter, spread over the rich growth of forest trees on the uplands into the deepening hues of summer, and then into a blaze of glory in autumn. He gathered the pink-shell blossoms of trailing arbutus in the woods, and picked violets that were blue, and white, and yellow, and hunted for wild anemone, crow's-foot, and blood-root. The memory of those sylvan rambles, and his walks along the tangled and rocky banks of the clear Bantam River, colored many of his utterances in later years. He and his imaginative sister, Mrs. Stowe, used to speculate whether in the distant northern groves there were altars to Apollo, where white-robed shepherds played on ivory flutes, and shepherdesses brought garlands to hang around the shrines. Mr. Beecher gained an education in those pastoral scenes that never failed to be a resource to him.

The exuberance of spirit of Lyman Beecher kept the family on the *qui vive* and influenced all the children. He would teach his boys theology as they caught perch and pickerel, literature as they gathered sweet-flag or wintergreen, mythology as they cut up apples before a blazing fire to make the annual barrel of cider-apple sauce, and as they piled up wood he related tales from Walter Scott. There was hardly a bound to Lyman Beecher's mental energy. He wanted to see Byron and give him his views of religious thought, and help him out of his troubles. He had intense admiration for Napoleon Bonaparte, and

wanted him to succeed, and when Napoleon was at St. Helena, Lyman Beecher was greatly exercised about the condition of the emperor's soul. The descendants of Lyman Beecher were strongly marked with this desire for regulating the affairs of the universe, for whose proper conduct they seemed to have a sense of responsibility.

Mr. Beecher learned music at home, for his sisters played upon the piano, his father performed upon the violin, and his brothers, Edward and William, played the flute. It delighted the boys when Lyman Beecher tuned his old violin for the contra-dance, "Go to the Devil and Shake Yourself," and although he tried hard to master "Money Musk," and "College Hornpipe," he invariably broke away into "Bonnie Doon," and "Mary's Dream," in playing which he was proficient.

Henry Ward did not remain long in the mountain home of his birth, but was soon after his return from Hartford taken to Boston by the removal of his father to that city.

In 1826, Rev. Lyman Beecher, after a long and anxious self-communing, made up his mind that he had no right to live longer in debt for want of a sufficient salary. It has always been the disgrace of New England that her country ministers have had to starve or accept charity. Many of them have been forced to eke out the pittance allotted to them by farming on week-days instead of studying, or by writing school-books or compiling histo-

ries, or in later days taking agencies for popular articles. But none of these things were available to Mr. Beecher; he believed it his duty to devote all his time and strength, just as far as it could be spared from the absolute needs of rest or relaxation, to the work of the ministry; and the father of eleven children could not, in any case, have provided that hearty and hungry flock with food and clothing for $800 a year.

He took no counsel of man, but in the silence of his study made up his mind to leave Litchfield as soon as he could find a more remunerative parish, and twelve hours after a letter reached him, inviting him to the Hanover Street Church, Boston, Mass.

Henry, in his twelfth year, did not enjoy the change from the freedom of the country and the panorama of nature to the closely built and populous city of Boston, where his father took him as well as his youngest brother; he would have preferred the country to the city, but he had no choice.

He was sent to the Boston Latin School, and for a time applied himself diligently to his studies. According to Mrs. Stowe, "he grew gloomy and moody, restless and irritable," and his father arranged for him a course of biographical reading—the voyages of Captain Cook and the life of Nelson—and the youthful student became ambitious of an active life of enterprise and adventure. He wanted to go to sea.

Mrs. Stowe says: "He made up his little bundle, walked to the wharf and talked with sailors and captains, hovered irresolute on the verge of voyages, never quite able to grieve his father by a sudden departure. At last he wrote a letter announcing to a brother that he could and would remain no longer at school—that he had made up his mind for the sea; that if not permitted to go, he should go without permission. This letter was designedly dropped where his father picked it up. Dr. Beecher put it in his pocket and said nothing for the moment, but the next day asked Henry to help him saw wood. Now the wood-pile was the doctor's private debating-ground, and Henry felt complimented by the invitation, as implying manly companionship."

Mrs. Stowe continues the narrative of a very important point in the subsequent career of her illustrious brother:

"Let us see," says the doctor; "Henry, how old are you?"

"Almost fourteen!"

"Bless me! how boys do grow! Why, it's almost time to be thinking what you are going to do. Have you ever thought?"

"Yes—I want to go to sea."

"To sea! Of all things. Well, well! after all, why not?—of course you don't want to be a common sailor? You want to get into the navy?"

"Yes, sir, that's what I want."

AN INCIDENT IN MR. BEECHER'S BOYHOOD. HE CONTEMPLATES RUNNING AWAY TO SEA.

"But not merely as a common sailor, I suppose?"

"No, sir, I want to be a midshipman, and after that commodore."

"I see," said the doctor, cheerfully.

"Well, Henry, in order for that, you know, you must begin a course of mathematics, and study navigation and all that."

"Yes, sir, I am ready."

"Well, then, I'll send you up to Amherst next week, to Mount Pleasant, and there you'll begin your preparatory studies, and if you are well prepared, I promise I can make interest to get you an appointment."

And so he went to Mount Pleasant, in Amherst, Mass., and Dr. Beecher said, shrewdly: "I shall have that boy in the ministry yet."

At Amherst Henry Ward labored perseveringly, with his face toward the navy, but at the close of the year he became impressed at a religious revival, and his scheme of sailing the blue ocean vanished. He entered into the study of English classics with zeal, and he pondered the works of the best English writers with never-ceasing delight, but he was not attracted by Greek or Latin classics or mathematics. He then became a reformer, opposed all of the habitual irregularities and dissipations of students, and set his face against the use of tobacco and liquors. His father's eccentricities began to crop out in his student life. His lack of order was conspicuous, but he

always claimed that there was as much method in his disorder as in the regular habits of his more methodical comrades. He tossed books, papers, memoranda, boots, and articles of clothing in one corner of his room, and when in search of anything he got down on his knees and pawed over the mass. He had a circular table made, with a hole large enough in the centre to admit his body. He sat on a low stool with a turning top, with his head and half of his body through the hole in the table, and when he changed from one work to another he would spin around on the stool and thus bring himself to another part of the table. He was a poor student in mathematics, and finished this part of his course with difficulty. During two winter vacations he taught school in Whitinsville, using the money thus obtained for the purchase of a library.

He had pursued a course of elocution under Professor John E. Lovell, who succeeded in developing his voice, naturally thick and husky, and at the close of the first year he was recognized as an attractive and fluent speaker.

In the *Christian Union* of July 14, 1880, Mr. Beecher wrote:

"I had from childhood a thickness of speech arising from a large palate, so that when a boy I used to be laughed at for talking as if I had pudding in my mouth. When I went to Amherst, I was fortunate in passing into the hands of John Lovell, a teacher of elocution; and a

better teacher for my purpose I cannot conceive. His system consisted in drill, or the thorough practice of inflections by the voice, of gesture, posture, and articulation. Sometimes I was a whole hour practising my voice on a word like 'justice.'

"I would have to take a posture, frequently at a mark chalked on the floor. Then we would go through all the gestures, exercising each movement of the arm, and the throwing open the hand. All gestures except those of precision go in curves, the arm rising from the side, coming to the front, turning to the left or right. I was drilled as to how far the arm should come forward, where it should start from, how far go back, and under what circumstances these movements should be made. It was drill, drill, drill, until the motions almost became a second nature. Now I never know what movement I shall make. My gestures are natural, because this drill made them natural to me. The only method of acquiring an effective education is by practice of not less than an hour a day, until the student has his voice and himself thoroughly subdued, and trained to right expression."

There was a religious revival in the school, and Henry took a prominent part, always being imbued with a strong religious sentiment, the result of his early home training. Going to Boston shortly afterward, at his father's request, to attend a great communion season, Henry avowed, to the joy of all, his intention of becom-

ing a minister of the Gospel. Returning to Amherst, he continued his academical studies three years longer, for the purpose of entering college. He was assisted greatly in his mathematical studies by his teacher and room-mate, a young man from West Point, named Fitzgerald, whom he ever pleasantly remembered. He was prepared to enter as a sophomore, but his father decided he should enter as a freshman. He now became a hard student, devoting himself especially to the English classics, and carefully developing his powers as an orator. In all debates he always took the part of a reformer, and always espoused the side of law and order. He was active in founding a society which should cultivate merriment and fun, but which should condemn and discountenance "scraping" in the lecture-rooms, hazing of students, every form of secret vice, gambling and drinking, and encourage temperance and purity of character. He became much interested in phrenology and physiology, and Mr. Fowler, since famous as the senior member of the firm of Fowler & Wells, was a fellow-student. This led to his studying Combe, Spurzheim, and the Scotch metaphysical school. The subject of phrenology, which he never considered a perfected science, always possessed an interest for him. He obtained the money to purchase the books his studies and inclinations led him to read by teaching rural schools during the long winter vacations, like many others in his class. Graduating from Amherst in 1834, he went

to Cincinnati to his father, who was then president of Lane Theological Seminary, to complete his theological training. The abolition excitement at Lane Seminary resulted in the departure of a whole class of thirty students, and there was a great theological conflict waging in the institution of learning. Henry joined his father in the battle, developing the originality and independence of views that always characterized him. Cincinnati, removed from slave territory only by the width of the Ohio River, was convulsed with the contest between the slave-holders and Abolitionists. Steamboats, the decks of which were covered with chained gangs of slaves, passed daily by the wharves, while the Ohio River, where it passed between slave and free territory, was lined with the headquarters of Abolitionist societies bent on aiding slaves to escape. The air was electrical with excitement, and the young man, thrilling at the prospect of the coming fight, felt his ardor redoubled before the obstacles and opposition that confronted all Abolitionists. In 1836 he appeared first publicly as the champion of the anti-slavery cause. The utterances of *The Philanthropist*, an anti-slavery paper in Cincinnati, edited by James G. Birney, a slave-holder who had emancipated his slaves, became offensive to the strong pro-slavery element. A riot broke out, and for a week Cincinnati was overrun by a mob headed by Kentucky slave-holders. Young Beecher asked to be sworn in as

one of the special policemen, and armed with a pistol patrolled the streets. At this time, in the absence of Mr. Brainard, he was for a few months occupying the editorial chair in the office of the Cincinnati *Journal*, the organ of the New School Presbyterian Church, and his indignation over the Birney riot found vent in some pungent editorials which produced a marked effect.

While at Cincinnati he formed an intimacy with Professor C. E. Stowe, who afterward married his sister Harriet, who had left Hartford and now resided with her father. Upon finishing his studies in 1836, he started to New England to marry Miss Eunice Bullard. When his father remonstrated with him for marrying so young, he said :

" I will marry her if we have only the north side of a corn-cob to live on."

Miss Bullard was the sister of Asa Bullard, of West Sutton, Mass., who was a fellow-student of Mr. Beecher's at Amherst College, and it was during his collegiate career that the future pastor of Plymouth first met the lady during a vacation which he spent at her father's residence. Dr. Bullard had a large family of grown-up children. He was a man of some wealth, and the most prominent member of the most prominent church in the place—the Congregationalist. All his children had taken an active part in church work, and three of his sons were studying for the ministry, while another was the superintendent of the Sunday-school.

The child that attracted the young guest most, however, was Eunice White Bullard, who was of a shy, retiring disposition, but a girl of quick intellect and roguish eyes. He was eighteen years of age, one year older than the girl. She was a teacher in the day-schools, in the Sunday-schools, and had a class at the mission. It was a case of love at first sight, but it was not until seven years had passed that the two were made one.

Mrs. Beecher has always been a thorough help to her husband in church work, and to her, perhaps, he owes more than is generally conceded. She made warm friends, especially among the ladies of the church. She has been, since January, 1885, the president of the Woman's Sewing Society of Plymouth Church.

Like her husband, she was fond of literary pursuits. Among her works may be mentioned "Motherly Talks with Young House-keepers," "Plymouth Church Fair Cook Book," and "From Dawn to Daylight." This last is biographical in character, and describes her own and Mr. Beecher's courtship and wedding. During the recent tour of Mr. and Mrs. Beecher abroad, she contributed a number of highly interesting letters to the *Brooklyn Magazine.*

Amherst never lost its hold on Mr. Beecher. He was, in the best qualities pertaining to the character, a thorough "college man." When the Alpha Delta Phi Society, at its convention held at Brown University, some years

ago, elected him an honorary member, he was greatly pleased, and afterward was prominent at its social reunions. He was immensely popular with the undergraduate element, and his presence was a sure guarantee of a delightful occasion. One of the best impromptu speeches of his life was made at a fraternity dinner in New York. His theme was true culture and its mission. His audience was small, reporters were rigidly excluded, but he spoke from his heart, and showed plainly that with all his work, he had time to master and find significance and usefulness in matters apparently so small as the mysteries and formula of a college secret society.

Eleven of his classmates still survive, among them Dr. Erastus E. Marcy, of this city, and the Rev. Samuel H. Emery, of Taunton, Mass. Amherst College conferred on Mr. Beecher many years ago the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity, but he never used it. On the day after his death, Amherst College alumni living in and about New York met at No. 95 Nassau Street, in the offices of Elliot Sandford, to take action on the death of Mr. Beecher. Mr. Sandford presided. About twenty-five members of the Alumni Association were present. Brief speeches were made by the Rev. Dr. Cushman, of *The Churchman*, Colonel A. B. Crane, and H. L. Bridgman. Dr. Cushman said that he went to college two years after Mr. Beecher left it. He thought Mr. Beecher the foremost man in America in point of pulpit and fo-

rensic ability. He was certainly Amherst's most distinguished alumnus. The college may not always have followed him in his theology; it was proud to lay some claim to his patriotism, his eloquence, and his philanthropy. Mr. Bridgman and Colonel Crane also spoke in praise of Mr. Beecher's character and work. A committee of four was appointed to draw up resolutions on Mr. Beecher's death, and a committee of ten to represent the Alumni Association at the funeral. On the first committee were the Rev. Dr. Cushman, Class of '40; Colonel Samuel J. Storrs, '60; Jefferson Clark, '67, and Elliot Sandford, '61. On the funeral committee were ex-Congressman Waldo Hutchins, '42; the Rev. Dr. Henry M. Storrs, '45; Dr. Erastus E. Marcy, '34 (a classmate of Mr. Beecher); the Rev. Dr. Roswell D. Hitchcock, '36; the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst, '66; Francis F. Marbury, '32; John S. Washburn, President of the Home Life Insurance Company, '39; the Rev. Dr. Cushman, W. W. Goodrich, '52, and Elliot Sandford. President Seelye, of Amherst, sent word that he would come down to represent the college at the funeral. Steps have been taken by several wealthy alumni toward endowing a professorship in Amherst to be named in honor of Mr. Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher preached his first sermon, if we may believe the traditions of the place, at Batavia, O., in 1835. His brother George was pastor of the church at Batavia, at the time, and Henry Ward, who was not yet

ordained, passed a part of a vacation there. The young pastor was indisposed one Sunday and invited his brother to fill the pulpit. The request was complied with, and the congregation was very much pleased with the sermon that was preached. Henry Ward Beecher was but twenty-two years of age then, and there are old residents of Batavia who still remember the young man's bright, boyish face, his sweet, resonant voice, and the earnestness and enthusiasm of his manner. The old church has for many years now been a livery stable, and perhaps it has been torn down by this time.

George Beecher's career was closed while still a young man. He was passionately fond of shooting, and one day, when out on an expedition of this sort, he blew into his loaded gun, which was discharged, and he was instantly killed.

It was held by many who knew both brothers that George Beecher, had he lived, would have developed greater power as a preacher than Henry Ward.

CHAPTER IV.

HIS MARRIAGE AND LIFE IN THE WEST.

He Marries and Moves West.—Locates at Lawrenceburg, Ind.—An Arcadian Life.—Gardening.—Missionary Work.—Editorial Work.—Active in Revivals.—Hardships of Western Life.—The Pastorate at Indianapolis.—The West Country.—Some Anecdotes.—His Fame Spreads.—His First Address in New York.—The Foreign Missionary Society.—Henry C. Bowen hears Him.—He receives an Offer from Plymouth Church.—He accepts the Position at $1,500 per Annum.

MR. BEECHER, as related in the previous chapter, first saw the lady he married some seven years previously, when he entered Amherst College. The lovers were engaged seven years, not being married until 1837. Mr. and Mrs. Beecher had ten children, of whom only four are living, one daughter and three sons. The daughter, who is the eldest of the four, is the wife of the Rev. Samuel Scoville, of Stamford, Conn. Mr. Beecher's eldest son, Colonel Henry Barton Beecher, is a well-known insurance man in Brooklyn. Major William C. Beecher is a lawyer, and the youngest, Herbert Beecher, was appointed Collector of Customs at Portland, Ore., by President Cleveland in 1885, but a year later the Senate rejected his nomination, after which he was given another

office in the Northwest. His home is at Seattle, Wash. Territory.

In 1837, after his marriage, he became pastor of a Presbyterian Church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and in 1839 he went to Indianapolis. He loved his Western work, and in all the enthusiasm of youth he labored for his people. He did much manual labor about his house, chopped wood, raised flowers, pruned trees, hoed his own garden, swept his own church, drove nails and put in glass, built fires, and rang the bell for the services. His first converts were two domestics, who remained after one of his prayer meetings. He afterward said that there was a strong "dish-watery" odor about them, and he was tempted to dismiss them with his blessing; but he concluded it would not do to be fastidious, and he got upon his knees along-side of them. Speaking of this period of his life, his sister says:

"His life was of an arcadian simplicity. He inhabited a cottage on the outskirts of the town, where he cultivated a garden, and gathered around him horse, cow, and pig—all the wholesome suite of domestic animals which he had been accustomed to care for in early life. He was an enthusiast on all these matters, fastidious about breeds and bloods, and each domestic animal was a pet, and received his own personal attentions. In the note-books of this period, amid hints for sermons, come memoranda respecting his favorite Berkshire pig or Durham

cow. He read on gardening, farming, and stock-raising, all that he could lay hands on ; he imported from Eastern cultivators all sorts of roses and all sorts of pear-trees and grape-vines, and edited an horticultural paper, which had quite a circulation. . . . In his theological studies he had but two volumes—the Bible and human nature—which he held to be indispensable to the understanding each of the other."

Three months of each year he devoted to missionary work through the State, travelling from place to place on horseback, and preaching every day. He did not, however, receive any popular recognition until about the third year of his ministry, when there was a great revival of religion at Terre Haute, which was followed by a series of revivals throughout the State, in which he became actively engaged. He preached not only religion from the Bible, but inveighed against intemperance, and became a recognized power and leader. His style was bold and original, and at once attracted attention and occasional comment, though the reporter was not about in those days to scatter a man's speeches and fame over the land. His revival work created a sensation in the Western country, and especially in Indianapolis, where he was located from 1839 to 1845. While pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church he created a sensation by declaring, in three distinct and powerful sermons, slavery to be an institution in defiance of the laws of God, and an

outrage upon the rights of man, showing thus early in his career his inclination to find his themes in contemporaneous events and affairs rather than in the history of the past.

Alluding to his experiences in Indianapolis, a history of the church by a member says:

"In the early spring of 1842 a revival began, more noticeable, perhaps, than any that this church or this community has seen. The whole town was pervaded by the influences of religion. For many weeks the work continued with unabated power, and at three communion seasons, held successively in February, March, and April, 1842, nearly one hundred persons were added to the church on profession of their faith. This was God's work. It is not improper, however, to speak of the pastor in that revival, as he is remembered by some of his congregation, plunging through the wet streets, his trousers stuffed in his muddy boot-legs, earnest, untiring, swift, with a merry heart, a glowing face, and a helpful word for everyone; the whole day preaching Christ to the people where he could find them, and at night still preaching where the people could easily find him. It is true that in this revival some wood and hay and stubble were gathered with the gold and silver and precious stones. As in all new communities, there was special danger of unhealthy excitement. But in general the results were most happy for the church and for the town.

Some of those who have been pillars since, found the Saviour in that memorable time. Nor was the awakening succeeded by an immediate relapse.

"Early in the following year, at the March and April communions, the church had large accessions, and it had also in 1845. There was, indeed, a wholesome and nearly continuous growth, up to the time when the first pastor resigned, to accept a call to the Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y. This occurred August 24, 1847, and on the nineteenth of the following month Mr. Beecher's labors for the congregation ceased.

"The pastorate thus terminated had extended through more than eight years. During this time much had been accomplished. The society had built a pleasant house of worship. The membership had advanced from thirty-two to two hundred and seventy-five. What was considered a doubtful enterprise, inaugurated as it had been amid many prophecies of failure, had risen to an enviable position, not only in the capital, but in the State. The attachment between the pastor and the people had become peculiarly strong. Mutual toils and sufferings and successes had bound them fast together. Only the demands of a wider field making duty plain divided them, and a recent letter proves that the pastor's early charge still keeps its hold upon his heart. It is not to be wondered at that the few of his flock who yet remain among us always speak of 'Henry' with beaming eyes and mellowed voices."

Another writer says upon this subject:

"In the two years of his Lawrenceburg pastorate Mr. Beecher made his mark. As a preacher he was eloquent; as an orthodox teacher he was not over-zealous; as a sympathizing pastor he was of average merit only. His meetings were well attended, and he made himself felt. His personal magnetism was great, the flush of vigorous health was in his veins, and he stirred up the dry bones of his neighborhood to such a degree that the attention of a wider circle was attracted, and he was called to take charge of a similar church in Indianapolis, the capital of the State. Here he narrowly escaped being switched off on another and very different track. A new railroad was projected, and a superintendent was to be chosen. A bank president who was one of the chief directors had been greatly affected by the go-ahead manner and zeal of the young parson, and concluding that he was possessed of the qualities that would make him a first-rate railroad official, proposed his name. The contest was close; Beecher lost by one vote—and thus the railroad interest of the West was spared the disgrace of pulling from the American platform the man who has done the most to make that platform famous.

"In Indianapolis young Beecher made friends in several new circles. His church was small, and his ministrations at first were held in a room in the second story of the town academy. As the son of Lyman Beecher he was

accorded a courteous welcome, but it was not long ere he was esteemed and appreciated for his individual merit. Here, too, in a sense, he began to live. Hitherto he had been little better than a home missionary, and, indeed, he was for some time a beneficiary on the books of the Home Missionary Society. His entire income was less than three hundred dollars nominally, and part of that was paid in corn, potatoes, and other products of the soil. When he needed a house to live in, he hauled the logs himself. His neighbors aided him to put it up. The whitewash and paint he attended to himself. The rapidity with which his children followed one another, and the malarial condition of the section in which he lived, broke down the strong constitution of his faithful wife, and as they were unable to pay a servant, threw on him the domestic drudgery. He chopped the wood, drew the water, peeled the potatoes, cooked the food, served it, washed the dishes, and cleaned up the house. When sickness necessitated frequent washings of soiled clothes it was he who did the work. Part of the time he did double duty, and rode twenty miles through the woods and across the prairies to the log school-house in which service was held, preached, rode back again, cooked the dinner, preached in his own church, returned to nurse his sick wife and attend to the children, got the supper, and spent the evening in the prayer-meeting. At times he was so poor that an unpaid letter, on which eighteen or twenty cents were

due, remained in the post-office, with news from the East, uncalled for, because he did not have the money with which to pay the postage.

"Added to the poverty of his pocket, the incessant drain of his sympathy at home, the continuous necessity of physical toil in the house, the garden, and the wood-shed, and the preparation of his sermons, was a doubt, an uncertainty in his beliefs. The little cloud, small as a man's hand, that frightened him when a boy, made him gloomy when in college, and shadowed him in his first charge, now assumed vast proportions. He was all afloat. All that kept him from sinking—humanly speaking—was his own honest expression of doubt. Had he kept it to himself and brooded over it in secret he might have been carried over the falls of infidelity, or gone to the fool's refuge—suicide. But Beecher was then, as always, open-mouthed. What he felt, thought, or knew he told. Secretiveness was never fairly developed in his nature. He never could keep a secret. He made friends easily, and the last person with him invariably knew his mind. He was easily deceived, for, although he had constant experience in human strengths and human weaknesses, he was by nature confiding and trustful. Truthful himself, it was next to impossible to persuade him that anyone would be false in speech or inference to him. He knew all about wickedness in general, but special cases bothered him. When doubts assailed him,

instead of taking them to his study he used them as illustrations in the pulpit. If he questioned the possibility of forgiveness of sin, he became the example. It was his breast that he beat, his doubt he asserted, his fears he expressed. In picturing the estate of a lost soul the imagery lost nothing of its power by a personal application. Enthusiastic in everything, from the culture of a flower to the worship of his Saviour, Mr. Beecher carried his zealous search for remedies in this state of doubt to the extremity of his passionate nature. Crowds attended his preaching. Waves of religious feeling carried all classes of people before them. The State of Indiana was in an uproar. The Presbyterian churches looked on amazed. Dr. Lyman Beecher thanked God that He had given him such a son, and in the same breath beseeched Him to guide him, lest he should fall. The Legislature sat in Indianapolis, and in its train followed the evils that generally accompany the camp followers. Intemperance, gambling, and kindred vices were rampant in the place. Everybody knew it. The sores affected the entire body politic. The members of the Legislature knew it as well as the rest, and winked at it like the rest. This seemed to Beecher a fair target. He announced a series of lectures to young men, and delivered them in his church. The feeling engendered by them was intense. Those who were hit were indignant. All classes went to hear them,

and before they were concluded a revival arose that swept the city.

"Meantime the uncertainty of young Beecher increased, and with it grew his power. He was maturing mentally and physically. His head expanded as he read the books of nature and of humanity all about him. He felt the necessity of supplementing his sparse education by such means as were at his disposal. Books were rare and costly. Newspapers were in their infancy. He read all that he could borrow or obtain from the public libraries, and felt inexpressible gratitude when the choice volumes of a wealthy friend were placed at his service. The West, and especially that section of it, was full of quick-witted men and growing women. Both sought comfort in the preaching of this man of the people. Instead of scoffing at their doubts, he boldly proclaimed his own. This made him the friend and spokesman of the wavering. He pictured in vivid colors the unhappiness of his thoughts, the terror of his fear, and produced in their minds the impression that Beecher and they were one and the same. When he found relief they participated in his joy. When he sung the song of salvation they joined in the chorus. He became immensely popular in his parish and in the State. He was not the ideal parson. He wore no distinctive garb. His face was round and jolly. His eye was full of laughter. His manner was hearty and his interest sincere.

"It was often said that Beecher could have attained any desired distinction at the bar or in politics. He was importuned to stand as a candidate for legislative honors, but invariably refused even to think of it. At this time, when he regarded himself spiritually weak, he was eloquently strong. He preached without notes, and talked as if inspired. His prayers were poems. His illustrations were constant and always changing. He kept his people wide awake, and made them feel his earnestness. His acting power was marvellous. Those who knew him well will remember that when talking he could with difficulty sit still. He almost invariably rose, and in the excitement of description or argument acted the entire subject as it struck him. Oftentimes in his most solemn moments an illustration or an odd expression would escape him that sent a laugh from pew to pew. Waking suddenly to the incongruity of the scene and the subject, it almost seemed as if the rebuking spirit of his dead mother stood before him, for with a manner that carried the sympathy of the audience he would drift into a channel tender and deep and full of tears, along which the feelings of his people were irresistibly borne. Then as later the chief topics of his repertory were the love of God and the dignity of man. He rarely preached from the Old Testament. The thunders of Sinai and the flames of hell had no power over him. It would puzzle an expert to find in all his published sermons—and for more than a genera-

tion every word he spoke was reported as he spoke it—a sentence of which threats or fears were the dominant spirit. He preached the love of God and the sympathy of Christ first, last, and all the time. He knew the politicians of the West thoroughly, and the gamblers, who were a powerful fraternity, made up their minds that it was folly to interfere with the robust preacher, who was not afraid to push their bully aside when he stood in front of the ballot-box, and who met them eye to eye on the street as well as in the pulpit.

"While in the height of his popularity in the West he was hampered as few men would care to be. He was hungry for books and papers, but could not afford them. He had a royal physique, and every vein throbbed with superabundant health, but his home was a hospital. His ambition was great, but he was tied to a stake in a contracted field. He strove to live outside of himself, made many pastoral calls, talked with men about their business trials, and sympathized with women in their domestic woes. At his own home his hands were full. His wife was broken in health and discomforted in spirit. She did not like the West and the West was unkind to her constitution. It was a serious question whether she could much longer endure the strain on her physique, and this wore on the sympathetic nature of her husband. He was entirely unselfish, but the attrition of years of complaint worried him. He did the best, all, in fact, he could, but

to no use. Finding himself depressed, Mr. Beecher resolutely set to work to drive his fits of despondency away. He became interested in trees and flowers. Aided by friends, he started an agricultural paper, and posted himself from books on floriculture, and read the fat and prosy volumes of Loudon. His fresh and novel mode of treating these subjects won him fame, but not fortune. His own garden gave evidence of his skill, and the fairs were not niggardly in premiums to the amateur gardener. Eight years swiftly wore away, and in the often-recurring excitements of revivals, public meetings, home trials, and personal bewilderments, the young man passed from the first period of his career to the second.

"In 1847 he was thirty-four years old. Mentally, he had become broader, and looked over wider fields than when he began to labor. Morally, he was as sincere, as truthful, and as ingenuous as when he opened his big blue eyes with astonishment at the Bible stories he heard at 'Aunt Esther's' knee. Physically he was a picture of vigorous health. He stood about five feet eight inches high. His large, well-formed, well-developed head sat defiantly on a short, red neck, that grew from a sturdy frame, rampant and lusty in nerve and fibre and blood and muscle. He had no money, owned no real estate. His capital was in his brains, and they needed the culture procurable in the metropolis alone, where libraries and book stores, art galleries and men of thought, were to be met at every

turn. A career in the East was far from Beecher's thoughts, and yet his sick wife seemed to need a medicament not to be found in the West."

Mrs. Stowe writes of his later Western experiences as follows:

"Mr. Beecher always looked back with peculiar tenderness to his Western life, in the glow of his youthful days, and in that glorious, rich, abundant, unworn Western country. The West, with its wide, rich, exuberant spaces of land, its rolling prairies, garlanded with rainbows of ever-springing flowers, teeming with abundance of food for man, and opening in every direction avenues for youthful enterprise and hope, was to him a morning land. To carry Christ's spotless banner in high triumph through such a land was a thing worth living for, and as he rode on horseback alone, from day to day, along the rolling prairie lands, sometimes up to his horse's head in grass and waving flowers, he felt himself kindled with a sort of ecstasy. The prairies rolled and blossomed in his sermons, and his style at this time had a tangled luxuriance of poetic imagery, a rush and abundance of words, a sort of rich and heavy involution that resembled the growth of a tropical forest.

"'What sort of a style *am* I forming?' he said to a critical friend who had come to hear him preach.

"'Well, I should call it tropical style,' was the reply.

"There was a store in Indianapolis where the minis-

ters of all denominations often dropped in to hear the news, and where the free Western nature made it always a rule to try each other's metal with a joke. No matter how sharp the joke, it was considered to be all fair and friendly.

"On one occasion Mr. Beecher, riding to one of the stations of his mission, was thrown over his horse's head in crossing the Miami, pitched into the water, and crept out thoroughly immersed. The incident, of course, furnished occasion for talk in the circle the next day, and his good friend the Baptist minister proceeded to attack him the moment he made his appearance.

"'Oh, ho, Beecher, glad to see you! I thought you'd have to come into our ways at last! You have been immersed at last; you are as good as any of us now.' A general laugh followed this sally.

"'Poh, poh!' was the ready response, 'my immersion was a different thing from that of your converts. You see, I was immersed by a *horse*, not by an ass.'

"A chorus of laughter proclaimed that Mr. Beecher had got the better of the joke for this time.

"A Methodist brother once said to him, 'Well, now, really, Brother Beecher, what have you against Methodist doctrines?'

"'Nothing, only that your converts will practise them.'

"'Practise them?'

"'Yes, you preach falling from grace, and your converts practise it with a vengeance.'

"One morning, as he was sitting at table, word was brought in that his friend the Episcopal minister was at the gate, wanting to borrow his horse.

"'Stop, stop,' said he, with a face of great gravity; 'there's something to be attended to first;' and rising from table, he ran out to him, and took his arm with the air of a man who is about to make a serious proposition.

"'Now, Brother G——, you want my horse for a day? Well, you see, it lies on my mind greatly that you don't admit of my ordination. I don't think it's fair. Now if you'll admit that I'm a genuinely ordained minister you shall have my horse, but if not, I don't know about it.'

"Mr. Beecher was so devoted to the West, and so identified with it, that he would never have left what he was wont to call his bishopric in Indiana for the older and more set and conventional circles of New York had not the health of his family made a removal indispensable."

The discoverer of Henry Ward Beecher in the Western country was James Cooke, formerly the business partner of William T. Cutler, one of the founders of Plymouth Church. Mr. Cooke praised young Beecher so highly that Mr. Cutler, who was once Lyman Beecher's parishioner, and had known Henry Ward as a boy ten or twelve years old, became interested, and told the pro-

jectors of Plymouth Church about the Western orator, and he was asked to go out and see him. He heard Mr. Beecher with satisfaction, and arranged to have his expenses paid on to New York to address the Foreign Missionary Society at its meeting on May 14, 1847, at the Tabernacle, with Hon. Thomas Frelinghuysen in the chair. His speech on that occasion was generally considered the best delivered during the week's session. In the course of it he said:

"What was the condition of the world when Christ came into it? The human family had been for four thousand years upon its bosom. In so long a growth they had advanced from the lowest and rudest forms of life to something better. Little by little they had been developed, and at the time of Christ they stood where the progress of four thousand years had brought them. Savage habits had been laid aside; from a feeble creature man gained strength; unarmed before, he had now armed himself with the implements of industry; from destitution he had created the means of physical comfort, and of an outward life which might be called human—all this had been done in four thousand years, and men were ready for the Redeemer. Suppose the Gospel had been sent out into the world at any earlier period of its history, do you think it could have been received and taken root? What nation of men was prepared for it?

"And now, what is the attitude of Christianity in our

day? Which way do the times face? To me they seem as though they were going up to Jerusalem. I believe that they are in their degree doing Heaven's work on earth. But what have we done? Why, sir, we have raised every question which can be raised in civilized society. Nothing that relates to the rights of man, to liberty, to social forms and duties, but has been called up for discussion. Many of these are perplexing questions, doubtless, but it is necessary that they should be settled before the Gospel can get full swing at man. There must be a downfall to all that is opposed to the Gospel, no matter what it is. Governments, communities, customs, must come up to that standard; God requires this. Established errors must be removed, and by-and-by the mind will begin to see truth in all its lustre, without lens or distracting medium.

"The Gospel is getting ready to accomplish its work. I hope your faith is strong. You might as well stand on the banks of the Mississippi and be afraid it was going to run up-stream as to suppose that the current of Christendom can run more than one way. What would you think of a man who should stand moon-struck over an eddy and because that didn't go right forward declare that the whole flood had got out of its course? So in the stream of time. The things that appear in our day all have bearing on the coming triumphs of the Gospel and the reign of the Kingdom of Heaven on earth."

Henry C. Bowen heard him, and offered to defray all expenses toward getting him East. Mr. Beecher was averse to leaving the West. "My heart," he said, "is there, and I am going back to stay if I can." Mrs. Beecher's health was becoming poor through the influences of the Western climate, and soon after his return she became so ill that he wrote back to Brooklyn that if his wife survived he would start her and the children East as soon as her health would permit, and would follow as early afterward as he could. "And now," he wrote, "when you get me to the East you think you can do just what you have a mind to do with me, but you will see."

The formal offer to Mr. Beecher was a salary of $1,500 a year. His letter of acceptance, which was received by Mr. Bowen, was sealed with one of those little picture-seals in vogue in those days. The picture was of a gate thrown from its fastenings, and the motto beneath it was: "I'm all unhinged."

During his residence at Indianapolis the first conspicuous effort of Mr. Beecher above the level of his ordinary pastoral duties was a revival begun in February, 1842. At that time a controversy was going on—raging would hardly be too strong a description—between the Christian denomination (called then "Disciples" and "Campbellites") and other sectaries, on the mode of baptism, the former holding immersion to be the only

proper or efficacious mode, Methodists and Presbyterians dissenting. Public debates were frequent and sometimes acrimonious, an adherent of the comparatively new sect of Disciples being invariably one of the contestants. Rev. John O'Kane, a noted controversialist of that denomination, once in a good-humored and rather jocular tone challenged Mr. Beecher to a public debate, but the challenge was declined as pleasantly as it was offered. In this state of feeling among the denominations all over the West Mr. Beecher carried on his first revival, and an incident of it made him the subject of the first very harsh censure he had probably ever encountered. His congregation and many spectators had gathered on the canal bank, near Kentucky Avenue Bridge, to witness the baptism, by immersion in the canal, of one of the revival converts, a son of Solon W. Norris, a prominent citizen, who believed in that mode of administration of the rite. Before proceeding with it, Mr. Beecher made a brief speech to the crowd, in which he said that he held any mode of baptism effectual, but would always use that which the subject of it preferred. This was little less then than an avowal of agnosticism now, to the "immersionists," and they made Mr. Beecher the text of a good deal of unpleasant animadversion.

In 1843 he delivered a series of twelve "Lectures to Young Men," primarily aiming to warn his revival converts and their associates of the temptations, perils, and

struggles that lie in the paths of young men, and the methods of avoidance or resistance. They were a well done piece of work, in a literary point of view, better done as a shrewd and sound estimate of the condition and necessities of young men, especially in city life. They were always largely attended, and almost always cordially approved. The only exception was that on the "Strange Woman," and that, as he humorously says in his preface, received harsher censure before it was read than after. A considerable edition was sold in the West, and a second issued, which was republished in England, the first work of an Indiana author thus honored.

Some two or three years before he left his church in Indianapolis for the "Plymouth," in Brooklyn, he delivered several sermons on the subject of temperance. His father was one of the first men, if not the very first man, of eminence in this country to make a specialty of sermons or addresses on temperance. Henry had kept even step with the venerable missionary of sobriety and decency, and, it is not at all improbable, surpassed him in the vigor of his reprobation of intemperance. He extended his condemnation beyond the bar and the "grocery," as the saloon was then always called when it wasn't called "doggery," and took in the distiller and the wholesale dealer as equally culpable. There was no beer drunk in those days, or not enough to make it worth associating with the whiskey that the corn was turned

into, except, as the old woman said, "what little is wasted in bread." The distiller, therefore, got not only the "hot end," but the whole poker, and regarding himself, and being generally regarded, as a conspicuously respectable member of society, he did not fancy being associated with the doggery-keeper who made his trade profitable. A Mr. Comegys, who had at one time been engaged in the mercantile business in Indianapolis, but at that time was concerned in a distillery at Lawrenceburg, probably took huge offence at the "unrespective" preacher, and attacked his temperance teachings with more violence than force in the *Journal*. Mr. Beecher replied, and was met by a rejoinder which was also answered, the controversy running through two or three letters on each side. In the last of the distiller's publications he made an indiscreet allusion to a method of refutation that suggested a threat of personal chastisement. To this came the characteristic retort that if there was to be a fight the preacher would take "a woman and a Quaker as his seconds." This ended the only newspaper controversy that the famous preacher ever had in Indianapolis, and he probably never had a more exciting one in his later life.

G. W. Sloan, of Indianapolis, says: "I recall an anecdote illustrating, as I think, Mr. Beecher's love of humor and drollery. He was naturally cut out for a great actor. Once he was returning from Terre Haute to India-

napolis in a stage-coach. Mr. Graydon, a prominent member of his congregation, got into the coach at Greencastle. It was dark, and after jogging along a little way in silence Mr. Beecher disguised his voice and began making inquiries of Mr. Graydon as to where he lived. When he learned that it was in Indianapolis, he began to ply his fellow-traveller with all manner of questions; inquired about Beecher's church and congregation, and finally about Beecher himself. Mr. Graydon was loyal, and eulogized Beecher greatly. The hoax was discovered at the next stopping-place."

When Mr. Beecher came to break up house-keeping at Indianapolis, he divided his flowers and plants among half a dozen or more persons. He was the first person to bring rare plants and flowers to that city and give a taste for floriculture.

CHAPTER V.

HE BECOMES PASTOR OF PLYMOUTH CHURCH.

The Originating Idea.—Site Secured.—Beecher invited to Preach.—His Sermon on the Occasion.—Romans xiv. 12.—He returns to Indianapolis.—Completion of the Organization.—The Name Plymouth Adopted.—Beecher the Unanimous Vote.—He receives a Call from Plymouth Church.—Hesitates, but Accepts.—Inauguration of a Long Term of Service.—Destruction of the Church by Fire in 1849.—It is Rebuilt.—A Health Trip to Europe.

THE idea controlling the organization of Plymouth Church, which seems to have originated with David Hale, one of the proprietors of the *Journal of Commerce*, was "to combine the descendants of the Pilgrims in a new and more general movement to introduce democratic and Puritan principles and policy in ecclesiastical affairs." Mr. Hale contended that Christians should unite in such a way as to make their influence felt, New England fashion, in managing church affairs.

The property then known as the First Presbyterian Church was purchased. "The History of Plymouth Church," by Noyes L. Thompson, says:

"The land, eighty-eight feet by two hundred feet, comprising seven lots, and extending from Orange Street to Cranberry Street, now occupied by the Plymouth Church

buildings, formerly belonged to the Hicks estate. The Presbyterian Society purchased it of John and Jacob M. Hicks, in 1823, and erected thereon an edifice fifty-six feet by seventy-two feet, with a front on Cranberry Street, for the use of the First Presbyterian Church. At that time the population of Brooklyn was less than ten thousand, and many thought the erection of a church "out in the fields" an imprudent step. The new church, contrary to the predictions of the would-be prophets, prospered, and to such an extent that an addition of eighteen feet to the building was soon necessary. In 1831 a Lecture Room (including Sunday-school rooms and a study) thirty-six feet by seventy-two feet was attached.

"Rev. Joseph Sanford was the first pastor, officiating in that capacity from 1823 to 1829, when he was succeeded by the Rev. Daniel L. Carrol, D.D., who was followed by Rev. Samuel H. Cox, D.D., in 1837, and the Rev. Dr. Cox continued their pastor after the removal to their new house of worship in Henry Street, in 1847.

"Brooklyn's population in 1846 was about sixty thousand, and though now called the City of Churches, possessed then only thirty-nine houses of worship; of these but one was of Congregational denomination. The want of another Congregational Church soon became apparent, and several public-spirited Christian gentlemen—John T. Howard, Henry C. Bowen, Seth B. Hunt, and David Hale—determined to supply that want. The new First

Presbyterian Church in Henry Street was almost completed, and the Cranberry Street property had been offered for sale for $25,000. A consultation was held by these gentlemen, and Mr. Howard was authorized to effect a purchase, if possible; $20,000 ($9,500 payable in cash, and the residue, $10,500, to remain on mortgage) was offered, and in June, 1846, accepted."

A meeting was convened at the residence of Mr. Henry C. Bowen, since prominent as the proprietor of *The Independent*, for the purpose of establishing a new Congregational Church in Brooklyn, in accordance with their mutual views. Messrs. Charles Rowland, David Hale (prominent as the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*), Jira Payne, David Griffin, H. C. Bowen, and John T. Howard attended this meeting. The "Plymouth Church Manual" records:

"The meeting was opened by prayer; after which David Hale made some statements in relation to the property now held by 'the Plymouth Church,' and then, in behalf of himself and the other owners, offered the use of said property for purpose of religious worship, as soon as the premises should be vacated by 'The First Presbyterian Church.' Whereupon it was

"*Resolved*, That religious services shall be commenced, by Divine permission, on Sunday, the 16th day of May —that being the first Sabbath after the house was to be vacated."

Mr. Beecher, who had on the 14th delivered his address before the Foreign Missionary Society in New York, was invited to deliver the opening sermon at the New Congregational Meeting House. Mr. William T. Cutler had heard Mr. Beecher, whom he knew as a boy, preach in Indianapolis, and secured him the invitation to address the Foreign Missionary Society, and here Mr. Bowen had listened to him; and both of them were enthusiastic in their belief that he would be a good selection for their pastor. The Brooklyn *Eagle*, May 15th, published the following notice:

"New Congregational Church. The Congregational Church in Cranberry Street (late Dr. Cox's) will be opened for religious worship to-morrow afternoon and evening. Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, from Indianapolis, Ind., is expected to preach in the morning and evening, and Rev. N. H. Eggleston, from Ellington, Conn., in the afternoon. The friends of the new enterprise, also all who are willing to aid in the establishment of a new church in that section of the city, are respectfully invited to attend." It is a little singular that no reference is made in this notice to the address delivered the day before by Mr. Beecher before the Foreign Missionary Society, as it was considered "a great surprise and masterly effort, the reverend gentleman being a natural born orator."

There was a good attendance at the morning service,

and a crowd in the evening. The sermon in the evening was on "Man's Accountability to God," the text being from Romans xiv. 12: "So, then, every one of us shall give account of himself to God." In reporting the sermon the *Tribune* reporter remarks:

"The speaker's manner was forcible and impressive, and the discourse, delivered in such a style, could not fail of producing a profound effect, as was visible at its close. We fear that in some instances we have not done justice to the reverend author of the sermon. We were obliged to omit several passages which we did not distinctly hear, and in one or two cases we were completely distanced by the rapidity with which the speaker uttered his words."

Mr. Beecher's sermon was as follows:

"There is no doctrine which takes hold of men's fears with a firmer grasp than this; and when it is understood to include the whole life—the interior and the exterior life—and that it is to sum up every thought and feeling, that they are to pass a critical and rigid review, and that man's final destiny is to be determined by his deeds done in the body; when the doctrine is so presented and felt by men, it sometimes works their reformation and repentance, and oftentimes it works mischief to them, and they strive if possible to avert the doctrine, to evade its requirements; and almost all the popular errors which have sprung up in Theology are errors whose effect has

been to lighten the pressure, either directly or indirectly, of this great fundamental doctrine of God's government; so you may grade these errors in respect to their banefulness, according to the degrees in which they omit to teach and enforce the doctrine of man's accountability to God. But yet what avails it if it be a true doctrine if we should leave it out of all our theories? It is a practical and personal question, and one pertinent to every individual in this congregation. If it be a hideous dream, we should be awakened from it. If it be a solemn annunciation from the God of Heaven and earth, we should attend to it, and make a practical matter of it. To those who are satisfied with the simple declaration of the Bible, that there is such a scene as a final judgment to take place, I need adduce no argument to prove that men will give account of themselves to God. They believe it because it is declared in simple strains throughout the New Testament. But there are many who have been so accustomed to read these declarations as mere unmeaning assertions possessing no Divine power or truth; there are many who have so handled them that they have no longer any significance as proof of this doctrine; and merely to quote texts to such, is to make declarations which will be altogether without force.

"I purpose, therefore, instead of first entering into the Bible to seek for evidence to support this doctrine, to

take another course of argument, and ascertain whether this is or not a fundamental principle that runs through God's government, and whether it is or not inherent in the nature of man. I do not hesitate to declare that there is abundant evidence outside of the Bible of the truth of this great declaration, that we are to be held to a rigid accountability to God for all our actions and thoughts in this world.

"Let us start, then, from the beginning, and take man and follow him up from the cradle to the grave, through all his relations of life—his relations to his family, his neighbors, his country—and see if this doctrine is not practically acknowledged by him throughout his entire career.

"And first: When the child is born into the world and becomes a member of a family, he is as helpless as helplessness itself, and entirely dependent upon those whose duty under God it is to watch over, and protect, and nourish him; but just as the child begins to develop its understanding—just as it begins to be able to act for itself—from the very moment that it begins to manifest its preference for one thing over another, that very moment it is met on the threshold of life by parental restraint and supervision which are necessary to its existence. The anxious mother is ever on the watch lest it should come to harm. It may not take poisonous food—the mother's care restrains it; it may not fall from

precipitous places—the mother rescues it; it may not come to injury or harm—the mother ever shields it. And not alone in respect to these things is it restrained, but the governing hand of the parents is felt in all its relations, its actions, and desires, and the child is taught that it is to occupy a subordinate position in the family, and be subject to the wishes of its superiors. It is taught that there must be certain limits to its wishes and actions—that the parents are the governors of the family, that there are others to participate in its privileges, and that his liberty must be reduced within those limits; and in every well-regulated family a child is taught to conform itself to the wishes of its superiors; and just in proportion as it is not so taught, the family is badly governed. So that the very first experience which we have when we come into life is, that *we cannot do as we please.* At every step we meet with restraint and coercion; our wishes are opposed, our expectations thwarted, by our guardians continually.

"But the child grows older, and passes out for a time from the immediate supervision of its parents, and enters into the school, where it is surrounded with new relations. Does it drop the principle here? or is its binding force augmented? Why, the child at school, the same as the child at home, is under the control and government of its parents; and in aspiring into another sphere it has brought itself under an additional responsi-

bility. The child now is not alone held responsible to its parents, but to its teacher also. It finds that in all its relations in the school, it is under the influence of this principle of accountability. It cannot carry out its own wishes in the school-room. The teacher is there. His authority presses upon the child, and reward for obedience and penalty for disobedience cause it to come down to its proper place, and he feels that so far from ridding himself of the influence of this principle of accountability by entering school, he has greatly added to it—that where he previously had one governor he now has two.

"But there is an interval between school and home duties; there is a time which they call play-spell, when they are no longer under the control of the parent or of the teacher; a time when they are left entirely to themselves, with no one to command them or thwart their humors; and now, surely, they will have a breathing-time; now they can cast off for a time this onerous yoke of accountability and revel unrestrained in the Utopia of freedom. But no, they will not; for there are *laws* among the young by which they are governed as with a rod of iron. Is there not a law of honor among all young men, to which they must yield implicit obedience? Can they go against the ordinary customs and usages of the circles in which they move? To be sure, they do not take into their hands the same authority and assume the same control as their parents and teachers do; but

they have laws of their own which must be obeyed, and if any of their number will not do as they ought to do, they are cast out of the circle, shunned by their former associates, and made to feel that they cannot infringe with impunity upon the conventionalities of the society in which they move. So, then, even when they are without the influence of the family and the school, they are compelled instantly to put on the harness of accountability, as if they could not live without it.

"Next, the youth having made some attainments in learning, and coming to the years which are proper, goes forth to learn his profession or trade, and in this new relation of life does he lose sight of this principle, or does it lose sight of him? Can he go into the shop of the mechanic as an apprentice and perform such service as he will? No. As a student in the office can he study when and what he will? No. In whatever vocation he may put himself, he finds that he is responsible to him to whom he is bound; he is obliged to obey him, and if he does not, he loses the object he is seeking by his connection with his master.

"But at last the young man is established. He has now attained to years of discretion, and the law pronounces him free from his parents. He has gained the means of livelihood, and establishes himself in business. And is he not now released from this law? Is he not set free at last? No; by no means. As a citizen, he

comes under the law of the land; as a member of his neighborhood, he is under a responsibility to his neighbors. And more than this, there is no calling in life that is independent of other men. Let a man be a mechanic, a lawyer, a physician, a merchant, or what he will, he will find that he must conform himself, in a measure, to the wishes and opinions of those by whom he is surrounded. Let a physician assume the preposterous position of absolute independence, and say, 'I am of age, and will have my opinions, and will do what I please, and will not be governed or influenced by my neighbors or professional brethren;' and they will say, 'We are of age, and we will have *our* opinions, and one among the rest is, that you are not fit to be trusted with the life of a fellow-being; and you may get your living as you can—we will have nothing to do with you.' Let a lawyer do the same, and his clients will have a very quiet way of shutting his mouth, and will give him abundant leisure for reflection in regard to his philosophy of independence as applied to business. And so it is in every vocation of life. You are all under obligations to regard the opinions of those who stand around you, who are to help you, and whom you are to help. In the great Brotherhood of Man no one can say, 'I am alone; I need not the aid of others; I will not regard this law of accountability; I will not respect the conventionalities of society; I am independent of all.' You are not

independent—you are responsible to those around you for help. This web of mutual responsibility is wove around the human family, and if you will not regard it, if you seek to break through it, a heavy penalty will be inflicted upon you, and it is just that you should receive it.

"This leads me to speak of Civil Government. There is not a tribe, a state, or a people on the globe known to exist without a form of government, ruder or more perfect. I apprehend that I do not mistake when I say that there never did exist a tribe or people without some form of government. If it be said that this is the result of man's ignorance, I am prepared to show that the very contrary is the fact; that just in proportion as men grow wiser, the more government they have. And there are no communities that are so completely bound and wound round, and round, and round with the meshes of civil government as those which are at this time considered the most learned and enlightened on the globe. This is the experience of six thousand years, that man cannot live wisely and well without some system of government, and that for their full development and for their rising up in the scale of progress it is necessary that they should be under a just and healthy accountability. Nay, I go further; after the law has gone as far as it is possible for it to go, it cannot go as far as men feel there is a need of going, and, therefore, whenever, under the

civil and social laws of the community, men confederate for purposes of any kind whatever, new compacts are formed. They always build these upon some constitution: rules or regulations having their expressed or implied penalties. You cannot find that company of men independent of all these obligations which society is under and which every individual in society is under to all around him.

"We are not yet done unravelling this web which is woven around men until we see where this principle is carried in society. Men are accountable for their *feelings* and their *opinions* as well as their conduct.

"It may seem strange to say that men are held accountable for their opinions; but they are, and will be forever —and that, too, in the freest land, and under the most liberal government. For instance, let any prominent man in either of the great political parties of this country stand up and affirm his repugnance to any one of the great principles of his party. Let it be understood that he is advocating and disseminating principles and opinions which are abhorrent to that party, and what will be the result? They cannot imprison him; they cannot lay hold on him and load him with chains, and thrust him into the dark dungeon of the criminal—but they can ostracise him; and now let him, regardless of his own private interests, and anxious only to serve his country by representing his fellow-citizens in her legislative

halls, attempt to run for any office, and there will be those letters called votes, which will silently but surely spell out his condemnation, and he will be allowed the privilege of remaining at home, freed from the cares and toils of office.

"Men are not only held accountable for their opinions and feelings by the Church, but by the popular sentiment also. To be sure, there are many feelings and sentiments condemned by the Church that the general community does not reprobate; but the general community requires from its members a respect for all the fundamental principles of honesty and justice, and he who is guilty of any transgression of them is instantly girdled by the scorn of the community in which he resides.

"Let a man dwell in your household—let it be known to you that he revolves base and dishonorable purposes in his mind that will never take the form of outward development and actions, and you will immediately take measures to remove him from your family, that they may not be exposed to the possibility of contamination by coming in contact with his baleful mind. And so in the general community. Suppose the case of a young man in indigent circumstances, who comes to your city to build up his fortune—to gain a profession. His father and his mother make every sacrifice to assist him; they toil in poverty that they may secure his success—that they may give him an education—and it is said that he

has literally consumed them to profit himself, and at last, with joy in their hearts and tears in their eyes, they hear of his triumph in this metropolis; with fond anticipations of the grateful reception which they will receive at his hands, they come to visit him in his splendid mansion. But, when he hears of their coming, instead of rushing to meet them with open arms and a heart overflowing with filial love and gratitude, and escorting them to his own home and introducing them to his family and friends as the author of his being, and those to whom, under God, he is indebted for the position and prosperity he now enjoys, he goes out alone to meet them, and conducts them to some secret place where his fashionable friends will not see them, and where he visits them furtively; for he is ashamed of his father and mother—not on account of their minds, but on account of their rude dress and manners. Now let this fact be known in the circles in which he moves—let him visit at your house; with what face will you receive him? You will manifest an irrepressible indignation at such base and inhuman conduct—and why? He has not broken any law? No; but you say that you have detected in him feelings unworthy of a man, and he very soon perceives that his want of feeling is reprobated, and in future he is careful to guard against any public exhibition of his unnatural disposition, although at heart he is the same inhuman monster as before. The consequence

of all this is, that men veil their corrupt inclinations under the garb of seeming virtue; and thus all bad men are compelled, by the force of popular opinion, to become hypocrites. Men are very fond of talking about the hypocrisy of the Church. God knows there is enough of it there; but when compared with the hypocrisy out of the Church, it sinks into nothingness.

"The last step we shall take is in respect to that class of men in our nation which have gone steadily down from one step to another, till they can be no longer tolerated in the community. They have gone down regularly from point to point; their specific gravity has sunk them down and down into the abyss of crime, until they are appropriately called OUTLAWS. Now at last we have got at a class of men who will have nothing to do with this accountability. It was because they hated restraint that they went down. They loved progression, and they went down and down and down till they could get at a wider circle, where they might act out the innate depravity of their natures without any restraint from their fellow-men, and indeed it would seem that—now they have got beyond the last bond of society—they will be freed from this principle of accountability. But, ah! how mistaken. There are laws among thieves, and in the vilest bandit's den that ever darkened the mountain-side, and on the bloodiest deck of the pirate's ship there are masters and a rule more iron than the peaceful denizens of a Chris-

tian community can conceive of. So that when men by reason of their hatred of restraint have thrown themselves wholly out of society, they have found that they could not get rid of their own nature so easily as they could of human laws. They must be governed by these or by themselves.

"I have attempted simply to prove, by reference to facts such as would be allowed in any scientific argument, that the law of accountability to God is carried out in all the relations of life. We have seen that it is carried into every sphere of human action, and hence it is unnecessary that we should declare, as we do declare, that the law of accountability to God is the universal law of the universe, and that it is just as universal as breath is.

"We now come back to the Bible, and ask ourselves, What does that teach? It professes to be the exposition of man's character, and the revelator of God's principles of government, as they relate to man. And now it is not necessary to take text after text and chip and chip them to make them fit one another; it is not necessary to put one text after another to torture in order to prove that man is accountable to God. We find that if there never had been a word spoken in the Bible in relation to this subject we could draw up this doctrine just as plainly from the facts as we now can. The Bible simply declares of that which existed before; it was not the promulgation of an arbitrary law, it was simply the declaration of the

existence of that which God made when He made all things. And indeed it may be said that if the Bible, proposing to be a revelation of the laws of God to man, had omitted this doctrine, it would have cast a doubt, a shade, upon the sacred Word itself. What would you think of a Bible that forgot to say that there is a God ? and what would be said of a Bible that should attempt to teach the relations of God, and of man to God, and should leave out the doctrine of man's accountability to God.

" I am now prepared, in the light of this subject, to discuss one or two points that are relevant. The first is the objection that is made by a certain class of reasoners. It is said if there be established such a law throughout society, it goes against your position—men will be punished here and not hereafter. We say, Thank you. If men are punished here, it does not follow that they will not be punished in the life to come. This is a question of fact. I admit that there are punishments in every department of the world. God has fixed natural and constitutional punishment as guards against the infraction of natural and constitutional laws. They are not avenging punishments, however, but precautionary. If there is a precipice over which men will be likely to fall, the authorities place a bridge over it, not to punish, but to prevent, accident. If a man draws near to a poisonous substance, an odor will meet him offensive to his sense, but it is that he may avoid the threatened danger. All these

evils are precautionary. And so throughout Nature; but it is not necessary—indeed, it will not be possible—here to specify all these precautions and warnings which God has planted so thickly throughout all his creation.

"Now if men are punished in this world for their sins, it can be shown that their punishment is graduated in proportion to the magnitude of their crimes. The fact, however, is not so, but contrariwise; it is established that men never suffer so much as when they are the youngest and the newest in sin. When a man first begins to steal, he has more fear and more shame than when he has become an inveterate offender. I remember the time when I swore the first oath. It seemed as though every leaf on the trees and every blade of grass were vocal in their condemnation of my sin. The very sky seemed to lower upon me, and all Nature raised the note of reproof. But in after-days, under the demoralizing influence of bad company, I became able to use profane language without a blush—without the least remorse of conscience; and finally, without being conscious of the language I employed.

"How is it, when a man in an affray first draws the blood of his fellow-creature, his hand draws back, as if it were scalding hot, and dreams terrify him, and he is haunted for months by the bleeding victim of his rage. But let him go from fray to fray, and by-and-by butchery will become a mere excitement. In the lower parts of

our own country, so much is this the case, that a fray is sought as a cup is sought—merely as a pleasant excitement wherewith to while away the time. It needs no argument to prove that in proportion as men go down in this world, just in that proportion they lose their sensibility—till at last it becomes seared as with a red-hot iron; and this being the case, what becomes of the doctrine of punishment in this life? Just in proportion as their crimes increase, their punishment decreases; the further they get from rectitude the lighter are their sufferings. According to this doctrine, a man should go the whole figure and commit crimes wholesale. They that nibble at transgression are the greater fools, and they that go deep into crime are the wise. This is a dreadful but still a true doctrine. This subject also affords some light to that popular and mischievous maxim that it makes no difference what a man believes if he is only sincere. Where can we find any such law as that except in the code of the reasoners? Does it make no difference in the laws of Nature? Suppose a man jumps from the top of a high building upon the pavement, and says, I believe those flag-stones as soft as downy pillows, does Nature any the less dash him in pieces? Suppose a man should attempt to produce pleasure in himself by taking poisonous substances, or suppose he should breathe as well under water as in the air of heaven, and should plunge beneath the waves of the deep, what would Nat-

ure care for his sincerity? Try this principle under the civil law. Is it no matter what a man believes under the civil laws? Will he be excused the commission of crime, if he only says he is sincere? Can you find a judge who will charge a jury thus, or a lawyer who will urge such a plea in defence of a client, when it has been a maxim from time immemorial that ignorance of the law excuses no man? Try the same principle in mercantile life. Let a man under your employment be sent to a distant point to transact some important business. He makes a blunder and loses hundreds of dollars, and his excuse for it is his sincerity; the blunder is repeated, and he loses thousands; and when you reprove him for his carelessness, his only excuse is, 'I was sincere in believing that I was acting in a manner which would best promote your interests.' You would reply, 'Your sincerity is none the less ruinous, and I must discharge you.'

"Try the same principle in respect to your own feelings. Suppose a man should say you are a knave, and upon your asking for an explanation he should say, 'I admit that I said so, but I now acknowledge that I did wrong; I was in a passion at the time, and said it in haste. I am sorry for what I have done, and I ask your forgiveness.' This would be a balm for your wounded feelings, and you would freely forgive him. But suppose that, instead of this, he should say, 'I did call you a knave, and I believed it, and I believe it now.' This

would be the most venomous part of it. You would say, 'It is not enough that you be sincere; you must substantiate your belief by proof. I will have recourse to the law.' And if you hold to the principle of saying what you think is true, regardless of the feelings and character of others, you shall bear the penalty of it.

"Now here is a principle that is false in every department of life, till you come into morals—and that principle which business would not for a moment support is applied and insisted upon in arguing moral and religious questions. It does make a difference what we believe. God will hold us accountable for our belief just as true as He will hold us accountable for our actions.

"The only inference I will attend to is this: that God will hold men accountable for their opinions under the Gospel and for what they know. Then it may be said it will be best for them not to know too much. But He will hold them accountable for what they do not know that they should know.

"For example: a miserly and selfish guardian of a defenceless orphan appropriates to himself the whole estate of his ward, and upon the fact being known, a suit is brought by the friends of the orphan to recover the property. It is found to be a clear case of fraud, and the estate can be easily regained. The whole community is aroused, and all their sympathies are with the aggrieved

orphan. At length the trial comes on—the jury is impanelled and the case opened. And while the evidence is going on one juryman is reading a newspaper, another is talking to a friend, and several are asleep, as if they were in church. When they go out, they remember nothing about the merits of the case. They put one thing and another together, and come out and give a verdict, not in favor of the injured plaintiff, but in favor of the defendant.

"Now what will the people say to these jurymen? One of them some time after this occurrence is a humble seeker to serve the people by going to Congress. He is remembered, and it will be said, This is one of the men that served that infamous course on that jury. And he says, in extenuation of his conduct, 'It was my desire to render a verdict in accordance with the evidence, but *I did not know what it was!*' 'Did not know what it was!' some sturdy old farmer would say to him; 'what were you put there for, if it was not for the express purpose of hearing the evidence and rendering a just verdict? Your excuse only stamps you with a deeper disgrace than your false verdict had already done, and is proof positive of your unfitness to fill any station requiring common watchfulness and honesty.'

"Now God has given the light of Jesus Christ. God has stopped the career of His whole government and interposed a new system. God has rent the heavens in

twain that He might bring the truth to light and life and immortality. Star after star in bright constellations have beamed out and Jesus Christ has brought truth to light. Truth preached, truth sent through the Bible, and through a living ministry to the whole people. And now, if anyone seeks to evade it and avoid it, God will hold every such guilty man accountable for his ignorance. The truth is here, and it is your greatest interest to know it, and you are ignorant of it at your peril.

"Finally, if this doctrine is true, what will be the account that we have to give to God?

"I remark that you will have to give an account before God in respect to your relations to yourself, to one another, and to God.

"Let us see how many points there are under each of these heads:

"First, the duties which refer more particularly to ourselves.

"Each of you will have to give an account to God for your time—for every hour, for every moment. You will have to give an account to God for every power of mind—for the use of every one, for the culture of every one; for every power of thought and imagination; for all your religious and social faculties. He will call you to account for all your passions and motives—for all your conduct. My friend, you may well feel some terrors when you reflect that all that conduct of which you

were so ashamed will be revealed by the Almighty in the dread Day of Judgment, and you will be compelled to look on it, and your neighbor will look on it, and all the assembled hosts of heaven and hell shall look upon it, and upon you as the author of it. And to those who do not *now* feel any terrors, I would say that there is a day of terror coming when God will call you to account for all the Divine efforts made in your behalf—for all the special Providences that have been sent to your door—for all the personal influences that have ever been brought to bear upon you in the sanctuary or out of the sanctuary.

"Secondly: God will call you to account for all the duties which you owe to others—for the discharge of your public duties as citizens.

"Are you an officer? God will hold you to a strict account for the manner in which the duties of that office are discharged. I am afraid, my friends, from the signs of the times, that this doctrine is not much preached or understood; namely, that God will hold those in place to a *higher* account than those beneath them. God will call you to account for the manner in which in this life you discharge your duties to your family, your neighborhood, your town, your State, and your whole land. An inert citizen, an unpatriotic man, will have something to answer for at the bar of God. Every time you have voted those lots which were right and just God has

noted them down, though men have not. And you will be called to account for all the opportunities to do good that you have neglected to improve. If there is a young man in this world that might have been held back from intemperance by you, and you did not do it, God will hold you accountable for it. It is not a safe thing for a man to neglect to do good in this world.

"For all of the influences you have exerted intentionally or unintentionally, God will call you to account. There are many men who study to exert a malign influence upon their fellows. Well, let them do it. They wag their empty heads, and swing themselves down through the streets independent and free to do what they choose. 'The world owes me a living,' say they, 'and I will have it. I care for no man. I care for no law, for no public opinion.' God has His eye upon them. No archer ever drew a surer bow upon his devoted game than God has done upon these men, and His avenging bolt will fall with tenfold terror on their heads when they shall find the grave yawning to receive them, and fearful will be their fate when the black billows of death shall sweep them resistless to their inexorable doom.

"In a less degree it is no less true that a man's unintentional offences will have to be accounted for. Is there a man in this congregation who has children that he *loves?* Have they ever heard the voice of prayer raised in grateful acknowledgment from before the family altar

to the Dispenser of all good? That dear and beloved daughter, that son growing up now into man's estate,—has not the whole of your conduct been such as to practically teach them that there is no God? You may have told them of God in a casual manner, the same as you have of Alexander; and you may have, in a formal, lifeless manner, informed them that it is their duty to obey God, and to love and serve Him. But your life—your whole warm, spontaneous life—has ever preached a doctrine exactly the reverse; and which do you suppose a child will believe first, a father's talk or a father's life? Most unquestionably the latter; and if that has told your children that all that God requires from His children is lip-service, and they grow up without ever coming to a knowledge of God's saving mercy, and their souls are finally lost, God will hold them accountable in their measure, but you will be held accountable also, as accessary to their guilt, and fearful will be the dread account which you will have to meet.

"Lastly: for all our duties toward God we shall be brought to a strict account.

"For the way in which we have treated the overtures of mercy made us through the Lord Jesus Christ, for the hardening of our hearts against the persuasive influences and efforts of our blessed Redeemer for our salvation, God will call us to account. Is there a man in this congregation who will say, I say I do not believe God will

punish me for all through eternity for my little sins? Give me your hand on that. You have so many great sins that God will have enough to do to punish you for them alone, without taking into the account what you are pleased to style your little sins. For defiling your whole nature, for the prostitution of your powers, for turning yourselves who were the sons of God into base materials of the flesh—for this destruction of yourselves God will call you to a strict account. And can you meet that account? Dare any man say I am ready to make the venture?

"There are some men who will not go to heaven, because they are so very moral; they wish to go with the understanding that they are entitled to the favor or else not at all. They do not feel willing to accept heaven as a boon granted by the infinite love of a merciful God, but they desire to merit it through their own good works. They will not go up to heaven's gate and plead the atoning blood of the blessed Lamb of God as their passport into the Heavenly Land—the home of the redeemed—but they offer in exchange for the delights and pleasures of eternity the meagre catalogue of their own actions here on earth. Is it strange their offer is not accepted? As for myself, I know what I will do when God calls my soul to judgment. I know when I shall look back upon my life it will be folly to attempt to justify anything that I have ever done. I will turn to Christ and say, Thou

hast promised to save me if I would trust in Thee, and I have trusted in Thee, and now I claim the fulfilment of Thy promise, O Lord! Here I am, and my only hope is in Thee. And then Christ will throw around about me the shield of His righteousness, not because I am not a sinner, but because I am a sinner, loved and shielded of Christ. But you refuse to take this Christ at His word, you reject His promise, and therefore He will reject you.

"My friends, I am speaking to some of you for the last time. You and I will meet again on the Judgment Day, and I am now telling you how much you stand in need of a Saviour, of that Saviour whom my soul has felt, and whom my soul loves. I offer Him to you, and I will do it with all that sincerity, and all that earnestness, with which I shall wish I had when I meet you at the bar of God. Oh, my friends, will you not begin now to be wise, before the saving influences of God's Holy Spirit are withdrawn from your hearts, and these things are hidden from your sight forever? Death is coming, and after that the judgment, and after that eternity. My fathers, you who have experienced the benefits of God's mercy for many years, where will you be on that day? Were God to call you hence this night, what would be your chances for heaven? My dear friends, what would be your chances of heaven were you called hence to-night? Jesus Christ is ready to take all who desire salvation, and I preach

Him once for all—Christ, the sinner's friend and your friend."

Mr. Beecher created such a favorable impression by his two discourses that the opinion previously entertained of him by Messrs. Bowen and Cutler was generally indorsed, and the little congregation determined, if possible, to secure the pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church of Indianapolis, when the organization should have been completed.

It was announced that morning that there would be a continued series of weekly prayer-meetings, commencing on the succeeding Friday evening, in the lecture-room. About thirty persons attended the meeting on the ensuing Friday, nearly all of whom expressed a wish to join the church at its organization. At the close of the services, which were conducted by Jira Payne, a business meeting was convened, and, to quote from the "Plymouth Manual," "On motion of David Hale, from New York, John T. Howard, Henry C. Bowen, Richard Hale, Charles Rowland, and Jira Payne were appointed a committee to make arrangements for the formation of a church; to prepare and report Articles of Faith and a Covenant, a form of admission, ecclesiastical principles and rules, manual for business, etc. Also to give notice, the following Sabbath, to all persons who desired to be connected with the church at its organization to be present at the next Friday evening prayer-meeting.

"At the *two* subsequent prayer meetings," continues the "Manual," "twenty-one persons handed in their names to be organized into a church. On Friday evening, June 11th, the committee appointed to prepare Articles of Faith, etc., made their report, which, after some amendments, was adopted, and notice given that the church would be organized on the following Sabbath evening.

"A council of ministers and delegates from other churches convened at the house of John T. Howard, on Saturday evening, June 12th, by invitation of the committee, who presented to said council the Articles of Faith and Covenant adopted, also the credentials of those persons who expected to be organized into a church."

The council consisted of—

Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., Pastor.
Chandler Starr, Delegate.
From the Church of the Pilgrims.
Rev. I. N. Sprague, Pastor.
A. B. Davenport, Delegate.
From the Second Congregational Church.
Rev. J. P. Thompson, Pastor.
David Hale, Delegate.
From the Broadway Tabernacle Church,
New York.

Rev. D. C. Lansing, D.D., Pastor.
Seymour Whiting, Delegate.
From the Chrystie Street Congregational Church, New York.

The council approved the actions of the committee, and accepted an invitation to participate in the public services of the organization, on the following evening (Sunday, June 13th), when the church was duly organized, and the opening sermon delivered by the Rev. R. S. Storrs, Jr. Several names for the new society had been suggested—The Cranberry Street Church, the Wyckliffe Church, and the Plymouth Church.

A religious society, in conformity with New York State Laws, was formed on Monday evening, June 14, 1847, with a membership of twenty-one; Henry C. Bowen, John T. Howard, and Daniel Burgess were elected Trustees, to serve, each in the order written, for the term of one, two, and three years; and the corporate name of

THE PLYMOUTH CHURCH

was adopted by the society. The Certificate of Incorporation was recorded in the Clerk's Office of King's County, September 27, 1847.

The names of the original members were:

1. Howard, John T.
2. Bowen, Henry C.
3. Bowen, Lucy Maria.
4. Payne, Jira.

5. Payne, Eliza.
6. Knight, Rachel.
7. Hale, Richard.
8. Hale, Julia.
9. Turner, Alpheus R.
10. Turner, Louisa.
11. Burgess, Benjamin.
12. Burgess, Mary.
13. Rowland, Charles.
14. Rowland, Maria.
15. Webb, John.
16. Webb, Martha.
17. Blake, Eli C.
18. Morse, John F.
19. Morse, Rebecca.
20. Cannon, Mary.
21. Griffin, David.

On the evening of the formal organization of the society a *unanimous* vote had been cast electing Rev. Henry Ward Beecher to the vacant pastorate, and a committee had been appointed to present him with the invitation to that office. After two months' deliberation —during which time the pulpit had been occupied by various ministers, generally from New England—Mr. Beecher, partly influenced by the entreaties of William T. Cutler, and partly by the continued ill-health of his family while resident in the West, almost reluctantly—for, as he had said, "his heart was with the West"—accepted the call by letter.

"INDIANAPOLIS, August 19, 1847.

"DEAR BROTHERS: I desire to convey through you to the Plymouth Church and congregation my acceptance of the call to the pastoral office tendered by them to me.

"I cannot regard the responsibilities of this important field without the most serious diffidence, and I wholly put my trust in that Saviour whom I am to preach in your midst. I can heartily adopt the language of Paul, 'Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified.'

"It will be necessary for me to remain yet for some time in this place; but I hope to arrive in Brooklyn in the middle of October, or at the furthest, by the first of November.

"I am, in Christian love,

"Most Truly Yours,

"H. W. BEECHER.

"To JOHN T. HOWARD, HENRY C. BOWEN, CHARLES ROWLAND, and others."

Henry Ward Beecher entered upon pastoral duties in Plymouth Church on Sunday morning, October 10, 1847.

Mr. Thompson records that "the evening services were fully attended, and to the astonishment of all, and dissatisfaction of some, he laid aside the doctrinal theologies of the morning in favor of the living issues of the times, and boldly and clearly defined the position he had taken and intended to hold in reference to slavery, temperance, war, and general reform."

Alluding to his first sermon in Plymouth Church,

after accepting the call, Mr. Beecher, who, as previously stated, had delivered several anti-slavery sermons in Indianapolis, observed to a friend :

" In the first sermon that I preached on the Sunday night in the new church, when I had accepted the call and came there in the fall, I made a proclamation of my sentiments on the slavery matter, on temperance matters, on war and peace, on all those great themes in which I have had zeal in all my public life, in the most explicit manner. I declared to them that if they continued to attend, or any of them wished to attend, my church on the supposition that I was going to be silent, or prudentially dumb, I wished to remove that impression at once, for I intended to be positive, active, and energetic on all those subjects. In 1847–48–49 I had become well known. My anti-slavery sentiments began to be well known in New York. Upon the establishment of *The Independent* I was invited by Mr. Bowen to furnish ' Star Papers ' for the paper, and in those I avowed such anti-slavery sentiments as made it a little uncertain whether the three adjunct editors of the paper—Dr. Leonard Bacon, Dr. Richard S. Storrs, and Dr. Joseph Thompson, of the Broadway Tabernacle—could sustain me. It was a time of very great caution and prudence, but I stuck right at it."

He continued :

" In 1850, when the controversy came up about Clay's

Omnibus Bill, including the Fugitive Slave Laws, I was thoroughly roused, and in the pulpit and with my pen I attacked with the utmost earnestness the infamous Fugitive Slave Bill. It was then that I wrote that article, 'Shall we Compromise?' If anyone will compare that article with Mr. Seward's subsequent speech he will find that it was reducing to a mere minimum the article on 'Shall we Compromise?' This article was read to John C. Calhoun on his sick-bed by his clerk, and he raised himself up and said: 'Read that article again.' The article was read. 'The man who says that is right. Slavery has got to go to the wall. There is no alternative. It is liberty or slavery.' And then, when Webster made his fatal apostasy on March 7, 1850, I joined with all Northern men of any freedom-loving spirit in denouncing it and in denouncing him. Forthwith, after a paralysis of a few weeks, his friends determined to save him by getting all the old clergymen—such men as Dr. Spring, Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth, and the Andover Professors. The effort was to get every great and influential man in the North to stand up for Webster, and then it was that I flamed. They failed utterly. Professor Woolsey, of New Haven, Dr. Bacon, President of the Williamstown College in Massachusetts, and various other most influential men absolutely refused to sustain Webster."

Public installation services occurred on Thursday

evening, November 11, 1847, which were conducted as follows:

"Invocation and Reading of the Scriptures," by Rev. Dr. Heman Humphrey, of Pittsfield, Mass.

"Sermon," by Rev. Dr. Edward Beecher, of Boston, Mass.

"Installing Prayer," by the Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Hewit, of Bridgeport, Conn.

"Charge to the Pastor," by Rev. D. C. Lansing, of New York.

"The Fellowship of the Churches," by Rev. Richard S. Storrs, Jr., of Brooklyn.

"Address to the People," by Rev. Joseph P. Thompson, of New York.

"Concluding Prayer," by Rev. Dr. Horace Bushnell, of Hartford, Conn.

"Thus was Plymouth Church founded," says Mr. Thompson, "and thus began a ministry which, by earnest and continued inculcation of sound common-sense doctrine, promulgation of tolerant principles, and advancement of liberal views, was eventually destined to partially liberalize the tenets of the entire Christian world."

On the first day of June, 1848, the success of the new enterprise being insured, and its organization being complete, the property was duly conveyed by the owners to the society of Plymouth Church for its actual cost, with accrued interest to date.

In the fall of this year, Mr. Beecher scored "one of his most memorable evenings" (to quote his own words). It was at a meeting at the Broadway Tabernacle, in New York City, convened for the purpose of raising by subscription $2,000 for the redemption of two slave-girls, the Edmondston sisters. After several addresses only $600 was raised, and Mr. Beecher again took the platform, and by his inspiring eloquence and personal appeals to his friends in the vast assemblage, he succeeded in eliciting subscriptions in sums varying from $25 to $100, until the desired amount had been obtained.

Alluding to the Edmondston case, Mr. Beecher observed to a friend:

"Going home one day, I saw an old negro sitting on my outside stone steps. I asked him what he wanted. He said he wanted to see Mr. Beecher. I asked him into the house, and then he told me that his two daughters had been sold to the slave-pen to be carried to New Orleans. They were very beautiful girls, and their destiny was very apparent. He had gone all around among the Methodists, I think, to whom he belonged, and he got sympathy, but no succor; so he called to see if I could not do something for him. A meeting was called in the Broadway Tabernacle. I agreed to be there and make a speech. I think that of all the meetings that I have attended in my life, for a panic of sympathy, I never saw one that surpassed that. I have seen a great many in my

day. An amount of money was subscribed, and they were bought and set free. The mother was a very old woman. She had been the nurse of a great Richmond lawyer whose name has died out of my memory. He owed his conversion to her. He was famous in the days of Webster."

Mr. Beecher's ministrations proved as attractive as expected, and Plymouth Church rapidly increased its membership and following, slowly at first, it is true, but surely. A blessing in disguise was the destruction by fire of the original church buildings in January, 1849, as it enabled the society to rebuild on a larger scale, and with a front on Orange Street instead of Cranberry Street. Mr. Thompson states, in his interesting little volume, "a committee was appointed to devise the necessary plans, and Mr. Sherman Day, chairman of the committee, drew up a rough design which received the approbation of the pastor. The projected building was to be 105 feet in length, 80 feet in width, and 43 feet in height (floor to ceiling); with a rear addition, two stories in height and 50 feet by 80 feet; the entire structure to be divided into eleven rooms, namely: an auditorium with seats for 2,050 persons (exclusive of aisle or wall chairs), 76 feet by 92 feet; a lecture-room 48 feet by 51 feet; a Sabbath-school room 24 feet by 64 feet; four rooms for Bible and infant classes, each 10 feet by 16 feet; two social circle parlors, each 24 feet by 32 feet; a recep-

tion parlor and a pastor's study, each 14 feet by 32 feet.

Mr. J. C. Wells, an English church architect, reduced Mr. Day's plan to exact proportions, the society adopted it, and May 29, 1849, was the day appointed for laying the corner-stone.

In description of this interesting ceremony, quotations from the Brooklyn *Daily Advertiser* of May 30, 1849, are cited:

"The day was dark, gloomy, wet—anything but propitious—causing a serious disappointment to many who had anticipated uniting in the exercises of the occasion. Notwithstanding that the rain came down in copious quantities, there were several hundred persons assembled, and the services were performed in a highly interesting and devout manner. The services were commenced with the reading of a hymn by Rev. J. M. Sprague, and singing by the choir of the church and the congregation assembled. Rev. Dr. Cheever followed by reading a very beautiful and appropriate selection from the Scriptures. Prayer, by Rev. J. P. Thompson, of Broadway Tabernacle. A very eloquent, brief, and impressive address was made by Rev. Mr. Storrs, of Pilgrim Church. His allusion to the origin of the church, the struggles of the Pilgrim fathers, the doctrines and principles which they inculcated, the sacredness and nobleness of the object which had called them together, the influence which this

church must exert in all departments of life, the great civil and religious blessings we enjoy, both as individuals and as a nation, were themes which the reverend gentleman blended into a highly religious, dignified, and interesting address.

"The Rev. J. L. Hodge enumerated a list of the various religious and secular papers enclosed in the box intended to be placed beneath the initial pillar of the foundation.

"The Rev. Dr. Lansing then stated that he had been intrusted by the committee to lay the corner-stone of the church. The reverend doctor remarked that everyone knew the excitability of his temperament, and how generally he was disposed to enlarge and amplify on occasions like the present. He said he had therefore reduced his address to writing. He then read the address, which was listened to with great attention.

"Rev. Mr. Thompson followed with a few remarks, alluding to the much-regretted absence of the Rev. Dr. Cox, now in Boston, who was expected to have been present on the occasion.

"The services were concluded with singing the doxology, 'Praise God,' etc., by the audience, in the tune of Old Hundred; and a benediction by Rev. Mr. Sprague."

The builders of the church were Solomon Conklin, mason; Tappan Reeve, carpenter; J. C. Wells, architect. The sum of $31,489 was subscribed in amounts varying

from $2 to $2,500 (total number of subscribers, 324) toward the cost of the new edifice, and $31,127 was collected upon seven per cent. scrip, bearing interest payable in pew-rents, only, the principal payable from the surplus revenue of the church. The lecture-room and Sabbath-school room were provided for by donations to the amount of $10,800, and were furnished partly by the proceeds realized by Sunday-school festivals and partly by the pew-rent income of the Society. Their cost was about $13,000, and that of the church about $36,000.

While the buildings were in course of erection, the Society were cordially invited by many of the neighboring Societies to use their respective edifices for worship, and for about two months these invitations were thankfully accepted. Their evening services were regularly held in the Church of the Pilgrims. In March, 1849, Mr. Beecher experienced a serious attack of illness, which confined him to his house for two months, and incapacitated him from preaching until the ensuing September.

In the meantime a Tabernacle, 100 feet in length and 80 feet in width, had been erected at an expense of $2,800, on land (munificently tendered free of rent by Lewis Tappan) on Pierrepont Street, and the churchless congregation occupied this temporary building until the first Sabbath in January, 1850, when they removed to their completed church on Orange Street. The Taber-

nacle was sold to Mr. A. G. Benson for $1,300, which amount, together with Sabbath collections and pew-rents, fully covered its cost and all attendant expenses. On completion of the church buildings, the entire property was mortgaged for $16,000, partly to pay off the original mortgage ($10,500), and partly to liquidate the floating debt.

The opening services occurred on the first Sunday in January, 1850.

The system of renting pews annually to the highest bidder was then adopted, and thus all members and regular attendants were enabled to secure seats according to their respective means. The pastor's salary was, by common consent, increased to $3,500 per annum. He had originally been engaged on a salary of $1,500 (an increase of $700 over his stipend when in Indianapolis) for the first year, $1,750 for the second year, and $2,000 for the third year and succeeding years; and David Hale and Henry C. Bowen had voluntarily guaranteed personally the payment of his salary for the first three years. In two years and six months the Congregational Church, with only twenty-one original members, which many had prophesied would come to naught, had increased—notwithstanding its trial by fire, its subsequent migratory life, and the long-continued ill-health of its pastor—to a membership of three hundred and forty-three, sixteen of which number, however, had been lost

by death and removals, thereby leaving a real existing membership of three hundred and twenty-seven.

Mr. Beecher was still suffering from the effects of his late illness, and a leave of absence from June to September (1850) was cheerfully granted to enable him to rest from his labors, visit Europe, and, if possible, recuperate his delicate health.

At the time of Mr. Beecher's death, Plymouth Church had very nearly two thousand five hundred members, more than one hundred times the number that formed the original society.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE ANTI-SLAVERY CRUSADE.

Back from His Health Trip to Europe.—Plymouth Church and Beecher become Synonymous.—The Leading Abolitionist.—Webster's Attitude in Regard to the Fugitive Slave Bill.—Mr. Beecher's Excoriation.—Black List of the Union Safety Committee.—He Personally beseeches Merchants to stand Firm by Their Principles.—How he helped Mr. Bowen.—His Declaration of Principles.—The Fremont Campaign.—Wendell Phillips sheltered by Plymouth Church.—The Kansas Excitement.—Hostile Declarations from a Mob.—John Brown's Insurrection.—Beecher's Address.—John Brown's Chains rattled in the Tabernacle.—Few Reporters able to follow Beecher.—"Cross Fulton Ferry and follow the Crowd."—Rose Ward.—Rose Terry's Contribution.—Sarah is Redeemed.—Continuing the Anti-Slavery Crusade.

MR. BEECHER returned from his brief trip to Europe much improved in health, and entered upon his ministrations in the new edifice on its completion, and thenceforth his name and that of the edifice became household and synonymous terms.

Mr. Beecher led all the Abolitionists in his opposition to the Fugitive Slave Law, and he became one of the most prominent of the directors of the Underground Railroad Company. His congregation were nearly all stockholders of the line, and the church has been called

its Grand Central Depot. The deviation from the established rules of Gospel preaching, and the opening of the pulpit to political discussions, caused much excited denunciation in orthodox circles. The pluck of the Plymouth pastor in those times of excitement was unquestioned. After Daniel Webster had delivered his famous speech in favor of Mason's Fugitive Slave Bill, and signified his intention to vote for it, Mr. Beecher, in his pulpit in Plymouth Church, declared that the "Law of God was higher than all other laws, Government or State, constitutional or unconstitutional, and must first be obeyed." He said from his pulpit:

"The worst spectacle which this country now presents is not, I think, the governmental or political corruptions, though these are enormous; but it is that of a religious body, like the one in New York, utterly refusing to open its mouth against the blackest iniquity of the age.

"And for what, in the name of Heaven? What reason do they give for this strange silence? Why, because, if it does speak against sin, it will not be allowed to preach the Gospel. If every sin were as powerful as is this sin of slavery, what would these preachers of the Gospel do? Keep silence in regard to them all, of course; for, according to their views, only the smaller and least powerful sins can be safely hit. That ponderous body can bombard men bravely for using tobacco, but it can't say one word against selling men and women to raise it. It can

spend itself and exert its tremendous machinery against the awful sin of the dancing of young men and maidens, but can't utter a word when maidens are sold to prostitution, and young men are driven off, in chain-gangs, to the rice swamps of Georgia.

"The use I make of such men, is to point the young men to them and say: 'These are men whom you must shun to resemble.' The worst stamp of Phariseeism was not in our Saviour's day. It has, after years of monstrous growth, exhibited itself in the nineteenth century.

"Our citizens have been lynched for the suspicion of holding free sentiments; letters and papers have been refused a channel in the national mail; it has been freely said, and it was no vain threat, that a lamp-post or tree should be that man's rostrum who dared to own abolitionism in Southern territory; free colored citizens have been kidnapped, carried into hopeless slavery from our midst; our ships and boats could not carry colored cooks, stewards, or sailors, without having their service withheld from them; our whole free colored population are denied the right of travel and residence in slave States, which the Constitution guarantees to all citizens; they are arrested if found, and sold, if proved free, to pay jail fees.

. . . . . .

"Man cannot plant parchments as deep as God plants principles. The Senate of the United States is august;

and such men as lead her counsels are men of might. But no man, and no senate of men, when once the eyes of a community are open to a question of humanity, can reason or enact them back again to a state of indifference, and still less can they enlist them along with the remorseless hunters of human flesh.

. . . . . .

"We solemnly appeal to Christians of every name, to all sober and humane men, unwrenched by party feelings, to all that love man, to behold and ponder this iniquity which is done among us! Shall an army of wretched victims, without a crime, unconvicted of wrong, pursuing honest occupations, be sent back to a loathed and detestable slavery? Here is no abstract question. We ask you, shall men now free, shall members of the church, shall children from the school, shall even ministers of the Gospel, be seized, ironed, and in two hours be on the road to a servitude to them worse than death?

"For our own selves, we do not hesitate to say, what every man who has a spark of manhood in him will say with us, that no force should bring *us* into such horrible bondage. Before we would yield ourselves to go away to linger and long for death through burning years of injustice, we would die a thousand deaths. Every house should be our fortress; and when fortress and refuge failed us, then our pursuers should release our souls to the hands of God who gave them, before they should

degrade them by a living slavery! Who shall deny these feelings and such refuge to a black man?

"With such solemn convictions, no law, impious, infidel to God and humanity, shall have respect or observance at our hands. We desire no collision with it. We shall not rashly dash upon it. We shall not attempt a rescue, nor interrupt officers, if they do not interrupt us. We prefer to labor peaceably for its early repeal, meanwhile saving from its merciless jaws as many victims as we can. But in those provisions which respect aid to fugitives, may God do so to us, yea, and more also, if we do not spurn it as we would any other mandate of Satan.

. . . . . .

"I will both shelter them, conceal them, or speed their flight; and while under my shelter, or under my convoy, they shall be to me as my own flesh and blood; and whatever defence I would put forth for my own children, that shall these poor, despised, and persecuted creatures have in my house or upon the road. The man who shall betray a fellow-creature to bondage, who shall obey this law to the peril of his soul, and to the loss of his manhood, were he brother, son, or father, shall never pollute my hand with the grasp of hideous friendship; or cast his swarthy shadow across my threshold! For such service to those whose helplessness and poverty make them peculiarly God's children, I shall cheerfully take the pains and penalties of this bill. Bonds and fines shall be hon-

ors; imprisonment and suffering will be passports to fame not long to linger!"

It was about the time Mr. Beecher first began to deliver set lectures out of town for $50 and his expenses that Charles Sumner was struck down in the Senate Chamber by Brooks, of South Carolina. The entire North was fired with indignation, and the solid merchants of New York thought that was going too far. A mass meeting of protest was called in the Tabernacle, and in order to make it significant no one was invited to speak who had ever countenanced the anti-slavery movement. It was entirely in the hands of conservatives. The chief speakers, resolution-readers, and fuglemen were Daniel D. Lord, John Van Buren, and William M. Evarts. The Tabernacle, which was so frequently in those days his rostrum, was packed with an earnest, enthusiastic audience, which, in point of numbers and respectability, culture and influence, has rarely been surpassed. For some reason Mr. Beecher, who had been advertised to lecture in Philadelphia that evening, was in the city. He had dined with his friend Mr. John T. Howard, and together they went to the Tabernacle to hear the speaking. As the meeting was about to be closed someone in the audience called out "Beecher." The people took up the cry, and "Beecher, Beecher!" resounded through the church. Mr. Evarts, evidently annoyed, advanced to the front of the platform and said: "The programme of the even-

ing is concluded, and the meeting will adjourn. [A voice —" Beecher ! "] Mr. Beecher, I am told, is lecturing in Philadelphia this evening." " No, he isn't," called out one of the reporters ; " there he is behind the pillar." The greater part of the audience had risen and prepared to leave. Beecher was recognized and half led, half forced, to the platform, from which Mr. Evarts and his friends precipitately retired. John Van Buren, with the instinct of a gentleman, advanced, took Mr. Beecher by the hand, and led him to the speaker's place. The audience re-seated themselves, but for fully five minutes the house was in an uproar of enthusiastic greeting. With a wave of his hand Mr. Beecher secured silence and attention. For an hour he delivered the speech of his life. Every eye glistened. Such applause was never given before. The occasion was an inspiration. The opportunity was one he had never had before. But it is doubtful that he thought of either one or the other. He had the scene in the Senate Chamber in his eye. It was the culminating outrage in a series of horrors. He felt it. He foresaw its end. He made that audience feel what he felt and see what he saw, and when he closed he glowed like a furnace, while the people cheered with their throats full of tears. Such scenes occur once in a lifetime. The next day's papers reported Beecher verbatim, and gave the others what they could find space for.

Mr. Beecher was aroused to a state of great indignation

by the threat at a meeting of the so-called Union Safety Committee, held at Castle Garden, in 1856, that the merchants of New York would be financially ruined by those who refused to sell their principles with their wares. He addressed the merchants from his pulpit and urged them to maintain their principles and the honor of the country; and he personally called on the more prominent and discussed the subject with them.

Speaking to a friend of his course in regard to the "black list," Mr. Beecher said:

"It was about this time that the black list was made in that Castle Garden Union Safety Committee, and connected with that was a black list that was gotten up of all the merchants that were anti-slavery. It was to be sent all over the South to destroy their custom. Mr. Bowen was, of course, included in that black list, and threatened with the loss of all his Southern custom. He came to me and asked me if I would not write a card for him, and I undertook to do it, but my head not running very clear, the only thing I got at after making three or four different attempts was, 'My goods are for sale, but not my principles,' but I could not lick it into shape, and I gave the paper to him and said, 'You must fix it to suit yourself.' He took it to Hiram Barney, and he drew up the card in the shape in which it appeared, including that sentence, which was the snap of the whole thing."

Mr. Beecher always made it a practice now to discuss national affairs in his Sunday evening discourses, and in announcing the annual sale of pews he was in the habit "of clearly and unmistakably expressing his views upon slavery and other practical reforms of the day, for the especial purpose of forewarning all those who contemplated renting sittings for the ensuing year of the general tenor of his preaching, and the application he should make of it to the great issues of the time, so that none could have reasonable grounds for complaint or dissatisfaction with his course."

He said on one of these occasions:

"The infidelity of the last twenty-five years has been that which has sought to emasculate religion by separating it from practical life and lifting it so far above everybody's daily and familiar use that they might as well be without it. The pretence is, that religion is too sacred to be rendered useful in common matters. Over church doors men write: 'Religion is religion;' and over store doors: 'Business is business.' And the Church says to business: 'Don't you come in here;' and the store says to religion: 'Don't *you* come in *here!*'

"Man rejects the interference of the higher law in his business as impertinence. But when Sunday comes, he says, 'We've had enough of business all the week; now let us have the blessed Gospel.'

"And the minister confines himself to 'Christ and Him

crucified.' He mustn't mention love to God and man shown in business transactions, for he must preach the Gospel; he mustn't exhort to temperance, for he must preach the Gospel; he mustn't preach of justice, purity, and humanity, for he must preach *the* Gospel.

"Why, if men catch 'the higher law' on 'change, or in the street, they hoot at it, they chase it, they hit it, and drive it from among them, crying out: 'Here is the higher law escaped out of church, and out of Sunday.'"

Speaking of this exciting period, Mr. Beecher remarked to a friend:

"This takes down to 1853. Then came the bolt of the elder Van Buren and the Buffalo meeting and platform, which was anti-slavery, and that was really the originating cause of the Republican Party. The materials were beginning to coalesce which constituted the Republican movement, and in 1856 Fremont was nominated as against Buchanan. Well, of course we felt all aflame. My church voted me all the time that I thought to be required to go out into the community and speak and canvass the State of New York. I went into that canvass, spoke twice and three times, sometimes, a week, having the whole day to myself; that is, making all the speeches that were made. I was sent principally to what we called the Silver Gray districts or counties—the old-time Whigs that were attempting to run a candidate between Fremont and Buchanan. I generally made a three

hours' speech a day in the open air to audiences of from eight thousand to ten thousand people. I felt at that time that it was very likely that I should sacrifice my life, or my voice, at any rate, but I was willing to lay down either or both of them for that cause."

"During the succeeding years of agitation," says Mr. Thompson, "Plymouth Church was one of the few temples of free thought, opinion, and speech in this land of boasted liberty. So bitter was the hate for Abolitionists, that at one time it was impossible to obtain a hall in New York or Brooklyn wherein Wendell Phillips might speak. Mr. Beecher, becoming cognizant of the fact, immediately visited the trustees of Plymouth Church in person, and procured permission for Mr. Phillips to speak in the church—not because he was a believer in all the doctrine advanced by the great agitator, but because he *was* a *believer* in *Free Speech.* As disturbances were not only anticipated but threatened, the trustees, in accordance with a request of the pastor, attended the meeting armed with heavy canes, and the city authorities, in compliance with a demand, furnished a police force. Happily, however, there was no trouble.

"Throughout the Kansas settlement struggle the right of every 'Free State' settler to defend himself and his rights, with arms if necessary, from the incursions and aggressions of the 'Border Ruffians,' was vindicated from Plymouth pulpit. The pastor himself subscribed a suf-

ficient amount for the purchase of a Sharp's rifle and a Bible, and the congregation expressed its hearty concurrence by a liberal subscription to aid in supplying all settlers with those commodities.

"The hate of the lower and more ignorant classes of New York City for Plymouth Church and its pastor was intense; and one Sunday morning (June 8th) in 1856 the New York journals announced that a gang of roughs from Washington Market intended visiting Brooklyn that evening, for the especial purpose of 'cleaning out the d——d Abolition nest at Plymouth Church,' and forever dispensing with the services of 'Beecher.' This startling intelligence naturally caused considerable excitement among the Plymouthites, and they determined to prepare for emergencies. The mayor and the chief of police were immediately notified of the threatened raid, and a large police force was ordered to report, in citizen's attire, at the church that evening. In addition to this, some fifty gentlemen, regular attendants, among whom were some of the trustees, also armed themselves with revolvers before going to evening services. Shortly before the church doors were thrown open that night crowds of roughs congregated on the neighboring corners, but offered no remark or violence to anyone, and when the church was opened many of them entered and quietly seated themselves. Either there had been no intention to create any disturbance, or they had in some way

learned of the reception awaiting them and wisely concluded to give up or postpone their intended demonstration; for they soon passed into the street again, and, after muttering curses upon all 'Abolitionists and nigger-worshippers,' formed in procession and returned to New York. During the services, while each one of the immense crowd was nervously watching and waiting for a something they knew not what, and at a moment when the entire audience were held in breathless silence by the eloquence of the pastor, some object hurled from without struck a pane of glass in the rear window, on the east side of the pulpit, and broke it; a bullet dropped upon the window-sill, probably by some mischievous boy, and for a moment there was a commotion among the people near the window, then all was again quiet. The services were not otherwise disturbed, and no more invasions were thereafter threatened."

In 1859 occurred the unlawful invasion of a Slave State for the avowed purpose of liberating its slaves, by John Brown and his associates—an attempt, though really insignificant from a numerical point of view, which aroused and imbittered the entire South against the North, for pro-slavery men thereupon naturally concluded that Brown was secretly encouraged and abetted by the Abolitionists of the North. The erroneousness of this conclusion was clearly demonstrated in a sermon entitled "The Nation's Duty to Slavery," in which Brown's

entire career was reviewed, and from which some extracts are here presented :

"An old man, kind at heart, industrious, peaceful, went forth, with a large family of children, to seek a new home in Kansas. That infant colony held thousands of souls as noble as ever liberty inspired or religion enriched. A great scowling Slave State, its nearest neighbor, sought to tread down the liberty-loving colony, and to dragoon slavery into it by force of arms. The armed citizens of a hostile State crossed the State lines, destroyed the freedom of the ballot-box, prevented a fair expression of public sentiment, corruptly usurped law-making power, and ordained by fraud laws as infamous as the sun ever saw ; assaulted its infant settlements with armed hordes, ravaged the fields, destroyed harvests and herds, and carried death to a multitude of cabins. The United States Government had no marines for this occasion! No Federal troops posted by the cars by night and day for the poor, the weak, the grossly wronged men of Kansas. There was an army there that unfurled the banner of the Union, but it was on the side of the wrong-doers, not on the side of the injured.

"It was in this field that Brown received his impulses. A tender father, whose life was in his son's life, he saw his first-born seized like a felon, chained, driven across the country, crazed by suffering and heat, beaten like a dog by the officer in charge, and long lying at death's

door! Another noble boy, without warning, without offence, unarmed, in open day, in the midst of the city, was shot dead! No justice sought out the murderers; no United States attorney was despatched in hot haste; no marines or soldiers aided the wronged or weak!

"The shot that struck the child's heart crazed the father's brain. Revolving his wrongs, and nursing his hatred to that deadly system that breeds such contempt of justice and humanity, at length his phantoms assume a slender reality, and organize such an enterprise as one might expect from a man whom grief had bereft of judgment. He goes to the heart of a Slave State. One man—and with sixteen followers, he seizes two thousand brave Virginians, and holds them in duress!

"When a great State attacked a handful of weak colonists, the Government and nation were torpid, but when seventeen men attack a sovereign State, then Maryland arms, and Virginia arms, and the United States Government arms, and they three rush against seventeen men.

"Travellers tell us that the Geysers of Iceland—those irregular boiling springs of the north—may be transported with fury by plucking up a handful of grass or turf and throwing it into the springs. The hot springs of Virginia are of the same kind! A handful of men was thrown into them, and what a boiling there has been!

"But, meanwhile, no one can fail to see that this poor,

child-bereft old man is the manliest of them all. Bold, unflinching, honest, without deceit or evasion, refusing to take technical advantages of any sort, but openly avowing his principles and motives, glorying in them in danger and death, as much as when in security—that wounded old father is the most remarkable figure in the whole drama. The Governor, the officers of the State, and all the attorneys are pygmies compared with him.

"I deplore his misfortunes. I sympathize with his sorrows. I mourn the hiding or obscuration of his reason. I disapprove of his mad and feeble schemes. I shrink from the folly of the bloody foray, and I shrink likewise from all anticipation of that judicial bloodshed which doubtless erelong will follow; for when was cowardice ever magnanimous?

"If they kill the man, it will not be so much for treason as for the disclosure of their cowardice!

"Let no man pray that Brown be spared. Let Virginia make him a martyr. Now, he has only blundered. His soul was noble, his work miserable. But a cord and a gibbet would redeem all that, and round up Brown's failure with heroic success.

. . . . . .

"Because it [slavery] is a great sin, because it is a national curse, it does not follow that we have a right to say anything or do anything about it that may happen

to please us. We certainly have no right to attack it in any manner that may gratify men's fancies or passions. It is computed that there are four million colored slaves in our nation. These dwell in fifteen different Southern States, with a population of ten million whites. These sovereign States are united to us not merely by federal ligaments, but by vital interests, by a common national life. And the question of duty is not simply what is duty toward the blacks, not what is duty toward the whites, but what is duty to each and to both united. I am bound by the great law of love to consider my duties toward the slave, and I am bound by the great law of love also to consider my duties toward the white man, who is his master! Both are to be treated with Christian wisdom and forbearance. . . . We must keep in mind the interest of every part. . . . It is harder to define what would be just in certain emergencies than to establish the duty, claims, and authority of justice. . . . We have no right to treat the citizens of the South with acrimony or bitterness, because they are involved in a system of wrong-doing. Wrong is to be exposed. But the spirit of rebuke may be as wicked before God as the spirit of the evil rebuked. . . . If we hope to ameliorate the condition of the slave, the first step must not be taken by setting the master against him. . . .

"The breeding of discontent among the bondmen of

our land is not the way to help them. Whatever gloomy thoughts the slave's own mind may brood, *we* are not to carry disquiet to him from without. . . . The evil is not partial. It cannot be cured by partial remedies. Our plans must include a universal change in policy, feeling, purpose, theory, and practice in the whole nation. . . .

"No relief will be afforded to the slaves of the South, as a body, by any individual; or by any organized plan to carry them off, or to incite them to abscond. . . .

"We have no right to carry into the midst of slavery exterior discontent. . . . It is short-sighted humanity, at best, and poor policy for both blacks and whites.

. . . . . .

"Still less would we tolerate anything like insurrection and servile war. It would be the most cruel, hopeless, and desperate of all conceivable follies to seek emancipation by the sword and by blood." . . .

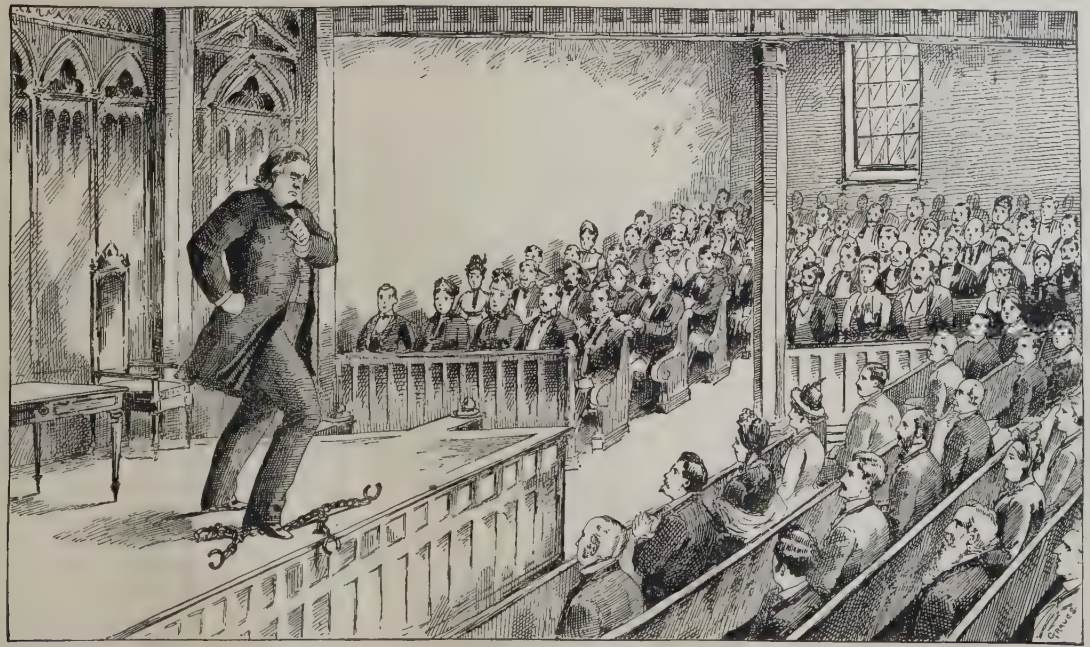
Mr. Beecher created a great sensation by an address he delivered at the Broadway Tabernacle in New York City. The chains that had bound John Brown in his captivity were placed on the desk before him, and inspired him to one of his most eloquent and thrilling appeals in behalf of human liberty. In the frenzy of his eloquence he seized the clanking irons and hurled them to the floor, and stamped upon them, and awakened a sentiment in his vast audience that filled the place in

every part, that was lasting, and which took flight across the whole anti-slavery section of the country.

Fragmentary reports of Mr. Beecher's sermons appeared in the daily papers, but in his flights of eloquence the average reporter could not follow him, and often he was misrepresented or garbled to an exasperating degree. Mr. T. J. Ellinwood, a stenographer who was found to be able to follow him, was accommodated with a desk, and thenceforth until his death always reported him.

The popularity of the church was now so well established throughout the land that crowds crossed the ferry from New York to attend. The usual answer given to strangers in New York, inquiring the way to Beecher's church on Sunday morning, was: "Cross Fulton Ferry and follow the crowd." Standing room was always at a premium, and scarcely a Sabbath passed when hundreds were not turned away for want of even standing room.

Rev. Bishop Faulkner invoked Mr. Beecher's aid in raising the sum of $900 to purchase an intelligent-looking mulatto girl, about ten years of age, whom he brought from Washington, D. C., with him, with the owner's permission to make the sale. On Sunday, February 5, 1860, she accompanied Mr. Beecher to church, and was placed by his side in the pulpit. Mr. Beecher presented her to the congregation, stated the facts of the case, and asked for a contribution sufficient to effect her purchase. Among the audience was a lady named Rose Terry, who,



A DRAMATIC SCENE. THROWING THE SLAVE CHAINS TO THE FLOOR.

when the contribution-box was passed to her, drew a ring from her finger and dropped it in ; the pastor placed this ring upon one of the slave-girl's fingers, and, telling her it was her freedom ring, named her Rose Ward, after the donor of the ring and himself. The amount contributed that morning, together with a collection taken up in Sunday-school that afternoon, was $1,000.

A similar instance of the sympathy and generosity of the Plymouth congregation occurred on Sunday, June 1, 1861. A young slave woman, twenty years of age, named Sarah, having been informed by her owner that if she could raise $800 among her abolition friends he would accept of it and free her, had made the fact known to several anti-slavery men in Washington. They pledged her owner either her safe return or the required sum, and he allowed them to take her to the North. A few days after her arrival in New York she was taken to Mr. Beecher, and on the following Sabbath morning was escorted to his pulpit in Brooklyn. She was a woman of commanding presence, rounded features, and winning face and long, jet-black hair, and of course, under the circumstances, attracted most eager attention and interest from the large and wealthy congregation assembled. She was requested to unloosen her hair, and as she did so it fell in glistening waves over her shoulders and below her waist. Robed in spotless white, her face crimsoned and form heaving under the excitement of the oc-

casion, she stood in that august presence a very Venus in form and feature. For a moment Mr. Beecher remained by her side without uttering a word, until the audience was wrought up to a high pitch of curiosity and excitement. And then in his impressive way he related her story and her mission. Before he concluded his pathetic recital the vast audience was a sea of commotion. Tears ran down cheeks unused to the melting mood, eager curiosity aud excitement pervaded the whole congregation, and as the pastor announced that he wanted $2,000 for the girl before him to redeem her promise to pay for her freedom, costly jewellery and trinkets and notes and specie piled in in such rapid succession that in less time than it takes to write this down enough and much more was contributed than was necessary to meet the call that had been made.

Since Mr. Beecher's death the sequel of the story has been ascertained. Mrs. Angelina Harris says that she has known the girl long and intimately.

"I was in Plymouth Church," said Mrs. Harris, "the night Sarah was brought upon the platform and stood beside Mr. Beecher. The church was packed full of people. Sarah was then not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years of age. She was tall and finely moulded, and as white as any lady. Yes, before Mr. Beecher had said a word the money began coming out of folks' pockets.

"After she was free, the ladies of the church wrote a

little book, in which a full account of her life was given. With the money that was obtained from the sale of this they bought a little place for her at Peekskill, where she raised fowls and sold eggs and butter for a living. She is living there still, I think, although I have not seen her for many years, but is now an old woman. She is about fifty years of age. Sarah was known as both Sarah Scheffer and Sarah Churchman. I have heard her called by both names. She never married. She was never tired of talking about how good Mr. Beecher and his family had been to her."

Mrs. Harris said that she had worked for some time with Mrs. Scoville, Mr. Beecher's daughter, at Stamford, Conn.

When the booming of rebel cannon in Charleston Harbor resounded throughout the country, proving that the threats of armed disunion had not been—as was supposed—those of mere braggadocio, and that all predictions of peaceful settlement of existing difficulties were but hopeless dreams; when many of the greatest minds of the North—almost staggered by the unexpected blow—were wavering in opinion whether to maintain the Union at all hazards, or "let the wayward sisters go in peace"—then was the voice of Plymouth Church raised, Sunday, April 14, 1861, fearlessly denouncing the actions of the secessionists, and urging energetic and decisive measures on the part of the Administration, crying:

"We must not stop to measure costs—especially the

costs of going forward—on any basis so mean and narrow as that of pecuniary prosperity. . . . There are many reasons which make a good and thorough battle necessary. The Southern men are infatuated. They will not have peace. They are in arms. They have fired upon the American flag. That glorious banner has been borne through every climate, all over the globe, and for fifty years not a land or people has been found to scorn it or dishonor it. At home, among the degenerate people of our own land, among Southern citizens, for the first time, has this glorious national flag been abused, and trampled to the ground. It is for our sons reverently to lift it, and to bear it full high again, to victory and national supremacy! Our arms, in this peculiar exigency, can lay the foundation of future union in mutual respect. The South firmly believes that *cowardice* is the universal attribute of Northern men! Until they are most thoroughly convinced to the contrary, they will never cease arrogancy and aggression. . . . Good soldiers, brave men, hard fighting, will do more toward quiet than all the compromises and empty, wagging tongues in the world. Our reluctance to break peace, our unwillingness to shed blood, our patience, have all been misinterpreted. The more we have been generous and forbearing, the more thoroughly were they sure that it was because we dared not fight! . . .

"We have no braggart courage; we have no courage that rushes into an affray for the love of fighting. We have that courage which comes from calm intelligence. We have that courage which comes from broad moral sentiment.

"We have no anger, but we have indignation. We have no irritable passion, but we have fixed will. . . .

"We must aim at a peace built on foundations so solid, of God's immutable truth, that nothing can reach to unsettle it. Let this conflict between liberty and slavery never come up again. Better have it thoroughly settled, though it take a score of years to settle it, than to have an intermittent fever for the next century, breaking out every five or ten years. . . .

"Let not our feelings be vengeful or savage. We can go into this conflict with a spirit just as truly Christian as any that ever inspired us in the performance of a Christian duty. . . .

"Let no man, then, in this time of peril, fail to associate himself with that cause, which is to be so entirely glorious. . . . Let every man that lives and owns himself an American take the side of true American principles—liberty for one, and liberty for all; liberty now, and liberty forever; liberty as the foundation of government, and liberty as the basis of union; liberty as against revolution, liberty against anarchy, and liberty against slavery; liberty here, and liberty everywhere, the world through!" . . .

Mr. Beecher never failed to deliver a stirring address or sermon on the terrible crime of human slavery whenever the occasion offered, until the initiation of the rebellion by the attack on Fort Sumter enlisted his sympathies in behalf of the war for the Union, when he devoted himself as enthusiastically to firing the Northern heart and sending regiments to the front as he had to the cause of the negro slave, whose cause he never forgot to urge in claiming that the war was waged by the South for the purpose of maintaining their "peculiar and vile institution."

"Beecher developed from a local into a national character," says Thomas G. Shearman, "in the year 1850. The slavery question was causing great excitement, and Clay had proposed his compromise, while Calhoun, on the part of the South, was strongly opposing all compromise. So also was the Northern anti-slavery party, and it was just at this time that Mr. Beecher became decidedly famous. The *Journal of Commerce* had published an article threatening that the clergymen who meddled with slavery would have their coats rolled in the dirt. That aroused all the spirit that was in Beecher. He challenged the editor of that paper to a debate in the newspapers, which was carried on for some time, Beecher writing in *The Independent*, which was at that time edited by Dr. Storrs and Dr. Leonard Bacon. His articles were so felicitous and effective that they attracted

universal attention, and John C. Calhoun had them read to him while on his death-bed, and pronounced them the ablest articles on the subject ever written, saying repeatedly, 'That man understands the subject. He has the true idea.' Of course, he did not mean to approve Beecher's views on slavery, but that he heartily approved of his argument that it was impossible to compromise the question. This occurrence was published soon afterward in a very graphic manner by Calhoun's private secretary, and it gave Beecher a really national reputation, making him known as well in the South as he had been in the North.

"When Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' was published in 1852, Henry Ward Beecher had become so well known that thousands of people in the country were foolish enough to believe that he had written the book for her. On the other hand, Mrs. Stowe's name became so famous in England, that for many years, when the English papers spoke of Mr. Beecher, they were accustomed to mention him as Mr. Beecher Stowe.

"It was in 1856, when the slavery excitement was more intense than ever, that the famous Sharp's rifle scene took place. The people of Kansas had been left to fight out the question of slavery among themselves. The Missourians were naturally the first on the ground, and brought their slaves with them, but a number of colonies were organized in New England, Ohio, and the

West, who, of course, were strongly opposed to slavery. The Missouri emigrants regarded the Northern ones as intruders, and, being accustomed to the use of arms, proceeded to drive them out. The Northern men thereupon appealed to their friends to send them arms for self-defence. A colony was being organized in Connecticut, and a great meeting was held at New Haven to raise subscriptions with the avowed purpose of providing the colonists with rifles. Mr. Beecher was there, and made a very stirring speech, insisting on the right of Northern men to stand up in self-defence. A subscription being called for, the Senior Class of Yale College announced that they would subscribe $50 to buy one rifle. Henry Killam, a carriage manufacturer, gave his name as a subscriber for another rifle. It was then that Mr. Beecher said, 'Killam! That's a significant name,' a remark which brought out great laughter and applause, and which was the origin of many fierce attacks upon him for years afterward."

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION.

Recruiting.—First Long Island Regiment.—The Brooklyn Fourteenth.—Pets of Plymouth Church.—The Boys Attend Service.—"The National Flag."—An Eloquent Patriotic Appeal.—Applause in Church Rebuked.—Plymouth Church Barracks.—The Maine Regiment.—Church Parlors Occupied as a Hospital.—Visits to the Boys in Camp.—A Welcome Visitor.—Patriotic Editorials.—Relations with Secretary Stanton.—The National Fast.—Freedom of the People.—An Intellectual Disquisition.—His Visit to England.—His Invaluable Services as a Defender of the Union.—The Fort Sumter Celebration.—A Pleasant Reunion of Old-Time Friends.—The Restored Union.—The Key-note to Beecher's Future Course in Regard to the South.—Startling News.—Lincoln's Assassination.—Beecher's Grief.—The Funeral Oration.—The Martyr President.

MR. BEECHER not only spoke on every occasion in defence of the Union, but also actively engaged in organizing and equipping the First Long Island (Infantry) Regiment, known as the "Brooklyn Phalanx," which was largely recruited from the members of Plymouth Church. His son Henry was an officer of one of the companies. Two companies of the famous crack regiment of Brooklyn, the brave Colonel Wood's Fourteenth, were also recruited from Plymouth Church. These two companies attended service, and after an eloquent ad-

dress on "The National Flag" by Mr. Beecher, $3,000 was raised by subscription to aid in completing the equipment of the regiment.

This address is probably one of Mr. Beecher's most eloquent appeals, and was as follows:

"A thoughtful mind, when it sees a nation's flag, sees not the flag, but the nation itself. And whatever may be its symbols, its insignia, he reads chiefly in the flag the government, the principles, the truths, the history that belong to the nation that sets it forth. . . .

"This nation has a banner, too; and until recently, wherever it streamed abroad, men saw daybreak bursting on their eyes. For until lately the American flag has been a symbol of Liberty, and men rejoiced in it. Not another flag on the globe had such an errand, or went forth upon the sea, carrying everywhere, the world around, such hope to the captive, and such glorious tidings. The stars upon it were to the pining nations like the bright morning stars of God, and the stripes upon it were beams of morning light. As at early dawn the stars shine forth even while it grows light, and then as the sun advances that light breaks into banks and streaming lines of color, the glowing red and intense white striving together, and ribbing the horizon with bars effulgent, so, on the American flag, stars and beams of many-colored light shine out together. . . . It is the banner of Dawn. It means *Liberty*. . . . Beginning with the Colonies, and com-

ing down to our time, in its sacred heraldry, in its glorious insignia, it has gathered and stored chiefly this supreme idea: *Divine right of liberty in man.*

. . . . . .

"And displayed it shall be. Advanced full against the morning light, and borne with the growing and glowing day, it shall take the last ruddy beams of the night, and from the Atlantic wave, clear across with eagle flight to the Pacific, that banner shall float, meaning all the liberty which it has ever meant! From the North, where snows and mountain-ice stand solitary, clear to the glowing tropics and the Gulf, that banner that has hitherto waved shall wave and wave forever—every star, every band, every thread and fold significant of Liberty! [Great applause.] I do not doubt your patriotism. I know it is hard for men that are full of feeling not to give expression to it; yet excuse me if I request you to refrain from demonstrations of applause while I am speaking. It is not because I think Sunday too good a day, nor the church too holy a place for patriotic Christian men to express their feelings at such a time as this, and in behalf of such sentiments, but because by too frequent repetition applause becomes stale and common, that I make this request. Besides, outward expression is not our way. We are rather of a silent stock. We let our feelings work inwardly, so that they may have deeper channels and fuller floods. . . .

"How glorious, then, has been its origin! How glorious has been its history! How divine its meaning! . . . made by liberty, made for liberty, nourished in its spirit, carried in its service, and never, not once in all the earth, made to stoop to despotism!

. . . . . .

"And now this banner has been put on trial! It has been condemned. For what? Has it failed of duty? Has liberty lost color by it? Have moths of oppression eaten its folds? Has it refused to shine on freemen and given its light to despots? No. It has been true, brave, loyal. It has become too much a banner of liberty for men who mean and plot despotism. Remember, citizen! remember, Christian soldier! the American flag has been fired upon by Americans, and trodden down because it stood in the way of slavery!

. . . . . .

"And now God speaks by the voice of His providence, saying, 'Lift again that banner! Advance it full and high!' To your hand, and to yours, God and your country commit that imperishable trust. You go forth, self-called, or rather called by the trust of your countrymen, and by the Spirit of your God, to take that trailing banner out of the dust and out of the mire, and lift it again where God's rains can cleanse it, and where God's free air can cause it to unfold and stream as it has always

floated before the wind. God bless the men that go forth to save from disgrace the American flag!

. . . . . .

"Nor is it enough that that banner shall stand and merely reassert its authority. It is time now that that banner shall do as much for each man in our own country as it will in every other land on the globe. . . .

"You go to serve your country in the cause of liberty; and if God brings you into conflict erelong with those misguided men of the South, when you see their miserable, new-vamped banner, remember what that flag means—Treason, Slavery, Despotism; then look up and see the bright stars and the glorious stripes over your own head, and read in them Liberty, *Liberty*, LIBERTY!

"And if you fall in that struggle, may some kind hand wrap around about you the flag of your country, and may you die with its sacred touch upon you! It shall be sweet to go to rest lying in the folds of your country's banner, meaning, as it shall mean, 'Liberty *and* Union, now and forever.' . . ."

In the autumn of 1862 a Maine regiment arrived in Brooklyn *en route* to the front, and all the barracks in this vicinity being occupied, Mr. Beecher offered them the shelter of Plymouth Church. The steady increase of the Sunday-school, which kept pace with that in the church, had necessitated frequent additions, and in 1862 a new building was erected by a subscription of $10,800 on the

property of the organization on Cranberry Street, giving a large parlor for the social meetings as well as larger school accommodations. The regiment was quartered here two days, sleeping on the cushioned seats in the church and occupying the parlors by day.

The march of the regiment had been in a chilly rain, and many were sick from the effects of colds contracted, and they were quartered in the parlors for four weeks, attended by the surgeons. A sewing society was organized by the ladies of the church, to supply the army hospitals with various necessary articles, as well as for the destitute freedmen from the South, who were always remembered by Mr. Beecher in his prayers and sermons. This sewing society, it may be observed, has always been continued in aid of the poor of the church, and a branch instructs the children of the poor in sewing, both by hand and by machine.

Mr. Beecher preached in Plymouth Church, May 1, 1863, on the occasion of "The National Fast," a sermon on "The Freedom of the Common People." The text was as follows:

"Go through, go through the gates; prepare ye the way of the people; cast up the highway; gather out the stones; lift up a standard for the people." He said that it seemed strange to hear sounding back, so far back, this declaration of the Christian doctrine of Democracy, "lift up a standard for *the people*."

This nation, above all others, was raised up to expound and exhibit the prosperity of a free, intelligent common people. The ancient attempts at free government were based more on the liberty of the State than upon the elevation, by freedom, of individual citizens. There were almost insuperable reasons why, at a former period in other lands, this experiment could not be tried. Our ante-Revolutionary period might be considered the trial trip of Republicanism. Had European statesmen, with malign foresight, seen development of the spirit of liberty here, they would have saddled upon us institutions which would have crippled, if they had not ended, our experiment of free government; but luckily they looked upon this country as a good safety-valve to Europe. When they saw the probable power developing on this continent, it was too late for them to interfere. Now, in the division of this empire against itself, they believed that to them was opened a new opportunity. Though they had stricken hands in substantial sympathy with the internal enemies of our country, it was a part of a scheme—too long delayed for success—to estop the development of our great people.

Should the experiment succeed, God had graciously given room enough for its expansion on a grand scale. It was fortunate that the populations of Europe did not at first swarm over here indiscriminately; but now that our institutions were established, our industries organized,

they could come—they were mainly the young and enterprising—and fall into this people as drops of water fall into the ocean, and in a moment are salt. We moulded them, not they us. The influence of this nation by example upon human rights was greater than all other agencies; it was the silent voice of prosperity, that pleaded and had no respondent. One of our reasons of confession and repentance was that the people had ceased to regard this Government as a gift of God for the good of mankind, and had come to view it almost wholly from selfishness, and in its relations to their own immediate good. This was not patriotism, but was full of inevitable corruption. In fifty years this nation had plunged into gainful enterprises with a power and success which had almost materialized it.

In some respects it had been beneficial; for indirectly it had by industry, order, and prosperity promoted morality. But it had tended to substitute the love of gain and wealth for right, for justice, for magnanimity. An incipient plutocracy was springing up, tending to augment the power of a class at the expense of the public good. One of the most alarming dangers to-day was the power and facility of *bribery*—the vote hung in the shambles. It corrupted national, state, and municipal legislation. The doctrine of liberty for the common people—an enthusiasm, a fanaticism, almost, in our early history—had gradually decayed. The doctrine of liberty for the com-

mon people had brought more threats to its champions than ever did all the tyranny of Europe. He claimed the right, in the name of his Lord and Master, to call the slave his brother. Talk about the abuse of slavery—it was not in the power of fiendish ingenuity to abuse it. Slavery never could be worked up to the pressure it was gauged for in the law. It says you may put so many pounds to the inch, but there was not an engineer in the South who would dare to run the system up to what the law allows.

Four millions of human beings were by American law denuded of manhood. Children through the South as sweet as theirs, and as white, were brought up expressly for concubinage. There was but one class toward whom he could not feel pity—they were hoary and reverend presidents of colleges, who spent their years trying to make their pupils believe it was right to hold men in slavery—when they took Calvary for their infernal purpose, and the drops of blood—then, said Mr. Beecher, "I have no mercy, I am adamant, I curse them in the name of my God. [Applause.] What an awful terror must rest on their conscience, that they have taken the blood of atonement that they might sanctify and seal man over to the devil therewith." [Sensation.] God had opened the prison doors, and we had come to the times that would try men's souls. But if the people were true to the faith of their fathers, there would come emancipation,

and liberty would be fixed forever. The signs of the times were growing brighter. The sun of liberty had not risen, but it was daylight in the heavens.

The services, which occupied about two hours, concluded with singing and benediction. The church was crowded to its utmost.

Mr. Beecher visited the regiments he had been so active in equipping at their headquarters in the Army of the Potomac. His presence, it is almost needless to say, always excited great enthusiasm, and inspired the boys with patriotic ardor. He never missed an occasion to deliver a patriotic address, and often spoke at the out-of-door "war meetings," to the injury of his voice. He became the editor of *The Independent*, to which he had long been a regular contributor. Mrs. Stowe says: "He wished this chance to speak from time to time his views and opinions to the whole country. He was in constant communication with the Secretary of War, in whose patriotism, sagacity, and wonderful efficiency he had the greatest reliance." The severe strain of his exertions in and out of his pulpit, and "the burden of the war upon his spirit," impaired his health, robust and vigorous as he had been since his Atlantic trip in 1850, and the loss of his voice was threatened unless he permitted himself recreation. He was urged by his congregation to take a summer trip to Europe, and was absent from June, 1863, till the ensuing October.

It is not too much to say that when Mr. Beecher returned from England he could have claimed any reward in the gift of the Government. But he had his reward in the gratitude of the nation and the affectionate demonstrations of his fellow-citizens. He simply resumed his work in its several lines, and continued the successes of his life.

The fourth anniversary of the surrender of Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, by Major Robert Anderson, was commemorated April 12, 1865, by raising the identical flag that had been hauled down on that occasion. There was a large gathering on the ramparts of the battered old fort, many of the old-time Abolitionists being present, including, of course, many members of Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher was invited to deliver the address. He made one of his most stirring addresses of congratulation on the proper and successful termination of the war, closing with an eloquent appeal for the establishment of a restored union between the North and the South, which since the abolition of slavery by Lincoln's proclamation could not fail to come together again as brothers and perpetuate a great and prosperous country. For the impoverished South he had only kind words.

Returning home, when the steamer touched at Fortress Monroe the party, none more than Mr. Beecher, were horrified and shocked to be told of the assassination of President Lincoln. On the following Sabbath, April 23,

1865, Plymouth Church was crowded as it had never been crowded before, and Mr. Beecher preached an eloquent sermon on the sad event.

He took as his text the first five verses of the last chapter of Deuteronomy, and commenced his discourse by drawing a parallel between the history of Moses, after leading his people many weary years through the wilderness, obtaining only a vision and not a realization of the promised land and dying, and that of President Lincoln passing through toil, sorrow, and war, to come near to the promised land of peace, into which he might not pass over. The speaker went on to say that two such orbs of joy and sorrow never before came together as we had witnessed in one week. "The joy of the nation came upon us suddenly, with such a surge as no words could describe. Men laughed, embraced one another, sung and prayed, and many could only weep gladness. In one hour joy had no pulse. The sorrow was so terrible that it stunned sensibility. The first feeling was the least, and men wanted to get strength to feel. Other griefs belong always to some one in chief, but this belonged to all. Men walked for days as though a corpse lay in their houses. The city forgot to roar. Never did so many hearts in so brief a time touch two such boundless feelings. It was the uttermost of joy and the uttermost of sorrow—noon and midnight without a space between. We should not mourn, however, because the departure

of the President was so sudden. When one is prepared to die, the suddenness of death is a blessing. They that are taken awake and watching, as the bridegroom dressed for the wedding, and not those that die in pain and stupor, are blessed. Neither should we mourn the manner of his death. The soldier prays that he may die by the shot of the enemy in the hour of victory, and it was meet that he should be joined in a common experience in death with the brave men to whom he had been joined in all his sympathy and life.

"This blow was but the expiring rebellion. Epitomized in this foul act we find the whole nature and disposition of slavery. It is fit that its expiring blow should be such as to take away from men the last forbearance, the last pity, and fire the soul with invincible determination that the breeding system of such mischiefs and monsters shall be forever and utterly destroyed. We needed not that he should put on paper that he believed in slavery, who with treason, with murder, with cruelty infernal, hovered around that majestic man to destroy his life. He was himself the long-life sting with which Slavery struck at Liberty, and he carried the poison that belonged to slavery; and as long as this nation lasts it will never be forgotten that we have had one martyr-President—never, never while time lasts, while heaven lasts, while hell rocks and groans, will it be forgotten that slavery by its minions slew him, and in slaying him made manifest its

whole nature and tendency. This blow was aimed at the life of the Government. Some murders there have been that admitted shades of palliation, but not such a one as this—without provocation, without reason, without temptation, sprung from the fury of a heart cankered to all that is pure and just by slavery.

"The blow has failed of its object. The Government stands more solid to-day than any pyramid of Egypt. Men love liberty and hate slavery to-day more than ever before. How naturally, how easily, the Government passed into the hands of the new President, and I avow my belief, that he will be found a man true to every instinct of liberty, true to the whole trust that is imposed in him, vigilant of the Constitution, careful of the laws, wise for liberty, in that he himself, for his life long, has known what it is to suffer from the stings of slavery, and to prize liberty from the bitter experiences of his own life. Even he that sleeps has by this event been clothed with new influence. His simple and weighty words will be gathered like those of Washington, and quoted by those who, were he alive, would refuse to listen. Men will receive a new access to patriotism. I swear you on the altar of his memory to be more faithful to that country for which he has perished. They will, as they follow his hearse, swear a new hatred to that slavery against which he warred, and which in vanquishing him has made him a martyr and conqueror. I swear you by

the memory of this martyr to hate slavery with an unabatable hatred, and to pursue it. They will admire the firmness of this man in justice, his inflexible conscience for the right, his gentleness and moderation of spirit, which not all the hate of party could turn to bitterness. And I swear you to his justice, and to his moderation, and to his mercy. How can I speak to that twilight million to whom his name was as the name of an angel of God, and whom God sent before them to lead them out of the house of bondage. O, thou Shepherd of Israel, thou that didst comfort Thy people of old, to Thy care we commit these helpless and long wronged and grieved.

"And now the martyr is moving in triumphal march mightier than one alive. The nation rises up at every stage of his coming; cities and States are his pall-bearers, and the cannon beats the hours in solemn progression; dead, dead, dead, he yet speaketh. Is Washington dead? Is Hampden dead? Is David? Disenthralled from the flesh and risen to the unobstructed sphere where passion never comes, he begins his illimitable work. His life now is grafted upon the infinite, and will be fruitful as no earthly life can be. Pass on. Four years ago, O Illinois, we took from your midst an untried man from among the people. Behold, we return him to you a mighty conqueror, not thine any more, but the nation's—not ours, but the world's. Give him place, O ye prairies! in the midst of this great continent his dust shall

rest a sacred treasure to myriads who shall pilgrim to that shrine to kindle anew their zeal and patriotism. Ye winds that move over the mighty spaces of the West, chant his requiem! Ye people, behold the martyr whose blood, as so many articulate words, pleads for fidelity, for law, for liberty!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HIS VISIT TO ENGLAND IN 1863.

His Greatest Oratorical Effort.—Going Abroad for a Vacation.—Three Months on the Continent.—Reluctantly consents to speak in England.—British Sympathy with the South.—Speech at Manchester.—Facing a British Mob.—Unsuccessful Attempts to silence Him.—How He Triumphed.—Speaking Plain Truths.—Shaking Hands with an Umbrella.—Speech at Glasgow.—Opposition of the Blockade-Runners.—His Address at Liverpool.—Inflammatory Placards on the Streets.—Scenes of Great Disorder.—Making Himself Heard.—Arrival in London.—Famous in Clubs and Social Circles.—Prostrated with Exhaustion.—Speech in Exeter Hall.—A Friendly Audience.—Immense Enthusiasm.—An Historical Narrative.—Change of Public Opinion.—Effect of Mr. Beecher's Speeches.

In the spring of 1863 Mr. Beecher was beginning to feel the effect of the arduous duties he had imposed on himself, and fearing that he might break down under the severe strain on both his mental and physical powers, he made up his mind to tear himself away from the scenes of so much excitement and try the effect of a sea voyage and a short sojourn in Europe as a means of recuperation. Many people supposed at the time, and many still continue to labor under the same false impression, that Mr. Beecher went over to England at the instance of the

United States Government. This is an erroneous idea. The trip at the outset had no significance beyond the immediate benefit he anticipated deriving from the change of air and scene, and possessed no interest outside the circle of his personal friends and the members of his congregation, who were the pressing instigators of their pastor leaving his flock, and who cheerfully bore the expenses he had to incur.

Mr. Beecher was never a good sailor, and most of the time of a long and tedious voyage was passed by him on his back in his cabin.

When he landed in England he was met by many requests to lecture, but to all he turned a deaf ear, having made up his mind that he would neither preach nor lecture during his stay in the country. At this time the feeling of the upper and middle classes in England was in favor of the South. These classes constituted the voting and ruling power of the land. The lower or unvoting class was strongly disposed toward the North. Mr. Beecher did not feel particularly friendly toward England for the attitude she had assumed on the war question, and after leaving Liverpool, where he had landed, he had only paid short visits to Glasgow, Edinburgh, Manchester, and London before he left for a three months' tour on the Continent. He had steadily refused to open his mouth in public on British soil, but at a Temperance breakfast given to him in Scotland he had made a speech on the under-

standing that nothing was to be reported. In London, likewise, he had been induced to break through his resolve. The Congregational clergymen of that city had invited him to meet them at breakfast, and he took the opportunity afforded by expressing strongly his indignation that they as a body of clergymen should have thrown their sympathy on the side of slavery.

The Anti-Slavery Union after this endeavored to persuade him to make some speeches, but their efforts were unavailing.

On the Continent he wandered through France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, and finally returned to Paris. It was here that the news came to him of Grant's great victory at Vicksburg, and also the triumph at Gettysburg. At the same hotel where he was stopping in Paris there were a number of Southerners who had made a point of indirectly insulting him in various ways, but after the arrival of the news of these two great victories he saw them no more. They had crowed in the hour of triumph, but could not hold up their heads in adversity.

On his return to England he was again met by the same pressing importunities to make some addresses. For a time he continued to decline, but he veered round with a strong determination to fight when he learned that a movement was on foot to turn the lower classes from their adherence to the cause of liberty. He finally consented to speak at Manchester, and soon afterward it was arranged

that he should speak at Liverpool, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and London.

When he proceeded to Manchester to make what might really be called his first public speech in behalf of his cause, he expected to find very hostile demonstrations against him. Influential opinion throughout the country was strongly in favor of the South, and based on very flimsy and unreliable information as regarded facts, so that he met but very few who understood the conflict, and who took the side of the North. The few people of this mind that he had met, when they related their experiences in the endeavors they had made to change the popular sentiment of England, might have intimidated a weaker man. But fear had no part in Henry Ward Beecher's creed. He had been first surprised at the ignorance generally displayed on the subject of the Civil War, then indignant at the manner in which the subject was treated, and had been somewhat inclined to treat with silent contempt a nation who could howl down any attempt to expound truth unto them. From this mood, however, he had been roused, and now that he had determined to speak, any sign of opposition only made his determination stronger, and he was fully resolved not only to speak, but to be heard.

But, prepared as he was for hostile demonstrations, he could hardly have believed the excitement would have been so great. Blood-red placards were all over the

place denouncing Mr. Beecher and his principles, and his friends were down-hearted at the gloomy outlook. Serenely and calmly he told them he was going to be heard all the same, and infused into them a little of the powerful fighting incentive he had in himself to overcome difficulties.

The Manchester address was delivered at the Free Trade Hall. The excitement had been naturally great, but it had been fostered and played with and intensified, and now it was at its highest pitch. As soon as Mr. Beecher appeared the scene baffled description; the cheering, hissing, stamping, clapping, shouting, and groaning shook the hall almost to its foundations. He rose, a carefully prepared manuscript in his hand, and had got as far as "Mr. Chairman," when the cries of approval and disapproval burst forth anew. Ever quick at noting the temper of his audience, he quickly responded to the groans and hisses of his opponents by tossing his manuscript aside, and then set himself down to a regular fight.

For two hours was he on his feet, making, not a speech —that would be too mild a term—but a triumphant progress, interrupted by difficulties and obstacles, surmounted as fast as presented, dealing with facts, statistics, and arguments, without once having to refer to a note or being at a loss for a word. At the outset he had noticed that his earnest sympathizers and opponents were about evenly matched in point of numbers; he decided,

therefore, not to address himself directly to either of these, but to endeavor to impart instruction and bring conviction to the large number who did not possess strong feelings either way. He discussed the value of freedom and the evils of slavery, and exhorted the manufacturing community in their own interest to stand by the cause of liberty.

If his opponents had been able to accomplish what they endeavored to do that day—to break him down on his first speech—it would have been a great triumph for them; but they did not know the man. With quick retort and ready repartee, he gazed on his audience calmly and determinedly, replying to questions hurled at him, smiling and laughing outright at ludicrous interruptions, patiently waiting the subsidence of tumult, but all the same, as opportunity offered, quietly and distinctly progressing in his subject until the end came and the vote that was called off proved to each man in the audience and to the world at large the power of the advocate and the greatness of his cause.

It was a great triumph, more especially when it is considered that this was Mr. Beecher's first experience with an English mixed audience. He had dreaded it, and for a short time had felt a horrible feeling of timidity come over him, fearing that he might fail; but he had cast it off, leaving the matter, as he himself said, "in the hands of God," and from that moment he had known no recur-

rence of the feeling. As he was leaving the hall he was congratulated on all sides. One big burly Englishman some distance away wanted to shake hands with him, but could not get near him on account of the crowd. Reaching over the heads of the people, he held out his umbrella and called out, "Shake my umbrella!" Mr. Beecher did so, and the man shouted, "By Jock! nobody shall touch that umbrella again!"

After the Manchester address came the speech at Glasgow. Here he found his audience at the City Hall, in almost as great a state of tumult as that at Manchester, but he was now confident of his power, and had no fear of the result. A great favorite on the Glasgow platform, the Rev. Dr. William Anderson, had been appointed to introduce Mr. Beecher, but he could not make himself heard. Mr. Beecher walked to the front and quietly descanted on the beauty of the Scottish scenery, the bravery and heroism of Scotland's warriors, the renown of its bards and poets, with so much eloquence that the enthusiasm of his audience was enkindled, and he was greeted with a spontaneous burst of applause. He then endeavored to bring in the all-burning question, but the marks of disapprobation were of so expressive a nature that he said "he would sit down and rest until they got the hissing over."

After a while he got a hearing and repeated his progressive triumph at Manchester. The audience was as-

tonished at his quickness of retort and his fluency of speech, and they admired his pluck and good temper. Anecdote followed anecdote in quick succession in his endeavor to keep his audience in good humor, but calmly and firmly he insisted on informing them that the South would be brought back to their allegiance, and that the war should not cease so long as there was a slave in America on whom the sun of heaven could shine. To one man who cried, "We don't sympathize with slavery, but we go for the South because they are the weaker party," he replied, "Go, then, and sympathize with the devil—he was the weaker party also when he rebelled and was turned out of heaven. Yours is a good enough argument for school-boys ten years of age. Hold a string between them and see who is the strongest; but when the principles of liberty and slavery are the questions, it is a shame for a man of your age to talk that way." His questioners were at length silenced, and during the latter part of his address he had it all his own way, and he demonstrated the unity of labor the world over, and discussed the relations of the laboring man to government, and to the aristocratic classes, and how slavery made labor disreputable. He also insisted that it was a disgrace to them to be building ships to put down the laborers of America, and to cast shame and contempt on themselves and on every man on earth that earned his living by the sweat of his brow.

Mr. Beecher had more than made his mark in two important cities, and the British people were now beginning to see the case more clearly; the press, which had been generally vilifying and attacking him and his cause in slashing editorials, began now to modify and soften their remarks; and a particularly significant act of the government stopped the blockade-runners that had been building on the Mersey. There can be no doubt now that Mr. Beecher's presence in England two years earlier would have prevented, to a large extent, British sympathy for the South.

In Edinburgh he found a more educated audience, and discussed the effect of the presence of slavery on literature and learning. The audience was a very large one, but there was less commotion than he had experienced at either Manchester or Glasgow.

Glasgow and Liverpool were the last possible places Mr. Beecher could have looked to for sympathy in his cause, from the fact of the Clyde and the Mersey furnishing blockade-runners, and also other mercantile interests that were involved. Consequently, in going to Liverpool he did not anticipate smooth sailing. Manchester had been bad enough, but it was as peace to war in comparison to the popular feeling that now awaited him. The most scurrilous and abusive cards were placarded on the streets and in every available space, calling on the people to give the man that was coming "the

welcome he deserved." Some idea of this ink attack may be gathered from the following specimen of a poster, the original size being 25x38 inches:

WHO IS HENRY WARD BEECHER?

He is the man who said the best blood of England must be shed to atone for the *Trent* affair.

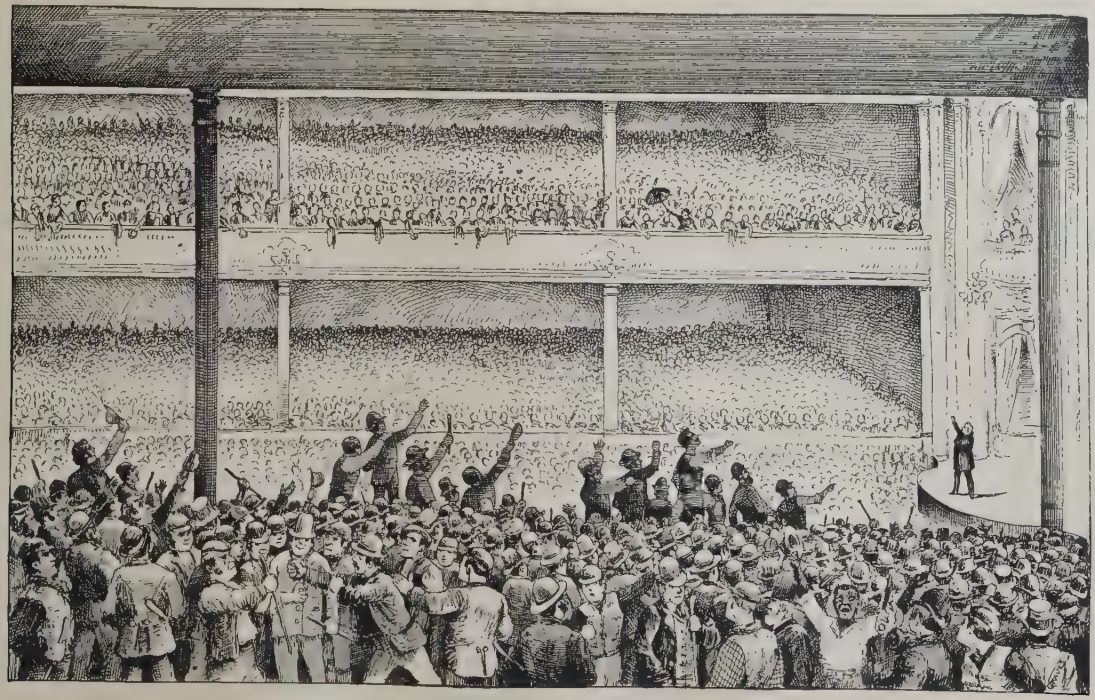
He is the man who advocates a war of extermination with the South—says it is incapable of "regeneration," but proposes to re-people it from the North by "generation."—See *Times.*

He is the friend of that inhuman monster, General *Butler.* He is the friend of that so-called Gospel Preacher, *Cheever*, who said in one of his sermons: "Fight against the South till *Hell* freezes, and then continue the battle on the ice."

He is the friend and supporter of a most debased Female, who uttered at a public meeting in America the most indecent and cruel language that ever polluted female lips.—See *Times.*

Men of Liverpool—Englishmen!

What reception can you give this wretch save unmitigated disgust and contempt? His impudence in coming here is only equalled by his cruelty and impiety. Should he, however, venture to appear, it behooves all right-



MR. BEECHER FACING AN ENGLISH MOB IN PHILHARMONIC HALL, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

minded men to render as futile as the first this second attempt to get up a public demonstration in favor of the North, which is now waging war against the South with a vindictive and revengeful cruelty unparalleled in the history of any Christian land.

These placards and the agitation against the North that had been carefully fostered had the effect that had been desired. The highest state of excitement prevailed; but this had no deterrent effect on the man against whom they were aimed. So great was the excitement that it is said that a number of men attended the meeting with weapons, which they were only deterred from using by an equal show of weapons on the part of certain of Mr. Beecher's supporters. For a time all was confusion and turmoil, and it was over an hour and a half before he could obtain control of the audience. After that he had it all his own way; but he had been compelled to stretch his voice to its utmost strength, and it was some time before he recovered the perfect use of it. Into this meeting he threw all his force, and one gentleman who was present said he had never heard anything like it since the days of Daniel O'Connell, and that he thought not one of O'Connell's best things equalled Mr. Beecher's effort on that occasion.

When Mr. Beecher returned to London he found himself famous. He had been attacked and fully reported

in the papers, and had been the talk of the clubs. He had become the fashion. He used to tell an amusing story of his hotel experiences in London. He put up at the "Golden Cross" hotel when he first went there, and they gave him a little back room at the top of the house. On his return from the Continent he was received with a little more politeness, and was favored with a front room on the third story. On the third visit after his triumphant conquests in Manchester, Glasgow, and Liverpool he was received with all deference by the landlord and his assistants, and was given the best suite of rooms in the house. Here trouble awaited him. He had had a most successful career in spite of tremendous difficulties, but the strain on his voice had been too great, and on his arrival he had to take to his bed. He had yet his most important work to perform—to address the meeting at Exeter Hall—and his voice had failed him. He committed himself in this difficulty to the hands of God, on whom he had so often depended. He said, "Lord, thou knowest this. Let it be as thou wilt."

Next morning when he awoke he was almost afraid to speak. He felt well and strong, but his voice, though improved, was still husky. However, he gathered himself together for a last mighty effort, and before the day was over all London had felt the presence of the mighty man that was in their midst. Exeter Hall was packed inside and outside, and even the adjoining streets were

thronged with a surging mass of humanity endeavoring, even if they could not enter the hall, to approach as close to the building as they possibly could. In order to get into the hall himself Mr. Beecher had to accept the aid of the police.

When he rose to speak he was greeted with the most vociferous cheering. He began by asking forbearance on account of his hoarseness. "I expect to be hoarse," he said, "and I am willing to be hoarse, if I can in any way assist to bring the mother and daughter heart to heart and hand to hand together." This was the signal for a renewed outburst of cheering. He then proceeded to review in brief his course in Great Britain. He said that at Manchester he had attempted to give a history of the external political movement for fifty years before, so far as it was necessary to illustrate the fact that the American Civil War was only an overt and warlike form of a contest between liberty and slavery that had been going on politically for half a century. At Glasgow he had undertaken to show the condition of work or labor necessitated by any profitable system of slavery, demonstrating that it brought labor into contempt, affixing to it the badge of degradation, and that a struggle to extend servile labor across the American continent interested every free working-man on the globe.

His sincere belief was that the Southern cause was the natural enemy of free labor and the laborer all the world

over. In Edinburgh he had endeavored to sketch how, out of separate colonies and States intensely jealous of their individual sovereignty there had grown up and had been finally established a nation, and how in the nation of the United States two distinct and antagonistic systems had been developed, and struggled for the guidance of the national policy, which struggle had at length passed and the North gained the control. Thereupon the South had abandoned the Union simply and solely because the Government was in future to be administered by men who would give their whole influence to freedom. In Liverpool he had labored under difficulties to show that slavery in the long-run was as hostile to commerce and to manufacturers all the world over as it was to free interests in human society; that a slave nation must be a poor customer, buying the poorest and fewest goods, and the least profitable to the producers; that it was the interest of every manufacturing country to promote freedom, intelligence, and wealth among all nations; that the attempt to cover the fairest portion of the earth with a slave population that bought next to nothing ought to array against it every true political economist and every thoughtful and far-seeing manufacturer, as tending to strike at the vital want of commerce—which was not cotton, but rich customers.

He had endeavored to enlist against this flagitious wickedness and the great civil war which it had kindled

the judgment, conscience, and interests of the British people, and he would do his best to leave no vestige of doubt that slavery had been the cause—the only cause—the whole cause—of the war. He had already tried to show that sympathy for the South, however covered by excuses or softened by sophistry, was simply sympathy with an audacious attempt to build up a slave empire pure and simple. He had tried to show that the North were contending for the preservation of their Government and their own territory, and those popular institutions on which the well-being of the nation depended.

He had so far, he said, spoken to the English from an English point of view, but he was now going to ask them to look at the struggle from an American point of view, and in its moral aspects. There had been some disagreement of feeling between America and Great Britain. He did not want to argue the question which was right and which was wrong, but if some kind neighbor would persuade two people that were at disagreement to consider each other's position and circumstances, it might not lead either to adopting the other's judgment, but it might lead them to say of each other, "I think he is honest and means well, even if he be mistaken." This was greeted with loud cheering.

"You may not," he went on, "thus get a settlement of the *difficulty*, but you will get a settlement of the *quarrel*. I merely ask you to put yourselves in our track for one

hour, and look at the objects as we look at them—after that, form your judgment as you please."

His audience had been kindly disposed from the first, and his opening words, clearly and distinctly enunciated, notwithstanding his hoarseness, threw everyone into the proper frame of mind to give him a fair and dispassionate hearing. He then went on to narrate the history of the conflict from its earliest stages. He said the first issue between the North and South was on purely moral grounds. It was a conflict simply of opinion and of truths by argument, and by appeal to the moral sense it was sought to persuade the slaveholder to adopt some plan of emancipation. The South seemed to apologize for slavery rather than defend it against argument. It was said: "The evil is upon us; we cannot help it. We are sullied, but it is a misfortune rather than a fault. It is not right for the North to meddle with that which is made worse by being meddled with, even by argument or appeal." That was the earlier portion of the conflict.

The next stage was purely political. The South was attempting to extend their slave system into the territories, and to prevent free States from covering the continent by bringing into the Union a slave State for every free State. It was also the design and endeavor of the South not simply to hold and employ the enormous power and influence of the Central *Executive*, but also to ingraft into the whole Federal Government a slave State *policy*.

They meant to fill all offices at home and abroad with men loyal to slavery—to shut up the road to political preferment against men who had aspirations for freedom, and to corrupt the young and ambitious by obliging them to swear fealty to slavery as the condition of success.

The South had pursued a uniform system of bribing and corrupting ambitious men of Northern consciences. A far more dangerous part of its policy was to change the Constitution, not overtly, not by external aggression—worse, to fill the courts with Southern judges until, first by laws of Congress passed through Southern influence, secondly by the construction and adjudication of the courts, the Constitution having become more and more tied up to Southern principles, the North would have to submit to slavery, or else to oppose it by violating the law and Constitution as construed by servile judges. They were, in short, little by little, injecting the laws, Constitution, and policy of the country with the poison and blood of slavery. Until the Civil War the North, although it had rid itself of slavery, was unable to touch slavery directly.

The North could only contend against slave *policy*—not directly against slavery, and for this reason : slavery was not the creature of national law, and therefore not subject to national jurisprudence, but of State law, and subject only to State jurisdiction. A direct act on the part of the North to abolish slavery would have been

revolutionary. It would have been a violation of the fundamental principle of State independence. Each State, in respect to those rights and institutions that were local and peculiar to it, had undivided sovereignty over its own affairs; but all powers, such as taxes, wars, treaties of peace, which belonged to one State and were common to all States, went into the General Government. The General Government never had the power—the power was never delegated to it—to meddle with the interior and domestic economy of the States, and it never could be done.

It was only that part of slavery which escaped from the State jurisdiction, and which entered into the national sphere, which formed the subject of controversy. The Constitution of the States could not justly be touched, but only the policy of the National Government that came out beyond the State and appeared in Congress and in the territories. The great conflict between the South and the North until the war began was, which should control the Federal or Central Government and the territories. It was not "Emancipation" or "No Emancipation;" Government had no business with that question. Before the war, the only thing on which politically the free people of the North and South took their respective sides was, "Shall the *National* policy be free or slave?" During a period of eighty years the North had held to her word, and with scrupulous honor had respected legal

rights, even when they were merely civil and not moral rights.

The fidelity of the North to the great doctrine of State rights, which was born of her—her forbearance under wrong, insult, and provocation—her conscientious and honorable refusal to meddle with the evil which she hated, and which she saw to be aiming at the life of Government, and at her own life—her determination to hold fast pact and Constitution, and to gain her victories by giving the people a new *National* policy—will yet be deemed worthy of something better than a contemptuous sneer or the allegation of an "enormous national vanity."

How, then, did the North pass from a conflict with the South and a slave policy to a direct attack upon the institutions of slavery? Because they beleaguered the National Government and the national life with the institution of slavery—obliged a sworn President who was put under oath not to invade that institution to take his choice between the safety and life of the Government itself and the slavery by which it was beleaguered. As the fundamental right of individual self-defence could not be withdrawn without immorality, so the first element of national life was to defend life, and when a nation was assaulted it was a right and duty, in the exercise of self-defence, to destroy the enemy by which otherwise it would be destroyed. When the South threw down the gauntlet of war and said that by it slav-

ery was to be adjudicated, the North could do nothing else than take up the challenge.

In this manner did Mr. Beecher continue, carefully explaining and throwing light as he went along, making point after point in his favor with telling effect, to which the continued cheering which greeted almost his every sentence bore unmistakable evidence. He had opportunity in the course of his speech to retaliate on the press, particularly the *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph*, for some of the attacks they had made on him after his Manchester and Glasgow speeches, and when he said he would have a different story to tell when he got back to America of the feeling of England to that which his countrymen had been able to gather from the English newspapers, the assembly rose *en masse* and hats and handkerchiefs were waved enthusiastically amid loud cheering. After speaking for over two hours, he had to ask his audience to permit him to stop, pleading exhaustion.

Professor Newman then rose and moved the following resolution :

"*Resolved*, That this meeting presents its most cordial thanks to the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher for the admirable address which he has delivered this evening, and expresses its hearty sympathy with his reprobation of the slaveholders' rebellion, his vindication of the rights of a free government, and his aspirations

for peace and friendship between the English people and their American brethren; and as this meeting recognized in Mr. Beecher one of the early pioneers of negro emancipation, as well as one of the most eloquent and successful of the champions of that great cause, it rejoices in this opportunity of congratulating him on the triumphs with which the labors of himself and his associates have been crowned in the anti-slavery policy of President Lincoln and his cabinet."

Loud cheers greeted the reading of this motion, which was unanimously carried.

That he won his oratorical battles in every place where he spoke, even his enemies declared. Every word he uttered was reported and printed. He displayed himself in all his best array. He made the people listen to his sober arguments, laugh at his wit, and weep when he mourned. The man who had hitherto been known as "Ward Beecher, a brother of Mrs. Beecher Stowe," now had his own firm foundation. Social attentions were showered on him, and he became the rage; but the same self-respect that had sustained him when he was literally ignored before now kept him from the abasement of recognizing aught that did not benefit the cause he served.

The effect of Mr. Beecher's speeches was to entirely change the moral sentiment of Great Britain toward the North, and, both in themselves and in their results, it is

doubtful whether any greater oratorical triumph has ever been recorded. Not long after his London address, about the middle of November, he took passage from Liverpool, and after a tedious passage of fifteen days arrived in his native land, where the news of his good work had long preceded him.

CHAPTER IX.

HIS CAREER IN POLITICS.

His Temperament leads to Political Affiliation.—One of the Early Abolitionists.—Clay.—Calhoun.—Henry B. Stanton.—The Pulpit and Slavery.—Seward.—Greeley.—Buchanan.—The Drift of Sentiment Previous to the War.—His Views at the Time.—The Fremont Campaign.—The "Political Parson."—He advocates Lincoln.—Belief that His Election would Precipitate War.—Visit to England.—His Valuable Service as a Defender of the Union in England.—Lincoln's Re-election.—After the War.—Jefferson Davis.—President Johnson.—General Grant.—A Southern Tour.—"The North and South."—General Fitzhugh Lee.—He becomes a "Mugwump."—Supporting Cleveland.—Old Ties Sundered.—Civil Service Reform.—Beecher and Curtis interview the President.—Democratic Resolutions.

MR. BEECHER'S sympathetic temperament naturally made him a partisan, and led him into political discussion. His three anti-slavery sermons in the Second Presbyterian Church, in Indianapolis, Ind., at a time when the pulpit never referred to the questions of the day, caused him to be ranked among the leading Abolitionists. The subject was then unpopular excepting with affiliating coteries or organizations, and was regarded as a political question rather than a humane project. Mr. Beecher took the bold ground that slavery was

in defiance of the laws of God, and consequently a proper theme for the pulpit. Speaking of this period of life, he gave to a friend an interesting review of the contemporaneous public men as follows:

"When I was in Cincinnati Charles Hammond was the editor of the Cincinnati *Gazette*, one of the ablest men in the West, and the Cincinnati *Gazette* was by all odds—head and shoulder—the leading Whig newspaper. Henry Clay used, before any important movement, to consult with Charles Hammond."

"Did you ever meet Henry Clay and hear him speak?"

"Yes. I thought he was the dullest old fellow I ever heard. It was at a barbecue in Indianapolis. He was jaded and tired. He was not wound up, and had nobody to stick a pin in him."

"Do you think he was an eloquent man?"

"Yes; if you take in his personal magnetism and the adaptation of himself to the currents of thoughts and feelings that were existing. Henry Clay was not a man that out of his own day was or ever will be so great as he was in his own age."

"He was not as great a man as Webster?"

"No, nor as Calhoun, but a man that made passionate friends, and a natural born leader of men."

"Magnetic?"

"To the last degree, and he had all the intuitions and

that union of affectionate blandishment and indignation and threat to him. He could strike or he could caress, and with either blows or caresses was very powerful."

"You adhered to your anti-slavery sentiment in the West?"

"Yes, although I saw that to do so was exceedingly unpopular in Cincinnati—that it would alienate everybody that I knew there—and that, among other reasons, confirmed me in my tendencies, because I have always had a kind of irresistible impulse to defend the weak, especially when I saw they were trodden down by men of influence and power; to throw myself into the rescue of the wronged was as strong in me as life itself. So, when the mob rose in Cincinnati and destroyed Dr. Bailey's newspaper—Bailey was afterward editor of the *New Era* in Washington, in which Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appeared—when the mob rose and broke in and scattered his type, dragged his press down the main street and threw it into the Ohio River, and once again the riotous spirit foamed over and they threatened to shoot down the colored people in Cincinnati, and had got to that point that the mayor called for special policemen to protect the city and the negro quarters, I was sworn in as a special policeman, and patrolled the streets for two nights armed to the teeth to defend the negroes. In the absence of its editor, who had gone to the General Assembly in Philadelphia, I had taken the Cincinnati

Journal, the Presbyterian religious new school paper, and was editing it. In this paper I attacked this mob spirit, and with such a vehemence that Charles Hammond put the whole article into the Cincinnati *Gazette*. That was all along the same line of anti-slavery impulse. I then went to Lawrenceburg, twenty miles below Cincinnati. There was a Presbyterian Church there that would seat one hundred and fifty people. There were twenty members, one man and the rest women. With the exception of two, everyone was dependent for her livelihood on her industry."

"What was your salary there?"

"Four hundred dollars. Two hundred and fifty dollars was paid by the American Home Missionary Society, and the balance was raised by people in my church."

"That was the custom for this society to aid all feeble churches in the West?"

"All feeble churches would receive a portion of their salary in that way. The society was organized for that purpose. I do not believe there were in my Synod ten ministers that were not more or less assisted by that society, and now all through the West it is the same thing to-day, away to the Pacific Ocean."

"The knot of recognized Abolitionists in those days was so very small—Mr. Tappan, Mr. Garrison, and Mr. Wendell Phillips—that I suppose all of necessity were known to you?"

"They were East, and I went back into Indiana as a missionary, and was working among the common people."

"And you were on the field where the fight had to come sooner or later?"

"I was, and it may interest you to know that among the lecturers was Henry B. Stanton, who had studied theology under my father. After staying for two years and a little over at Lawrenceburg I was called to Indianapolis. This was at the time when the division took place. The Presbyterian Church split on the rock of slavery. Theology was the mere occasion and pretence, but the root of the matter was slavery. The South was largely new-school, but the new school of the North was leavened with the anti-slavery tendency to a very great extent, and the understanding was, as I heard my father state it, that the new-school ministers of the South said to the Princeton men: 'We will sustain you as against the new school of the North if you will see to it that the Presbyterian Church at large does not meddle with the question of slavery in the South.' It was a league: it was an understood thing. It was carried out. The Southern Presbyterians, all for the sake of slavery, consented to uphold the hands of the old-school Princeton, and the new school of the North was split off from them and organized by themselves, and they were, especially in the West, very generally anti-slavery. I don't know one man in the

Synod of Indiana who was not an open and avowed anti-slavery man."

"This was about when?"

"About 1840–41. I went to Indianapolis, preaching in the upper hall or room of a little brick academy, which would not hold much over a hundred people, while the church was building. It is now owned by Governor English."

"Well, what then?"

"After a year we were directed by the Synod to preach once a year on the duties of the Church to the enslaved."

"Did you do it?"

"Yes. I waited until the United States Federal Court came there, with Judge McLean as the presiding judge; and when all of our State Courts, Supreme Court, and Circuit, were in session and the Legislature was convened—so that all lawyers and public officers, men of every kind, thronged the city—to announce that I should preach on slavery. In the morning I discussed the nature of Hebrew slavery and the way in which it ceased. In the afternoon I preached on American slavery and the duty of the American church on that subject. Well, you may depend it was a bomb thrown, and they went streaming back to the hotel, and when they sat down to dinner someone said: 'Judge McLean, what do you think of that?' 'Well,' said he, 'I think if every minister in

the United States would be as faithful it would be a great advance in settling this question.' Well, that settled it. It gave the cue, and the lawyers, they, on the whole, sympathized too, and the members of the Legislature, and the consequence was that I had preached two flaming sermons with no reaction by a judicious adaptation to time and circumstance. I suppose that was the first anti-slavery sermon that was ever preached in the capital of the State of Indiana."

"To that circumstance you probably owe the reputation which preceded you to New York?"

"Yes."

Mr. Beecher continued his anti-slavery crusade in Plymouth Church more vigorously than ever, but did not take any prominent part in politics until the Fremont presidential campaign in 1856, when he boldly espoused the cause of the Pathfinder. Says an account:

"Finally, after years of agitation, from the labors of the little coterie was born the Republican Party. Mr. Beecher was one of its few fathers, and tended it carefully from its birth. When John C. Fremont was nominated as presidential candidate he took great interest in the campaign and addressed great audiences in Massachusetts, New York, and Pennsylvania. He was then forty-three years old, and in perfect health. With the exception of several months in 1849, when he was so seriously ill as to prevent his preaching from March until Septem-

ber, and three months in 1850, when he made a convalescing trip to Europe, he had not been absent a Sunday from his pulpit. The national peril in 1856 seemed so great that he was induced by his political friends to accept a leave of absence from his church and travel through the Middle and Western States on a kind of oratorical pilgrimage. Wherever he went his fame preceded him, and in that memorable fight he added laurels of imperishable renown to those already won.

"The defeat of Fremont, by Mr. Beecher and many others, believed to be the work of Pennsylvania tricksters, consolidated the Republican Party, intensified the growing hatred of the sections, and afforded the extremists on both sides of Mason and Dixon's line a never-ending theme of discussion. Plymouth pulpit had become a national institution. The streets of Brooklyn leading from the ferries were busy with processions of men from New York looking for 'Beecher.' The policemen never waited for a stranger to conclude his question, but invariably interrupted him and said: 'Follow the crowd.' That hundreds heard Mr. Beecher preach from Sunday to Sunday who hated him and his doctrines is undoubtedly the fact. Some of the 'best people' in the city refused to speak to him, and all over the land he was vilified and abused. All this made no impression on him. Some of his people left his ministry, but where one went twenty new ones came. He demanded a free platform

for himself, and accorded it to others. His people did not servilely believe anything because he said it, for they often maintained opinions different from his to the end."

Indulging in political reminiscences one day with a friend, Mr. Beecher, in answer to a question as to whom he regarded as the most influential leaders of public sentiment, leading the Abolitionists on the one hand and the better grade of Whigs on the other, the point of focus as Republicans, said :

"Well, I think Seward on the whole. Greeley was off and on. Horace Greeley was one of the ablest advocates in public affairs. When wise counsel had laid down a good line, a good platform, and Mr. Greeley mounted it in defence, there was no man so able as he, but when the work was not the defence of an agreed-upon platform, but the formation of it, he was a very unwise and uncertain counsellor. . I do not know whether it is worth my while to tell the history of one thing that occurred about the time of the war. There was an assembly in an hotel in New York. There were fifty Southern officers in our army convened in an hotel in New York after secession was in full swing, to discuss what their duties as officers should be, and the point was this : If the South is to be organized into another government it is perfectly honorable for us to change our allegiance from the Government of the North to the Government of the South, but if that is not to be accepted or toler-

ated, then we are bound by our oath of allegiance to this Government, which has educated us, not to go over to the Southern army. On this morning appeared in the *Tribune* that wonderful declaration, 'Let the South go,' by Greeley! These gentlemen said: 'All the South are agreed that there is to be this new government. The Democratic party of the North, we know, assents to it, and the only question remaining is, What are the anti-slavery men going to do?' And on that morning came out that declaration of Greeley, who was regarded wrongfully as being the leader of the great anti-slavery movement, and they said, 'That settles it,' and in less than twenty-four hours every mother's son of them but one had left the North and gone pell-mell down South and offered his sword to the Confederates, because the Southern management would give these officers their rank in the order of their application, and it was important that they should get in first and not get near the tail. The last support, therefore, was kicked from under the vessel by a careless foot."

"Do you share the belief that was quite general at the time that Fremont carried Pennsylvania?"

"I do."

"Do you believe that he was elected President?"

"I do."

"Do you believe that his inauguration as President would have averted a civil war?"

"No."

"Did you know President Buchanan?"

"No, nothing more than just by sight."

"Do you believe him to have been a square man?"

"I believe him to have been a man of honest intentions, but utterly unfit for the times which found him. He had neither courage nor any commanding discretion."

"How do you regard Douglas?"

"I regard Douglas as a very able man indeed, but a dangerous man, because I do not think that he acted on great lines, but rather on the inner lines of political expediency."

"Do you think he was a thoroughly loyal man?"

"I think he was a thoroughly loyal man."

"Do you think the election of President Lincoln precipitated the rebellion?"

"Yes."

"Do you think that his death and its manner, and at the time, was a great thing for him in history?"

"Yes, sir; I think that his coffin was more than the Presidential chair. It certainly gave to the whole of his career the influence of a kind of political saintship."

"Do you believe that he would have carried out a different policy from that of Johnson?"

"I know that at the time that things were drawing to a consummation he had in an inchoate form the very

policy that Johnson undertook to carry out under a change of circumstances. I know it, because the Cleveland letter that I wrote was the result of conferences with Governor Andrew and President Lincoln, just preceding Lincoln's death, as to what were to be the next coming steps after the breaking down of the rebellion, and at that time, under the circumstances, it seems to me that they had, on the whole, very wise views. It may be said almost in a sentence what their policy was. It was to say to the leading public men of the South: 'Gentlemen, you took your section out of the Union; you must bring it back. We hold you responsible. We will give you all the power necessary to do it. Slavery is gone, and as you went out with those men who have been defeated, now you must come back and we will trust you.'"

"Whom did you regard as the significant men in our war—the political so-called generals; that is, men like Butler, whose administrative qualities were called into use, or men like Grant, Sheridan, etc.?"

"The West Point men were the ablest men and the most efficient men by all odds. With one or two exceptions only were men who became generals from civil life of any great noticeable success. Terry was and has remained so, a very able department commander, respected by all the army. Butler was not a military man. Every military element in him failed."

"What do you think of him as an administrator?"

"Under the circumstances, as an administrator he was surpassing. You could not have got a better man for New Orleans. He was in his very element, in the place where his conscience worked in the direction of patriotism with remarkable shrewdness and success."

"Did you work for Grant?"

"First, middle, and last."

"You regarded him as a favorite with the people?"

"I am not in a situation to determine that. I only know that when his name was mentioned in any large audience where I was present he always carried the day with great enthusiasm."

"How do you account for his non-renomination?"

"There were too many candidates with too strong a backing, and all combined they defeated him. What the enthusiasm of the public is and what the enthusiasm of the political managers is are two different things."

"You knew Lincoln?"

"Very well."

"In a sentence, what do you think of him?"

"I think that Lincoln was to a remarkable degree both a statesman and a politician; that he based his views of expediency on great principles, but that in executing expedient objects he was as shrewd and keen a politician as ever was in Washington. He had a broad sympathy for human nature, and he understood it very

well. He was as devoid of personal ambition and selfishness as any man of whom we have a record in our history. He was a man who wanted to do that which was right and best for this whole nation, South and North, and was willing to go as near to the edge of doubtful expediency as a man could go and not go over the precipice; but he saved himself."

It is almost needless to state that he was a champion of Lincoln when he received the nomination in 1860. He believed that the election of Lincoln would precipitate a war between the North and South; of course it was to be deplored, but he thought that the "impending conflict" had better come then than to a future generation. He took a very active part in the campaign, that resulted as he had predicted, both in and out of the pulpit. The democratic papers, notably the New York *Day-book*, the favorite organ of the South in New York City, styled him the "political parson," a title afterward freely bestowed on the redoubtable "Parson Brownlow" during his lecture tour.

As the war wore on and the question of Presidential candidates came up, he was outspoken in advocacy of Mr. Lincoln's re-election, and in the following campaign did much to secure that end. When finally the war was happily ended and peace declared he was the first to stretch the hand of reconciliation across the bloody chasm, and in an ever-memorable discourse preached the

doctrine of brotherly love. The reoccupation of Fort Sumter and the raising of the old flag was made an occasion of national rejoicing, and Mr. Beecher was chosen as the orator of the day. But grave and gay as were the festivities of that hour, they paled into insignificance before the return of the patriotic party from their mission of re-establishment in the presence of a bereavement that sent the nations of the earth in mourning to our national capital. The death of Lincoln stirred the deepest depths of Beecher's nature, and wrung from him a tribute of love and esteem and thoughtful appreciation that will be forever embalmed in the literature of the age. Apprehensive of discord at Washington, Mr. Beecher was one of the first to declare in favor of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage. Friends fell from him in consequence. There were many who could not forgive and forget. They were willing to say "I forgive," but they had suffered too much to pretend to forget. These frowned on Mr. Beecher and accused him of being a time-server. At this he laughed as heartily as when the same people charged him with being foolhardy in his anti-slavery campaign. He said he could afford to wait, and he did.

It is not necessary to allude in this connection to his political services during the war, if, indeed, his patriotic course can be considered political. In his address at Fort Sumter, in 1865, he spoke of a restored union of the North and South, and predicted resultant prosperity,

and this was the theme of his speeches for several years. A friend says:

After the war Mr. Beecher instantly appealed to the people of the North to deal generously and magnanimously with the South. Immediately after the surrender of Richmond he expressed in strong terms his desire for a complete reunion of the people North and South, and his opposition to any schemes of punishment or imposition of penalties other than the mere abolition of slavery. The majority of his people, however, had become so excited by the events of the war as to receive this advice with disfavor, and on the assassination of Lincoln, which happened while Mr. Beecher was at Fort Sumter, and therefore could know nothing about it, this feeling on the part of most of his friends became quite intense, and especially strong among those who had not been known as Abolitionists before the war. Many of them informed him on his return that they would not consent to his advocating general amnesty, as he had intimated his intention of doing. It was the first time in which any of Mr. Beecher's friends had thought him too conservative, and the opposition to his views was the most vigorous that he had ever met with in his own circle. It made, however, little difference with him. He persisted in opposing the execution of Jefferson Davis, the confiscation of rebel property, and every form of punishment. The abolition of slavery he never regarded as a punishment at

all, but rather as a benefit alike to the master and the slave. For more than a year this difference of opinion between him and the majority of his church continued, producing the only instance of what might be called alienation between them ever known in the history of the church. It was a singular fact, however, that in these views he was sustained by nearly every original Abolitionist among his church members, and that the most strenuous opponents of his policy of conciliation were gentlemen who had been considered in former years as leaning somewhat toward the South.

Says another account:

His anti-slavery position was that of the Republican party—freedom national and slavery sectional. But while denying the right of the nation to interfere with slavery in the States, he insisted on the right of moral interference, and exercised it freely upon every fit occasion. In the trying times of 1866 he took sides with President Johnson in his controversy with the Republican party, and rhetorically assigned to him a fame in history equal to that of Washington. His impetuous emotion betrayed him into many similar exaggerations. But his position at that time was an expression of his abiding faith that a policy of the largest clemency was the best policy of reconstruction. He had great companions in this faith—Lincoln, and John A. Andrew, and General Grant.

In view of their friendship and political affiliations, it was generally expected that Beecher would support Horace Greeley in the presidential campaign of 1872; but his gratitude to General Grant for many favors which he had enjoyed, as well as his high opinion of his abilities, led him to advocate his election.

Mr. Beecher's friendly attitude toward the reconstructed South, and his wish to visit that section of the country, led to a lecture tour in 1882, when he delivered his lecture on "The North and the South" in Richmond, Va. According to the newspapers, Mayor Carrington, of Richmond, gives the following account of Mr. Beecher's visit to that city:

"One of the most dramatic events in the oratorical career of Henry Ward Beecher occurred in Richmond, in 1882, during his lecturing tour through the South. The announcement that he was to lecture at Mozart Hall on 'The North and the South' filled the old building. It was his first appearance in Richmond since the war, and he was rather doubtful about the kind of reception he would get. When he walked out on the stage he saw before him a distinguished audience of Southerners, including several of the leading generals on the losing side. In the fourth row of the orchestra sat General Fitzhugh Lee, and just behind him, General Rosser, while near by were ex-Governor 'Extra Billy' Smith and Governor Cameron. No applause greeted the great preacher as he

stepped before the foot-lights. The ladies levelled their opera-glasses at him with cold curiosity, and the men looked coolly expectant. Some hisses from a few rowdies in the gallery did not tend to dispel the chilliness of the reception.

"Mr. Beecher surveyed the audience calmly for a moment, and then stepping directly in front of General Lee, he said: 'I have seen pictures of General Fitzhugh Lee, and I judge that you are the man; am I right?'

"The general, slightly taken aback by this direct address, nodded stiffly, while the audience bent forward breathless with curiosity as to what was going to follow.

"'Then,' said Mr. Beecher, his face lighting up, 'I want to offer you this right hand which, in its own way, fought against you and yours twenty-five years ago, but which I would now willingly sacrifice to make the Sunny South prosperous and happy. Will you take it, general?'

"There was a moment's hesitation, a moment of death-like stillness in the hall, and then Fitzhugh Lee was on his feet, his hand was extended across the foot-lights, and was quickly met by the warm grasp of the preacher's.

"At first there was a murmur, half of surprise and half of doubtfulness, from the audience; then there was a hesitating clapping of hands, and before Beecher had unloosed the hand of Robert E. Lee's nephew—now Governor of Virginia—there were cheers such as were never before heard

in old Mozart, though it had been the scene of many a war and political meeting.

"But that was only the beginning of the enthusiasm.

"When the noise subsided Mr. Beecher said: 'When I go back home, I shall proudly tell that I have grasped the hand of the nephew of the great Southern chieftain; I shall tell my people that I went to the Confederate capital with a heart full of love for the people whom my principles once obliged me to oppose, and that I was met half-way by the brave Southerners, who can forgive as well as they can fight.'

"Five minutes of applause followed, and then Mr. Beecher, having gained the hearts of his audience, began his lecture and was applauded to the echo. That night he entered his carriage and drove to his hotel amid shouts such as had never greeted a Northern man in Richmond since the war."

Although Mr. Beecher had been associated all his life with the Republican Party, and had achieved his greatest successes as a political speaker in connection with that party, and his weightiest influence had been acquired with the members of that party, when Mr. Cleveland was nominated for the Presidency in 1884 he openly expressed his preference for the Democratic candidate, and before the close of the campaign cut loose entirely from his old party affiliations and made a number of telling speeches in favor of the opposing candidate. Beginning

with a ringing speech at a great meeting in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, he followed it up with equally telling efforts at a business men's open-air meeting down-town, and at other gatherings in this city. This breaking loose from old ties brought down on him, of course, the resentment of many of his old party associates, and subjected him to much bitter animadversion; but in this case, as in the opposition he aroused by his policy of conciliation at the close of the war, he listened to abuse with indifference, and smiled serenely at the impotent wrath of his traducers.

Parishioners who had never wavered in their allegiance in the darkest days now angrily deserted him. Said an excellent lady: "I would not have believed him guilty if he had declared himself so in the pulpit, *but I believe it now.*" Such was the quality of partisan feeling. But, however unwise some of his public utterances, Mr. Beecher's support of Mr. Cleveland was one of the most deliberate, one of the least impulsive, actions of his life. In 1876 he was resolved, and openly declared, that if Blaine were nominated he would not support him. He never changed his mind. His course in 1884 proved his courage to the uttermost. But in this virtue he was never lacking. He was a consistent supporter of President Cleveland's administration. In becoming a "Mugwump," as has been shown, Mr. Beecher encountered opposition from his warmest friends in and out of his

church. He had made Mr. Cleveland's acquaintance at Albany while he was governor, and it was mainly through him that General Horatio C. King's appointment on the governor's staff was secured. Governor Cleveland's famous letter to Mr. Beecher exonerating himself from certain grave and infamous charges convinced Mr. Beecher that he was maligned, and that the opposition were resorting to unfair weapons in employing scandal to encompass his defeat. He considered, besides, the most important issue in the campaign to be that of the Civil Service Reform advocated by Cleveland. Among the "Mugwumps" he found several old-time allies, including George William Curtis.

It is to be related now, for the first time, that when there was a clamor on the part of the Democrats for a partisan appointment of the New York Postmaster, Mr. Beecher and Mr. Curtis saw President Cleveland on behalf of the incumbent, Mr. Pearson. President Cleveland was on the horn of a dilemma between the Mugwumps, advocating Civil Service Reform as expounded by himself—*i.e.*, the retention in office of proper, faithful, and competent men, without regard to party affiliations—and his party, demanding removals of republican officials and their places for partisans. President Cleveland requested Messrs. Beecher and Curtis to name some Democrat who would be acceptable to them. But they declined, saying that they sought the retention of Mr.

Pearson in the office purely on the grounds of Civil Service Reform, not partisan or personal; that he had proved himself an efficient and faithful official, whose removal under the circumstances was not justifiable for any other than partisan reasons, and to give his place to a Democrat. President Cleveland hearkened to their wishes and counsel, and reappointed Mr. Pearson.

While Mr. Beecher's course in regard to the election of Cleveland alienated many of his followers in the Republican Party, which he had been instrumental in creating, he gained many admirers in the ranks of the Democracy in the South as well as in the North, and many resolutions of regret at his death were adopted by political bodies which years ago bitterly denounced him. The sentiment of the Democratic Party in regard to him was voiced by the resolutions and speeches of the Young Men's Democratic Club of Brooklyn. At a meeting on the evening after his death, Mr. David A. Boody, chairman of the Executive Committee, first took the floor, and offered the following resolution:

"We meet to-night under the shadow of a national sorrow. All over the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Alaska to the Gulf, that shadow has spread. It has entered every hamlet with the announcement that "a prince and a great man has fallen." No matter what may be men's political affiliations, no matter what their religious creed, all feel to-day that they have been

touched by a personal sorrow. Henry Ward Beecher's great heart seemed to have grown too large for any party, for any creed. It beat for humanity. Wherever men have struggled for better government or better morals, or wherever they have taught a higher manhood, they have been encouraged and inspired by him whom we now mourn. Wherever human limbs have worn the shackles of oppression, or the human mind has been under the bondage of ignorance and superstition, there may be found the records of this great life. While Henry Ward Beecher lived for the world, and the world is to-day doing homage to his memory, it is peculiarly fitting that we, his townsmen, we who have seen him so frequently in the life, who have witnessed his cheerful bearing, who have known his patient endurance when the clouds of sorrow and defamation rolled over his head—we who have been swayed and thrilled by an eloquence and an imagery all his own, should place upon our records some token indicating our sense of bereavement; therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the death of Henry Ward Beecher brings to us a personal grief, to our country a national affliction, and to the world an irreparable loss."

Another member, Mr. E. M. Shepard, said:

"As we are a political club and a Democratic body there was one element in Mr. Beecher's character that I should like to touch upon. He was not a politician, but a clergyman; but he differed from all other ministers in

one quality. He had an extraordinary prescience. Mr. Beecher always read the signs of the time in regard to future political movements. He always knew what was coming. Looking backward, we have to admit that his judgment in advance in regard to political questions proved to be sound. For instance, take the slavery question. On that question he was right. The Democratic party now sees it. The moral question involved was overwhelming and sure to prevail in the end. Mr. Calhoun said, after he had read one of Mr. Beecher's earlier speeches on the subject: 'Mr. Beecher has the kernel of the subject. Slavery is morally wrong.' Then the War of the Rebellion came. I used as a boy to look with hostility upon political sermons. I would go to Mr. Beecher's church and burn with indignation while he preached upon political subjects; but he was right. Then came the days of reconstruction, when we Democrats saw what we considered dastardly and tyrannical attempts to give suffrage to ignorant slaves. I still think it was wrong, but it had to be done in order to blot out sectional differences. He was again right. Then, again, when he stood upon the battlements of Sumter he struck the key-note when he said that the main thing to be done was to insist that the rights of white, as well as of the black, men should be regarded. He was in a very small minority, and this action caused intense bitterness against him; but he was right. Then on the money question we

were far astray. Beecher was right then. It is not out of place to say that when Mr. Beecher died he was a Democrat. To be sure, at different times he was forced by his convictions to go against the Democratic Party, but its fundamental principles he always advocated. Mr. Beecher was sound on the question of tariff reform and Civil Service. He recognized as few men did that when the sentimental questions evolved by the war were settled but two questions remained for the consideration of the people, namely, the administrative question and that of taxation. There has never been a man outside of politics of so sound a political foresight. I say more: there have been few men in practical politics who were so intelligent, so patriotic, so beneficent as he."

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

"His own party" has also adopted appropriate resolutions regretting his death, as shown by the action of the New York Republican Club in the following resolution:

"This club has received with profound regret the intelligence of the death of Henry Ward Beecher. He was throughout the anti-slavery struggle that resulted in the formation of the Republican Party one of the foremost champions of liberty and equal rights. The early years of this party were largely supported by his great powers, and to few, aside from the chief generals in the field, did the cause of the Union owe more during the

dark days of the Rebellion. Possessed of extraordinary powers as an orator and thinker, he was ever ready to use them, not only in the cause of religion, his chosen field, but in behalf of every movement that tended to the extension of the rights or the amelioration of the condition of humanity. This club, recognizing his great services to the party and to the country, desires to place on record this expression of its sense of the loss his death has occasioned to the entire civilized world."

The following report from the New York *Tribune*, October 23, 1884, of a speech at a meeting in Brooklyn, in which Mr. Beecher explained his course in regard to Cleveland and his conversion to Mugwumpism, is interesting in this connection :

At the Brooklyn Rink, last evening, Henry Ward Beecher told a crowded audience his reasons for supporting Cleveland in preference to Blaine. The meeting was held under the auspices of the Brooklyn Independents. Mr. Beecher began by expressing his regrets that he found himself compelled to oppose the Republican nominee. "My appearance here to antagonize the organized action of the Republican Party," said he, "is a fact of very significant character. Before many of you were born I rocked the cradle of the Republican Party." He then briefly but eloquently sketched his work for the Republican Party, eliciting frequent outbursts of applause. Then he gave his reasons for opposing it. "I don't mean to be a pall-bearer to carry the coffin of the Republican Party to the grave. It is going down to destruction unless you switch it off on to a side-track." He next expressed the solemnity

of his feelings on finding himself opposed to the party he had so long fought for. "My whole spirit and whole soul is as solemn as on any day that I remember of my whole life. I am in dead earnest." Then followed a reference to the achievements of the Republican Party and a glance into the future. "There are two great dangers," he said, "that threaten our Government. One is the growing influence of wealth; the other is the danger that comes from the corruption of power too long in the same hands." A reference to the growing greed for wealth followed. "We are a money-making people," he said, "to an incredible extent. Protection is a vast scheme of taxation. It rolls into the reservoirs at Washington four hundred millions of dollars every year, and one hundred millions of dollars lie pulseless and useless there to-day." Next was portrayed the extent of corruption—votes bought, judgeships bought, and so on. "To-day," he said, "it is sought to buy a candidate into the Presidential chair with money. I have been credibly informed that between one and two millions of dollars have been rolled West to gild the State of Ohio, and another like stream is pouring into Indiana. The day is coming when we shall be honey-combed by corruption." He asked which candidate would be more likely to resist this canker of corruption, and followed with a series of sneering questions which, without directly stating, implied that Mr. Blaine was a very corrupt and unfit man.

Mr. Beecher next gave an account of many of the good things and some of the bad things the Republican Party had done in the past. He dilated on the dangers of official corruption, and said many hard things of Mr. Blaine, and implied more, but gave him credit for possessing many personal and social attractions. "If you vote for Blaine," said he, "you vote for corruption; if you vote for St. John, you vote into the air; if you vote for Butler, you vote into the mud; if you vote for Cleveland you vote for an honest man."

Mr. Beecher next touched upon Cleveland's moral character, and instantly people were on the tiptoe of expectation.

"The air is murky," he said, "with shameless stories of Mr. Cleveland's private life. To our sorrow and shame we find cockatrice-eggs hatched by rash and credulous clergymen. They could not go to Mr. Cleveland with honest inquiry; so they open their ears to the harlot and drunkard. They have sought by irresponsible slander to poison the faith of holy men and innocent women. Do these ministers ever reflect that the guilt of a vice or a crime measures the guilt of him who charges it falsely? My honored and beloved wife, quite unbeknown to me, cut many clippings from the newspapers, all of which reflected on the life of Mr. Cleveland at Albany, and sent them to him with a letter that will not be published, but that would be a gem in English literature if it were published. As quick as the mail could return she received from Governor Cleveland a letter which I have had between two and three weeks, and which he meant to be private and marked 'private;' but such complexion has the canvass taken that I telegraphed to him two nights ago to ask if he would allow me to use my discretion in regard to that letter. His reply was, 'Certainly, if it is your judgment.' Now I will read Governor Cleveland's letter." Mr. Beecher then read the famous letter, which is too well known to need repetition here. As he read the portion wherein Mr. Cleveland emphatically denied that he had been guilty of improper conduct during his residence in Albany, the audience indulged in vociferous and prolonged cheering.

There was loud applause when Mr. Beecher finished reading the letter. When it had died away he continued, with much visible emotion: "When in the gloomy night of my own sufferings, in years gone by, I sounded every depth of sorrow, I vowed that if God would bring the day star of hope to me, I would

never suffer brother, friend, or neighbor to go unfriended, should a like serpent seek to crush him. [Applause.] That oath I will regard now, because I know the bitterness of venomous lies. I will stand against infamous lies that seek to sting to death a man, a magistrate worthy of a better fate. Men counsel me to ponder lest I stir again my own griefs. No, I will not be frightened. If I refuse to interpose a shield of well-placed confidence between Governor Cleveland and the swarm of liars that wallow in the mud of slander, may my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and may my right hand forget its cunning! I will imitate the noble example set me by Plymouth Church in the day of my calamity. They were not ashamed of my burden. They stood by me with God-inspired loyalty. It was an heroic deed. They have set my duty before me. I will imitate their example, and as long as I have breath I will not see a man attacked by serpents or venomous stinging insects, and not, if I believe him to be honest, stand with him and for him against all comers." [Loud applause.]

CHAPTER X.

HIS LITERARY LIFE.

Journalistic and Literary Experience.—The New York *Independent*.—*The Christian Union*.—Star Papers.—List of His Books.—Reluctance at Literary Composition.—His First Work, "Lectures to Young Men."—Success of the Book.—Its Enormous Sale.—First Work of an Indiana Author reprinted in England.—How He regarded It.—Summary of the Lectures.—Industry and Idleness.—Pointed Sentences and Telling Truths.—A Forcible Style.—Dishonesty and its Consequences.—Evils of Riches as Such.—"The Portrait Gallery."—Gamblers and Gambling.—"The Strange Woman."—The Theatre and Its Evils.—Views modified in Later Life.—Mr. Beecher and Henry Irving.

MR. BEECHER'S journalistic and literary work is in itself a magnificent monument to his memory. As stated elsewhere, his first journalistic experience was as editor of the Cincinnati *Journal*, and he subsequently conducted, at Indianapolis, the *Western Farmer and Gardener*, as a matter of recreation. When the New York *Independent* was started he became a regular contributor to its columns, and from 1861 to 1864 he was its editor-in-chief. Finding his editorial duties somewhat onerous, he then resigned his position, and was succeeded by Theodore Tilton; but he continued for several years to contribute at least one article weekly to the columns of the paper.

These articles were signed with an asterisk, and thus became known as "Star Papers." The most striking of them were afterward published in book form with the above title, and had a very wide sale.

In 1870 he became editor of *The Christian Union*, a position which he held for three or four years; after his retirement he contributed to the columns of the paper as he had contributed to *The Independent* after resigning its editorial chair. By his work on these papers he exerted wide influence on the public thought of his time. Those journals under his charge were in fact foremost among the leading vital forces in American journalism.

Few persons know what an immense amount of literary work Mr. Beecher accomplished. The following is a list of the published works:

Sermons, ten volumes of 475 pages each.

Sermons, four volumes of 600 pages each.

"A Summer Parish," 240 pages.

"Yale Lectures on Preaching," first, second, and third series.

"Lectures to Young Men," 506 pages.

"Star Papers," 600 pages.

"Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," 498 pages.

"Lecture Room Talks," 384 pages.

"Norwood; or, Village Life in New England," 549 pages.

"The Overture of Angels."

"Eyes and Ears; or, Thoughts as They Occur."

"Freedom and War."

"Royal Truths."

"Views and Experiences of Religious Subjects."

"Life of Jesus the Christ."

This is in addition to his writings on agricultural, political, and general subjects, his routine work, and special trips for lecturing or speaking. He was always greatly interested in church music, more especially in the form of congregational singing, and one of the first things done by the new pastor from the West, when he took charge of Plymouth Church, was to compile a book of hymns and tunes for the use of his own and sister churches.

A curious circumstance in connection with his literary work was that he disliked the effort of writing, and it was often hard work for publishers to get "copy" from him at a stated time. The writing of his novel "Norwood" was a particularly painful task, and he was sorry, during the continuance of the work, that he had ever begun it. His first volume was "Lectures to Young Men," published in 1845, with a second edition in 1846, and of these two editions more than sixty thousand copies were sold. The "Lectures" in 1873 were added to a uniform edition of Mr. Beecher's works. Indiana people are specially proud of this book, as it was the first

book by an author residing in that State which was honored with republication in England. Mr. Beecher says that the lectures were carefully written, and they certainly bear internal evidence of his fidelity to his work in the early years of his life. A short time before his death he told a friend that he once contemplated revising them for a new edition, but after a careful examination he did not think he could materially improve them, and had consequently abandoned the idea.

A summary of these lectures deserves a place in this memorial. The entire series may be read with pleasure and profit, not only by young men, to whom they were particularly addressed, but by everybody. They are remarkable for their freshness and originality, are clear as the day, and forcibly expressed.

In the first lecture, "Industry and Idleness" are dealt with. The lecturer's aversion to the bustling do-nothings who can accomplish least with the loudest noise is very apparent. "The supine sluggard is no more indolent than the bustling do-nothing. Men may walk much, and read much, and talk much, and pass the day without an unoccupied moment, and yet be substantially idle; because Industry requires at least the intention of usefulness." The lecture is divided into sections, the first dealing with the lazy man, whose failing, he says, is described by Solomon: "How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou awake out of sleep? . . . He is val-

iant at sleeping and at the trencher; but for other courage, *the slothful man saith, There is a lion without; I shall be slain in the street.* . . . His lands run to waste, his fences are dilapidated, his crops chiefly of weeds and brambles; a shattered house" completing the picture. "This is the very castle of Indolence."

The second idler is as useless as the first, for, if active, it is in other people's business than his own. The third idler follows no vocation. "He defrauds his laundress, his tailor, and his landlord. He gambles, and swears, and fights—when he is too drunk to be afraid."

The fourth in the list excites pity. Beginning life thriftily, he has become involved in other men's affairs, and has gone down in their ruin. He begins again, and is once more ruined. He then sinks into despondency, out of which nothing can arouse him, and he lives and dies a discouraged man.

The fashionable idler comes next, with "a fine form and manly beauty, and his chief end in life is to display them. . . . Gay and frivolous, rich and useless, polished till the enamel is worn off, his whole life serves only to make him an animated puppet of pleasure."

The last picture is of the business man who wishes to subsist by his occupation while he attends to pleasure. After a few years he fails, and sinks to a lower grade of idleness and to ruin.

Turning to Industry, the lecturer says a hearty Indus-

try, with the aid of health, good appetite, and good digestion, promotes happiness. "The slave is often happier than the master, who is nearer undone by license than his vassal by toil." . . . "Industry is the parent of Thrift, and is a substitute for Genius."

Reference is made to scheming speculations which produce among the young an aversion to the slow accumulations of ordinary industry. "But if the butterfly derides the bee in summer, he was never known to do it in the lowering days of autumn."

Luck is disposed of in very few words. "I never knew an early-rising, hard-working, prudent man, careful of his earnings, and strictly honest, who complained of bad luck . . . the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard, a knave, or a tippler."

"Indolence is a great spendthrift, and as surely runs to dishonesty as lying."

Temptations to indolence are stated as the results of wretched training, youthful indulgences, and example.

"The example of political men, office-seekers, and public officers, is not always conducive to Industry. . . . Had I a son able to gain a livelihood by toil, I had rather bury him than witness his beggarly supplications for office; —sneaking along the path of men's passions to gain his advantage; holding in the breath of his honest opinions; and breathing feigned words of flattery to hungry ears, popular or official; and crawling, viler than a snake,

through all the unmanly courses by which ignoble wretches purloin the votes of the dishonest, the drunken, and the vile."

Lecture II. is devoted to "Dishonesty." Temporary prosperity in speculation and the sudden reverse of fortune is given as the cause of the prevalence of dishonesty through the country in these days. "These times will pass away; but like ones will come again. As physicians study the causes and record the phenomena of plagues and pestilences, to draw from them an antidote against their recurrence, so should we leave to another generation a history of moral plagues as the best antidote to their recurring malignity."

"Some men find in their bosom from the first a vehement inclination to dishonest ways. Knavish propensities are inherent; born with the child and transmissible from parent to son. . . . A child naturally fair-minded may become dishonest by parental example. . . . Dishonesty is learned from one's employers. . . . Extravagance is a prolific source of Dishonesty . . . and Debt is an inexhaustible fountain of Dishonesty." There are moral dishonesties, allowed by law, and political dishonesties, which "breed dishonesties of every kind." "A corrupt public sentiment produces Dishonesty . . . and frequent executive clemency has been a temptation" thereto. We are advised to hope for a more cheerful future, and young men are implored to be worthy of them-

selves and of their ancestry. "May you settle down, as did Israel of old, a people of God in a promised and protected land—true to yourselves, true to your country, and true to your God."

In Lecture III. we are warned against thinking that riches *necessarily* confer happiness, and poverty unhappiness; against making haste to be rich; against covetousness, which is both unprofitable and breeds misery; against selfishness, seeking wealth by covert dishonesty, or by violent extortion, or any flagrant villany.

"Riches got by deceit cheat no man so much as the getter. Riches bought with guile, God will pay for with vengeance. Riches got by fraud are dug out of one's heart, and destroy the mine. Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory, in their own wasteful habits, in drawing around them all bad men to be their companions. . . . *For the love of money is the root of all evil, which, while some have coveted after, they have erred from the faith, and pierced themselves through with many sorrows.*"

"The Portrait Gallery," Lecture IV., is a series of vivid pictures of dangerous men, who, owing to the instinct of imitation, are often the cause of deadly injury even to strangers to them. In these are included the Wit, perverted; the Coarse Humorist; the Cynic, "who never sees a good quality in a man, and never fails to see a bad one,"

and who is termed a "human owl;" the Libertine, who is "proud to be viler than other men;" the artful, cunning, and pretending Politician, including the Demagogue, "who seeks to gratify an invariable selfishness by pretending to seek the public good;" also, the Party Man, who, while preferring that "his own side should be victorious by the best means and under the best men, rather than lose the victory will consent to *any* means, and follow *any* man."

"Evil men of every degree will use you, flatter you, lead you on until you are useless; then, if the virtuous do not pity you, or God compassionate, you are without a friend in the universe."

In "Gamblers and Gambling," Lecture V., we have a strong and earnest warning to young men against the vice of gambling, the "Rake's Progress" being graphically described from the first pack of cards and small stakes to the luxurious gambling hell, and later destitution, and ruin. "*The wise man foreseeth the evil; fools pass on and are punished.*"

"The Strange Woman" is the title of Lecture VI. It is an open warning against licentiousness, and a condemnation of the criminal fastidiousness which would avoid the subject. Referring to the general subject, and to obscene books, he says: "Men who, at home, allow Don Juan to lie within reach of every reader, will not allow a minister of the Gospel to expose the evil of such

a literature." The injunction of God to the young upon the ensnaring danger of beauty, and her wiles of love and dress, is set before the auditor in strong colors. But "it is too late! He has gone in—who shall never return. *He goeth after her straightway as an ox goeth to the slaughter; or as a fool to the correction of the stocks . . . and knoweth not that it is for his life.*" And then we are introduced to the five wards of Pleasure, Satiety, Discovery, Disease, and Death, and there is a final warning against indulging in morbid imaginations, evil companions, evil books and pictures.

The final lecture is a reprehension of unworthy pleasures, in which the circus, the theatre, gambling, cock-fighting, bear-baiting, pugilistic contests, and racing are dealt with in an original and characteristic manner, and discountenanced for their waste of time and money, and as being incompatible with the pursuits of every-day life. He says "Those who defend Theatres would scorn to admit actors into their society," and contends that the general fact is not altered by notable and honorable exceptions.

"In the bosom of that everlasting storm which rains perpetual misery in hell, shalt thou, *Corrupter of Youth!* be forever hidden from our view, and may God wipe out the very thoughts of thee from our memory."

In the later years of his life Mr. Beecher's views of the drama were somewhat modified, as he occasionally went

to the theatre when the performance was of the best class, thereby securing the enmity of some of his Christian brethren. He admired Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Charlotte Cushman, and a few others of similar prominence and standing, but was outspoken as ever in his denunciation of sensational or indecent plays or performances. When Mr. Beecher was in London in 1886 Rev. Dr. Parker gave a dinner, and the *menu* card is an interesting souvenir. It bears Dr. Parker's name, that of his wife, and those of Mr. Beecher, Mrs. Beecher, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry. Mr. Beecher admired Mr. Irving as a great artist, and Mr. Irving admired him as a great orator. The two could meet on common ground and be entirely congenial. Miss Terry was a no less enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Beecher than Mr. Irving.

CHAPTER XI.

HE WRITES FOR THE LEDGER.

Sixteen Years a Contributor to the New York *Ledger*.—How His Connection with the Paper Began.—"A Cannon-ball in the Hat."—Suggestions for a Novel.—How "Norwood" came to be Written.—Mr. Beecher's Dilatoriness.—His Outline of the Story.—Mr. Beecher's Fondness for Horses.—Riding behind Dexter.—Introducing Mr. Bonner to London *Punch*.—Comments on Edward Everett's Death.—How He Misspelled.—Answering Troublesome Questions.—Denial of Current Rumors.—Never played Cards.—Visiting Bonner's Stables.

Of the hundreds of men in all walks of life whom Mr. Beecher called his friends, there were probably few in whom he placed greater trust or to whom he imparted more of his confidence, than Robert Bonner. For nearly twenty years the two were intimate. Week after week, for sixteen years, Mr. Beecher's contributions were leading features of the *Ledger*.

"In all my intercourse with men," said Mr. Bonner, "I never met a man like Henry Ward Beecher, and never expect to again. He was *sui generis*, and a genius, if ever there was one. In losing him the world loses a man whose individuality and personal influence have scarcely ever been equalled. As a friend he was gener-

ous, noble-hearted, and self-sacrificing, and he was always doing or saying something to make him the more admired and beloved by his friends."

The acquaintance of Mr. Bonner and Mr. Beecher, which afterward ripened into warm friendship, was brought about through a letter sent in November, 1858, by the preacher to Mr. Bonner, calling his attention to a story in manuscript written by a young lady, and requesting the publisher to read it, and, if he deemed it good enough, to print it in the *Ledger*. Mr. Bonner replied that he did not care for the young lady's efforts, but that he would like to number Mr. Beecher among his contributors, and enclosed a good-sized check as an earnest of his disposition to pay liberally for anything from the preacher's pen. Out of this grew an arrangement by which Mr. Beecher became a regular weekly contributor to the *Ledger's* columns, beginning in January, 1859, and continuing with few interruptions until 1874. The first article contributed by the already famous preacher was one of a series which he called "Thoughts as They Occur, by One who keeps his Eyes and Ears Open," and was entitled "A Cannon-ball in the Hat," and is pointed to by Mr. Bonner as an excellent example of his free, off-hand, simple, and yet attractive style.

It was in 1865 that Mr. Bonner suggested to the Plymouth pastor that he write a novel. It required little

urging to get him to consent to this, but it was quite another thing to get the manuscript or any evidence that Mr. Beecher intended to carry out his agreement. He was naturally dilatory, and would only write when driven to it by his wife or publisher. After waiting for nearly two years, the first instalment of "Norwood," which was the only novel ever written by Mr. Beecher, was placed in Mr. Bonner's hands, and was printed in 1867. For this story Mr. Beecher received $30,000, transferring all his right, title, and interest in it to Mr. Bonner for that sum. The latter, after running it serially in the *Ledger*, published it in book form, and realized a clear profit of $10,000 from its sale. There was a large demand for it in the Southern States.

On January 3, 1866, in response to numerous inquiries from Mr. Bonner as to the progress he was making with the novel, Mr. Beecher sent him this sketch:

"My dear Mr. Bonner: I know that you have a good right to know something of the story of which you kindly inquire, and will give you some insight into matters.

"I could have written a sketchy and superficial story with perhaps a few weeks' effort. But the more I reflected the less I liked to do so. The very liberal terms which you proposed to me seemed to me to merit, not merely a *story*, but, if I could, one that would be as good

twenty years hence as on the day it appeared. To do this it was not enough that I should have *leisure*, but that I should get my mind out of the *run* of public questions in which I have been so deeply concerned, and *trained* to a very different line of thought.

"I propose to make a story which shall turn, not so much on outward action (though I hope to have enough to carry the story handsomely) as on *certain mental* or inward questions. I propose to delineate a high and noble man, trained to New England theology, but brought to excessive distress by speculations and new views. This I feel quite competent to manage.

"The heroine is to be large of soul, a child of nature, and, although a Christian, yet in childlike sympathy with the truths of God in the autumn world, instead of books.

"These two, the man of philosophy and theology and the woman of nature and simple truth, are to act upon each other, and she is to triumph.

"I propose introducing a full company of various New England characters, to give a real view of the inside of a New England town—its brewing thought, its inventiveness, its industry and enterprise, its education and shrewdness and tact. I purpose to introduce a Southerner of a rather noble type and show him off, faults and virtues, on this background of New England, and I may transfer the story in its close to the seat of war and introduce one of its campaigns. But it may so grow on my hands that I

shall leave that for a separate effort. I am convinced that I have been wise in waiting, and that I shall be far more likely to succeed than I should have done if I had plunged at once into the matter, without study and meditation.

"As to time, I do not see that I can promise with any confidence to give you MSS. before May next. But by that time I hope to be so well assured of my work as to be willing to have the story begun, and also to have it so far advanced that you can be able to judge of its merits before beginning to print.

"I am not neglecting you because I seem quiet, I assure you, and I hope to make haste much faster by and by for waiting hitherto.

"I am like a painter commissioned to execute a large picture, whose room is full of studies and sketches, and his big canvas is sketched out and ready—all done but the painting."

"I have seldom met a man," said Mr. Bonner, "so passionately fond of animals, and especially of horses, as was Mr. Beecher. He was thoroughly in sympathy with nature. One of his chief delights was to be among horses, and to ride behind a swift stepper for an hour or two seemed to intoxicate him. He was almost as fond of Dexter as of one of his own children, and never missed an opportunity to take a ride with me behind that noble

animal. Sometimes his glee was childish. I remember one afternoon we were driving through a street in Brooklyn when he espied the Rev. Dr. Storrs soberly pacing the sidewalk. He could not resist the temptation to stop and tell him the name of the horse that was drawing us, point out his merits, and describe the manner in which he moved on a good road. The good Doctor seemed rather bored, but in his exuberance Mr. Beecher did not stop to consider whether Dr. Storrs was interested in horses or not.

"In nearly every letter he ever wrote to me—and I sometimes received three or four a week—he made some reference to my horses. Shortly after I had made his acquaintance he addressed to me what I regard as one of the best pieces of word-painting on a similar subject in the English language, and which I published at the time. It was written early in the spring, and soon after he had had a discussion with someone as to the humanity of fast driving. Listen!" And Mr. Bonner read this, enthusiastically drawing attention to the parts which most caught his fancy:

"My dear Mr. Bonner: You once promised me a ride with your never-to-be-excelled horses, and to-day is the very day for it. The sky is clear. It is a long while since we have had high, bright, clear days. They have been sad and cloudy. Sometimes snow, sometimes rain,

sometimes a miserable compromise between both. But to-day is of one mind, and that a good mind. Nature is in her sweet and grand mood. It is the first day on which she cared to have it known that her mind was made up to have spring weather. The secret is out now. Snow is melting. I saw grass with fresh growth of green this very morning. No birds yet. But the grass *said* birds as plainly as if it had spoken English. They cannot be far off.

"Is not this a day for a ride? No mud yet. The road is hard and moist. Just the kind for a spin. For I do not want any of your lazy, jogging gaits. I am entirely of your mind that, if a horse has had swiftness put in him, it is fair to give him a chance to develop his gifts. Of course there is a bound. Reason in all things. Even in trotting it is easier for some horses to go twelve miles an hour than for others to go three. They were made so. Does it hurt a swallow to go swifter than an ox? Why not? Because he was made so. It is easy to do the thing we were *made* to do easily. And a good horse was made on purpose to go *fast*. He does it when wild of his own accord. He does not lose the relish of speed even when domesticated.

"Take a fine-bred horse, who in harness looks as if he were a pattern of moderation, a very deacon of sobriety, and turn him loose in pasture. Whew, what a change! He takes one or two steps slowly, just to be sure you

have let go of him, and then with a squeal he lets fly his heels high in the air, till the sun flashes from his polished shoes, and then off he goes, faster and fiercer, clear across the lot, till the fence brings him up. And then, with his eye flashing, his mane lifted and swelling, his tail up like a king's sceptre, he snorts a defiance at you from afar, and, with a series of rearings, running sideways, pawings and plungings, friskings and whirls, he starts again, with immense enjoyment, into another round of running. Do you not see that it is more than fun? It is ecstasy. It is horse rapture!

"I never see such a spectacle that I am not painfully impressed with the inhumanity of not letting horses run. Fastness is a virtue. Our mistaken moderation is depriving him of it. I drive fast on principle. I do it for the sake of being at one with nature. To drive slow, only and always, is to treat a horse as if he were an ox. *You* may be slow if you think proper. But your horse should be kept up to nature. He would have had but two legs if it was meant that he should go only on a 'go-to-meeting' pace. He has *four* legs. Of course he ought to do a great deal with them.

"Now, why do I say these things to *you?* Not to convince you of *your* duty. But I feared lest, taking me out to ride, you would be disposed to think that *I* had scruples, and would jog along moderately, as if doing me a favor. Not at all. The wind does not go fast enough

to suit me. If I were an engineer of a sixty-mile-an-hour express train, I should cover twenty miles an hour more.

"Let the horses be well groomed—well harnessed. Let the wagon be thoroughly looked to—no screw loose, no flaw just ready to betray us. Mount. I am by your side. The whip is not needed. Yet let it stand in its place, the graceful hint of authority in reserve, which is always wholesome to men and horses.

"Now get out of town cautiously. No speed here. This is a place for sobriety, moderation, and propriety in driving. But once having shaken off the crowd, I give you a look, and disappear instantly in a wild excitement, as if all the trees were crazy, and had started off in a race, as if the fences were chalk-lines, as if the earth and skies were commingled, and everything were wildly mixed in a supernatural excitement, neither of earth nor of the skies!

"The wind has risen since we started! It did not blow at this rate, surely! These tears are not of sorrow. But really this going like a rocket is new to every sense. Do not laugh if I clutch the seat more firmly. I am not afraid. It is only excitement. *You* may be used to this bird's business of flying. But don't draw the rein. I am getting calm. See that play of muscle! Splendid machinery was put into these horses. Twenty-horse-power at least in each! And how they enjoy it! No

forcing here. They do it to please themselves, and thank you for a chance! Look at that head! Those ears speak like a tongue! The eyes flash with eagerness and will! Is it three miles? Impossible! It is not more than a mile and a half!

"Well, draw up. Let me get off now and see these brave creatures. What! not enough yet? No painful puffing, no throbbing of the flanks. They step nervously and champ the bit, and lean to your caresses, as if they said, 'All this we have done to please *you*: now just let us go on to please ourselves!'"

"Mr. Beecher was a 'man of infinite jest,'" continued Mr. Bonner. "He was full of funny stories and quaint and original witticisms, and in story, lecture, or sermon he seldom missed spinning a good yarn to point a moral. His letters were almost invariably in a jocular strain, and he never missed an opportunity to turn a point against the man who sent it. I remember on one occasion of sending him a proof-sheet of one of his articles and of making some comments on it which I suggested to him were funny enough to entitle me to a position on the London *Punch*. The messenger who took the proof brought a letter back which ran like this:

"'To the Editor of London *Punch*: Robert Bonner desires an engagement on your paper. It gives me

pleasure to testify to his good character. No other one man has made me laugh so much. Just to look at him would make one feel good-natured, and I would suggest that his picture be published. He has but one fault. Should he begin by contributing to the *Punch* he would in less than two years own and edit it; but otherwise he may be trusted. H. W. BEECHER.'

"On December 19, 1873, he wrote to tell me of an accident that had befallen him in one of Brooklyn's streets in this somewhat terse style:

"'Got tumbled out of wagon last week. Didn't hurt. Horses ran away. Didn't hurt 'em. Wagon broke. *Did* hurt. Got to pay for it. My boys laugh at me. Say I'm getting old. Must take them along to drive for me. Wait!'

"It was shortly after he had agreed to write 'Norwood' for me that this rather significant paragraph appeared in one of his letters to me:

"'I cannot remember a year for fifteen years in which I have not been told that I had reached the end of my influence. I surely must at length reach it, and it may be of use to the ends of humility to keep the fact daily before me, that I may not be puffed up.'

"A letter bearing the date April 23, 1870, sent by him

to explain his reasons for sending his weekly manuscript earlier than usual, is characteristic and a fair sample of hundreds that I have filed away. He writes:

"'I go to New Haven for my lecture before the Divinity School, and don't get back till Friday morning or noon—too late—so I send copy. Oh, that I could always take time by the forelock and work beforehand! But, like Dexter, I can't trot in the stable. I must be brought out and put on the road, and have something behind me as well as a good road before me. There never was a horse so good as not to be better for a good driver.'

"A note dated January 18, 1865, just after Edward Everett's death, contained this expression:

"'I really feel Everett's death more than I could have believed. Till within five years I have not been in sympathy with him. But since the Rebellion he has done so nobly that I remember only that, and feel that the country has lost a true patriot. You have also lost a faithful friend, true, honorable, and—thanks largely to the *Ledger*—a friend to the common people. It is not often that a whole land and its government are so heartily disposed to honor a departed statesman.'

"One of the most peculiar things about Mr. Beecher's correspondence was its utter lack of sameness or formality. He addressed me in a half-dozen different styles, such as, 'My dear Mr. Bonner,' 'My dear Robert,' 'My dear Bonner,' and sometimes, when he wished to simulate

anger at some fancied slight, simply 'Robert Bonner.' He invariably jumped into the subject that was uppermost in his mind, and after disposing of that would deal in timely gossip. Sometimes his changes from subject to subject were rather startling. At the end of a commonplace letter on business topics, dated September 12, 1866, he writes: 'Was ever a man so killed dead by his own folly as Johnson? A Vice-President seems of necessity to be struck with insanity on the death of his *principle*.'

"You will observe that he has misspelled the word principal in this instance. That cannot be taken as a criterion, for he was usually very accurate in his spelling, but somewhat weak in his grammar. His copy for the printers was written closely in a small, almost effeminate hand, but was legible, and seldom required much editing. Occasionally one would run across a word that could not be deciphered, but it could generally be easily supplied from the context. One of the greatest difficulties we had to contend with in his literary work was his habit of procrastination. His love of out-door recreation was innate. He was always contented when he could be in the open air, but to sit at a desk and write was irksome, laborious, and not congenial to his nature. It was only through the constant teasing of his wife and the frequent demands from me that he could be induced to furnish his quota to the *Ledger's* columns, and sometimes we failed in keeping him at work. He seemed to have no

realization of the value of money, seldom hesitating to purchase any object which suited his fancy whether he could afford it or not. His wife took charge of the family finances and kept his accounts, or otherwise he would have been obliged, as he once said in one of his letters, to 'have gone into bankruptcy and pay five cents on the dollar,' several times in his career."

Following is a characteristic letter which Mr. Beecher once wrote to Mr. Bonner in answer to some questions from the *Ledger's* readers:

"DEAR MR. BONNER: You put into my hands a batch of questions, with a hint that I need not answer them unless I please. I do please. Of course I do not expect to put an end to such stories—certainly not to these particular ones. The first story, in the following letter, I have contradicted, in public and private, scores of times; and the only effect, as far as I can see, is that it moves on more vigorously than ever. But here is the letter:

"'DEAR LEDGER: Will you please inform me, through your answers to correspondents, if some of the stories I hear about Henry Ward Beecher are so or not? I have heard that he preached the sermon about being so damned hot. I have heard, also, that when asked by another minister what the difference was in their re-

ligions, that Mr. Beecher answered that there was a hell-fired sight of difference, meaning that the other preached that doctrine while he did not. Also, that he is a great card-player, and that the slang phrase of "How is that for high?" was started by him while playing a game of old sledge or seven-up. I don't know as you will like to answer these questions, but they will do a great deal of good to confirm his good character out here. I don't believe one word of it.'

"No. I never began a sermon by saying "it is d——d hot," nor with any variation of the phrase, nor in any manner remotely like it. Now, I appeal to a generous community whether it is fair to keep that story on me any longer, when there are others waiting for their turn—for somebody will have to carry it. There is Brother Talmage, he ought to carry it a while. Why not try it upon Hepworth? Of course, such a saddle would hardly fit the broad back of the good Dr. John Hall; but why should he not have something else as good made up for him?

"The second story is made up out of the whole cloth —so far as I am concerned. I suspect that it was Dr. Chapin said it. Try it on him!

"As to cards, I have never played a game of cards in my life. My education in that direction was entirely neglected. Indeed, if card-playing is necessary to lib-

eral culture, I am in a deplorable state; for I do not know one card from another. I am afraid that many men 'on the plains,' or in the mountains out West, will not think so well of me now; but the truth must be told. History is inexorable. Our young friend (for the letter was sent hither by a Kansas boy) is at liberty to read on the house-tops my renunciation and denial of these fiery stories; and, if he ever hears anything else bad about me, deny it, and stick to it, and ninety-nine times in a hundred, five times over, he will be right! Now for the next:

"'In your answer to correspondents please inform me whether Rev. H. W. Beecher ever prepares and delivers a sermon or prayer. I claim he does, and that the last sermon he preached last July, before his vacation, was a written one. Am I right?'

"All wrong. Wrong every time. He does not write out his sermons, or, as it is said, 'deliver it on paper;' and the sermon of last July was not a written one. Mere outlines are made. Very brief briefs, as a lawyer would say.

"I do not promise to answer all questions, or any more; but being in the mood I have let fly at these croaking birds, as one returning from a hunt would fire at a crow to clean out his gun-barrels.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Previous to purchasing his farm at Peekskill, where he spent many happy days, Mr. Beecher counselled with Mr. Bonner and Mr. Derby. After the three gentlemen had walked up and down the hills, Mr. Bonner caused the divine to laugh heartily by remarking that there was but one objection to the farm, and that was absence of level ground for a mile track. Mr. Beecher admired the high-bred horse, and one day he said to the owner of Dexter: "Robert Bonner, you are a very mean man."—"Why?"—"How can you ask why, when you have never invited me up to your Tarrytown farm to see those fine horses you own."—"But I have never asked my own pastor, Dr. John Hall, to go up."—"What of that? What does Dr. Hall know of the horse except what he has read in Revelations about the red horse and the white horse?"

A few years ago Mr. Beecher delivered the annual address before the graduating class of the American Veterinary College. Chickering Hall was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, and the committee were on needles for a little while. The exercises were to commence at eight o'clock, and it was 8.30 when the orator walked in, with bent shoulders and a weary expression on his face. He had written out his address in full, and as he had been late in getting down to the task he was behind time. When he got before his audience his face brightened and the carefully prepared sentences were spoken with animation. "Rank," he said, "is determined by the man

who practises, not by the thing he practises on. The aurist, the oculist, rank with neurologists. A man need not be an ass because he cares for horses." He argued that there was a great future before the veterinarian in this country. "If ever an animal deserved itself the title of faithful and true, it is the horse. Loving liberty, how kindly he submits to bondage. With ten times his strength, how docile is he to his driver. How willing to learn, how anxious to please, how utterly he gives up his own life to serve the wants of others. In speed like an eagle; in strength, a lion; in gentleness, a lamb." Mr. Beecher delighted in nature, and had he not entered the pulpit he probably would have become a closer student of the breeding problem. As it was, he had a better knowledge of the qualities of the road-horse than any other man of his cloth.

CHAPTER XII.

HIS FIRST AND ONLY NOVEL.

"Norwood ; or, Life North and South."—Its Plot and Object.—Norwood and its Population.—Abiah Cathcart and his Peculiarities.—Rachel Liscomb.—A Love-making Scene.—How the Momentous Question was Asked.—The Country Doctor.—The Bachelor Uncle.—What constitutes a Gentleman.—Mr. Beecher's Views regarding Will-Power.—Doctoring through the Imagination.—Rose and Alice.—Negro Pete.—Polly Marble on getting Religion.—Tom Heywood's Letter.—The Battle of Gettysburg.—A Monument to Surgeons and Hospital Nurses.—Marriage Bells.

In the preceding chapter we have learned the circumstances under which "Norwood" was written. We will now take a brief survey of that famous novel.

In the preface, Mr. Beecher informs his readers that it was written for the New York *Ledger* at the request of its editor. He had been but a moderate reader of fiction, and the work of writing a story seems at first to have been dreaded by him ; but he reflected that any real human experience was intrinsically interesting, and that the life of a humble family even for a single day could hardly fail to win some interest. As the author says, "The habit of looking upon men, or the children of God and heirs of immortality, can hardly fail to clothe the simplest and most common elements of daily life with importance, and

even with dignity. Nothing is trivial in the education of the King's Son!" Here spoke the whole-souled, generous heart of the man who could find nobility in all things created. This feeling permeates his story of Village Life in New England.

Beginning with a brief description of the picturesque beauty of the villages of New England in general, and in particular of Norwood, a town of five thousand inhabitants, which had, "in a general and indistinct way, an upper, middle, and lower class, with a wholesome jealousy of their rights, and a suspicion among the poor that wealth and strength always breed danger to the weak, making the upper class politically weaker than any other," we are introduced to Abiah Cathcart and Rachel Liscomb. Abiah Cathcart is a finely drawn specimen of a New England farmer, who had to begin life with a healthy body and mind and a common-school education. With the aid of these, by diligent perseverance and hard work the sturdy New Englander carved out his own fortune; and "who shall blame his honest pride afterward, when he was wealthy, that he had created his own fortune? Wealth created without spot or blemish is an honest man's peerage; and to be proud of it is his right. It is not the empty pride of money, but pride of skill, of patience, of labor, of perseverance, and of honor, which wrought and secured the wealth."

Rachel Liscomb, the daughter of a farmer and a dea-

con, was "one of the few women without gifts of speech whose bearing and looks are a full equivalent for speech," and from her early training was peculiarly adapted to be the companion and helpmate of Abiah in his journey through life. A silent understanding has existed between them that they are intended for each other, but it is not till awakened and encouraged by the text of a sermon that Abiah finds the courage to make the understanding more complete. "How strangely his voice sounded to him as, at length, all his emotions could only say, 'Rachel, how did you like the sermon?' Quietly, she answered, 'I liked the text.'—'*A new commandment I write unto you, that ye love one another.* Rachel, will you help me keep it?' At first she looked down and lost a little color; then raising her face, she turned upon him her large eyes, with a look both clear and tender. It was as if some painful restraint had given way, and her eyes blossomed into full beauty. Not another word was spoken. They walked home hand-in-hand. He neither smiled nor exulted. He saw neither the trees nor the long level rays of sunlight that were slanting across the fields. His soul was overshadowed with a cloud as if God were drawing near. He had never felt so solemn. This woman's life had been intrusted to him! Long years—the whole length of life—the eternal years beyond, seemed in an indistinct way to rise up in his imagination. All that he could say as he left her was:

"Rachel, this is forever—forever!"

No effusion and protestations of undying affection, no fervent words of love. Their hearts speak for them, and both are satisfied. "Outwardly, and in consonance with the customs of the neighborhood, he was gay and jovial at the wedding; but down deep in his soul he was as solemn before Rachel as if God spoke and he listened." And then the author continues:

"How wondrous are the early days of wedlock, in young and noble souls! How strange are the ways of two pure souls wholly finding each other out; between whom for days and months is going on that silent and unconscious intersphering of thought, feeling, taste, and will by which two natures are clasping and twining and growing into each other! Happy are they who know, and well Cathcart knew, how to bring such wisdom with loving, that selfishness, a poisonous weed, shall die out; and love clothed with reverence shall grow and thrive with power and beauty all one's life! For, if there be one root in which resides the secret of producing immortal flowers, it is Love."

From such a marriage only happiness could result, and as years rolled on Cathcart grew to prosperity and into universal respect, and erelong we are introduced to two of his children, Barton and Alice, who come more prominently forward as they advance to young manhood and womanhood.

Dr. Reuben Wentworth is the next prominent character in "Norwood." By the favor of his uncle, in his youth he had passed through Harvard University, and then had come the trouble of deciding with his uncle the calling he should adopt. Uncle Ebenezer was an old bachelor, spry, lean, and "chipper," but at heart a stern moralist, and loyal to the last degree in his conduct to honor and truth.

"Well, Reuben," he said to his nephew, "you are pretty well stuffed with trash. It will take several years to forget what you ought not to have learned, and to get rid of the evil effects of foolish instruction. But that will come pretty much of itself. College learning is very much like snow, and the more a man has of it the less can the soil produce. It's not till practical life melts it that the ground yields anything. Men get over it quicker in some kinds of business than in others. The college sticks longest on ministers and school-masters; next, to lawyers, not much to doctors, and none at all to merchants and gentlemen. You can't afford to be a gentleman, and so you must choose among other callings."

"Can't a man, Uncle Eb, be a gentleman in any respectable calling?"

"Oh, dear, no. *My* gentleman must take all his time to it, spend his life at it, be jealous of everything else. He is a kind of perfect man, a sort of chronometer for other men to keep time by. One is enough for a whole

town. One is enough—two would be a superfluity, and a class of them simply a nuisance. A gentleman should have feeling—but should hide it. People of much sentiment are like fountains, whose overflow keeps a disagreeable puddle about them. He should have knowledge, but not like your educated men of our day, whose knowledge sings, and crows, and cackles with every achievement. His knowledge should be like apples in autumn, hanging silently on the boughs—rich, ripe, and still. A gentleman should be business-like by instinct. Affairs in his hands come to pass silently and without ado, as Nature compasses her results—the vastest range and round of spring work making less noise than one store or shop. I tell you, Reuben, a gentleman is a rare specimen. He requires so much in the making that few are made. . . . He must be so fine that he accomplishes more while doing nothing than others do with all their bustle. He must be better than other men at the start, or he will grow rough in trying to mend matters, and so be like the best of common men, who only succeed in getting ready to live when it is time for them to die."

There was a world of practical common-sense in old Uncle Eb, in spite of his crotchety ways and love of argument. What a pity it is that he died a bachelor, and that he has left unrecorded his appreciation of the term —so provocative of argument and disagreement—a lady.

The outcome of Reuben's consultation with his uncle

was that he became a doctor; and at Uncle Eb's death he inherited a comfortable income and settled down at Norwood, and soon found his professional services in great demand.

"His skill consisted in persuading men to get well. Sickness is very largely the want of will. Everything is brain. There is thought and feeling, not only, but will; and will includes in it far more than mental philosophers think. It acts universally, now as upon mind, and then just as much upon the body. It is another name for life-force. Men in whom this life or will-power is great resist disease and combat it when attacked. To array a man's mind and will against his sickness is the supreme art of medicine. Inspire in men courage and purpose, and the mind-power will cast out disease. He was himself the best medicine, and often cured by his presence those whom drugs would have scarcely helped. These cures through the spirit of the patient he regarded as far the most skilful and philosophical. . . . 'Only the imagination?' he said to a nurse. 'That is enough. Better suffer in bone and muscle than in the imagination. If the body is sick, the mind can cure it; but if the mind itself is sick, what shall cure that?'"

The doctor prospered. Had he been a poor man his character would in time have brought him employment; as he was independent of his profession, his services were sought by all, and "he furnished another instance of the

willingness of men to aid those not in need, while those who are likely to starve if not at once befriended are put on a long probation."

For a house-keeper the doctor possessed a model in Agate Bissell, remarkable for her energy and conscientious fidelity, a very despot in her treatment of dirt and disorder, and, notwithstanding her hard manner and inflexible precision, possessed of a depth of affection ready to be bestowed on all worthy objects.

The village is interested in Dr. Wentworth's bachelordom, becomes excited over his marriage, and criticises his wife, before she is received and loved as the doctor himself. Then little Rose Wentworth is born, and the event gives an opportunity to Uncle Tommy Taft, the village cooper, philanthropist, and character, whose wife is regarded as second only in importance to the doctor on these occasions, to make himself known to the reader, and mildly exasperating to Parson Buell and Agate Bissell, the latter, in spite of the doctor's marriage, still reigning supreme in the household.

While Barton and Alice Cathcart and Rose Wentworth are growing up, the latter being carefully guarded during many a mad open-air frolic by an honest, burly negro named Pete, many of the prominent villagers pass before our notice; and we are regaled with many natural delights in flower-garden and forest, sunshine and shower.

There is big Deacon Jerry Marble, full of fun and ner-

vous risibility, whether in church or out of it, brimful of good-nature and light-heartedness. As an antidote, he has his wife, Polly—all nerve, bone, and skin—"so thin that smiles slipped off her head easily and left the same anxious, earnest face." Good hearts both, though of opposite temperaments.

Then appears good-natured, jovial, heavy-weighted Deacon Trowbridge, between whom and Deacon Marble Hiram Beers, the practical joker and wit of the village, gets up a climbing contest at a nutting party, to the great amusement of everybody but Polly Marble, whose horror at her spouse's undignified position in the tree-top was not to be silenced.

A night fishing scene, in which 'Biah Cathcart, Barton, Alice, Rose, and Pete take part is enthusiastically described, the description being in no way dampened, or the sport spoiled, either by Hiram Beers' banter or the thunder-storm which winds up the night's frolic. All are children of Nature, and remain unharmed, although Rachel Cathcart's fears are excited on seeing the drenched condition of the fishing party on their return home.

"'Oh, father!' said Rachel, 'it is wild of you to have these children out on such a night! Come in, my darlings!' But Rose and Alice were evidently too much excited and happy to need pity.

"'Why, Rachel, do you suppose people catch cold when they are excited like these children?'

"'But what would Dr. Wentworth say?'

"'Say? Why, he would say that such an experience was better than a dozen volumes of books—that it would give life to the imagination, that it would give the children impressions which would enlarge their whole after-life—that's what he would say!—and if he had been along himself, he would have enjoyed it better than any of us. . . . I hope never to get over being young. I look back on this night as if I had been walking in a cave full of crystals. I shall never forget it, and I'll warrant the children never will. Such things clean off the drudgery and sameness of life, and reach toward a deeper meaning.'"

Speaking of Rose and Alice, the author says:

Is there in life a fairer sight than two maidens, just emerging from childhood, twined together in love, gentle, strong, sincere, and full of fancies? who see real things as if they were visions and imaginary things as if they were real? whose days and nights flow musical as a meadow-brook, between green banks, and over a bottom rough, just enough to give flash and ripple to the surface? All the simplicity of childhood is yet theirs, while dawning duties and social proprieties begin to jut out like the buds in early spring! How beautiful the contrast between Alice, sensitive, reserved, and full of innate dignity—whose cheek changed color to her feelings, shifting almost as the colors flash from a humming-bird's back as he quivers among flowers—and Rose, fair-skinned, of a

brown hair that might be called suppressed auburn—free, frank, strong, and loving—who seemed conscious of the life and meaning of every living thing except herself. She had that perfect health which produces unconsciousness of self. Alice accepted mirth, but never created it. Rose sparkled with it. Her thoughts moved in a brilliant atmosphere. In certain of her moods, events, people, and even soulless objects, sparkled with gayety and humor. The two girls might be called, in the language of art, Light and Shadow.

Dr. Wentworth delighted to narrate to the children fables of Nature—"fictions that under every form whatsoever still tended in their imagination to bring Nature home to them as God's wonderful revelation, vital with sentiment and divine truth."

Rose's love of Nature seemed at times to be a great cause of anxiety to her mother and Agate Bissell. "There are many people who seem to regard anxiety as a religious duty. They seem to think that no state of mind is substantial which is not ballasted with cares." In conversation with Mrs. Polly Marble, Agate asked if the Lord in his Sovereignty might not deal gently with young people. Was not that the meaning of the Scripture, "He will carry the young in His arms?"

"Agate," said Polly, "I always say that it's best to be on the sure side. It never does harm to find fault with your evidences, 'cause if they are real you won't hurt 'em,

and if they are deceivin' you, you will be apt to find it out. People nowadays git religion too easy. I was under conviction nigh about two months. I was awfully striven with afore I give up. Young people now seem to git along too easy, I say. They don't bear any yoke, nor carry much of a cross. I have seen folks have measles light, and scarlet fever so easy they didn't hardly know it. But I shall never be made to believe that anybody took religion so easy that they didn't know they had it."

"Don't you sometimes doubt the promises," said Agate, "when you see how children turn out that's well brought up? . . . I don't know—it's a mystery to me!"

"A mystery!" said Aunt Polly Marble, . . . "there is no mystery about it. It's all election. That does it!" And that was Mrs. Marble's solution of many a difficulty.

Barton Cathcart, meanwhile, is growing apace, mentally and physically, and after the exercise of a great deal of self-help in the acquirement of elementary knowledge, he at length, with the consent of his father, enters Amherst College. Before this, however, it has become apparent to both Rose and himself that something stronger than their childhood's affection for each other is coming to the surface. The author treats his readers to a chapter on Mental Philosophy dealing with the transitions of feelings from boyhood and girlhood to manhood and womanhood; and after three years we are

introduced to visitors at Norwood. There is Frank Esel, a young artist with plenty of money and a rare facility for spending, who had made a reputation for himself in Norwood by stopping Rose Wentworth's runaway horse and saving her life, and soon afterward makes the discovery that he is a fourth cousin to the Wentworths, and falls in love with Rose. Also Tom Heywood, from Virginia, comes before our notice, and it is not long before Barton Cathcart's heart begins to be troubled and to throb with uneasiness in view of the feelings which it is evident this gentleman entertains toward Rose. Barton has graduated from Amherst with success, and he is now in charge of the Norwood Academy.

An extract from one of Tom Heywood's letters to his brother Hal is interesting as a Southerner's comparison between North and South, based on his own experiences.

"I am studying," he writes, "this Yankee people with the utmost zest. Of course, many of them are like our own folks. Cultivated people are always more or less alike, the world over. On that very account one studies the middle and lower classes for distinctive characters, as there, if anywhere, is apt to be found originality and eccentricity. I had an impression that the rigor of Puritan morals, and a coercive public sentiment, held everything here down to set patterns, and that I should find a dreary sameness of a kind not very interesting. But the under people here are rich in peculiarities. They open

up well already. In the South there is more liberty of *action*, and in the North of *thought*. Law is not so strong among us. A population thinly scattered through wide territory are obliged to take their affairs into their own hands, and are less likely to wait for redress or opportunity for the slow process of law. Men here live in attrition, yet universally respect the law. Among the lower classes Law is put instead of Religion. Yesterday a man had been aggrieved by a neighbor. I heard him say, in a great passion, 'I'll have the law of him if there's any justice in the land.' Had it been in Virginia, the man would have thrashed the offender on the spot, and settled his grievance without judge or jury."

Rose saves Esel the pain of a refusal by desiring him to continue a friend, but Heywood probably had to incur the pain which had been spared to Esel. Then from the peaceful village scenes we are carried into the war. "The leading thoughtful political men of South Carolina . . . were fully determined at all hazards to separate from the North." Heywood, though deploring the contest, hurries off to take his place on the Southern side. The assault and evacuation of Fort Sumter takes place, and war is definitely declared. Norwood responds nobly, and Barton Cathcart leads his company to add to the ranks of the North. Agate Bissell, with Rose and Alice, later take the field as nurses, the young girls being interested in both sides of the fight. Alice,

while praying for the safety of her brother, is obliged also to include Heywood, on whom she has secretly bestowed all her young affections, while Rose is equally anxious for Barton, though by a misunderstanding he has not yet openly declared himself.

An interesting description of the fight at Gettysburg follows, in which fight poor Tom Heywood, who had hated the war, but was forced into it, is killed. His body is discovered by Alice, and interred. Then, in spite of the grief at her heart and the hope that is gone, to return no more, she goes back to her hospital duties and tender care of the sick and wounded.

"It seems fit that among the testimonies of a nation's gratitude some recognition should be given to this rear-guard of humanity. At least it would be a wise and comely act for the Government of this Nation, in the Capital, to rear a monument and inscribe it—

TO

THE HEROIC SURGEONS AND THE NOBLE WOMEN

WHO

Laid down their lives for the Nation.

Barton, who is now General Cathcart, is taken prisoner, and is rescued by Pete, the negro, and conveyed to the house of a Quaker farmer, and carefully tended, and where Rose and her father are erelong in attendance on

him. On his return to consciousness Barton and Rose are soon of one accord on the important question between them, and the long weeks of his recovery are shortened by the joys of love.

After two years. The war is over, and we are back in Norwood to witness the ceremony that is to unite for evermore these two young loving hearts. And then the sudden decease of Agate Bissell astounds the neighbors. For scarcely are Rose and Barton united than Agate bravely takes her stand and becomes Mrs. Parson Buell. "Only Alice's presence was wanting to make the day perfectly happy."

"Alice," said her mother, "is very heart-sore. Life goes wearily with her. But she has determined to give her life to the instruction of the poor black children. She has gone to Lynchburg, where *his* parents lived, you know, and I hope she is happier now."

"But the people are dispersing. The sun is just setting. Some linger, and seem reluctant to leave. If you, too, reader, linger and feel reluctant to leave "Norwood," I shall be rejoiced and repaid for the long way over which I have led you."

The wish of the author has been attained. When one has read "Norwood," he wishes to return to it, and the oftener he returns the more charms he will find in the peaceful scenes and communings with Nature so beautifully delineated.

CHAPTER XIII.

HIS ART AS AN ORATOR.

The Greatest Orator of the Century.—Characteristics of His Oratory.—Extemporizing a Sermon.—A Reporter's Experience.—Power with an Audience.—His Great Earnestness.—Thoughts Rarely committed to Paper.—Doctrinal Addresses.—Peculiarities of His Lectures.—Never the Same Successively.—Weakness in Statistical Matters.—His Mimetic Skill.—His Last Public Address.—Congregational Singing.—Eloquence of His Prayers.—Always dealt with Questions of the Time.—Where Materials were Obtained.—A Curious Autograph.—His Great Lecture Tour in the West.—The New York *Independent* on Beecher.

It is not too much to say that Mr. Beecher was the greatest orator that the century has produced. Others may have equalled him in fluency of speech, in earnestness of manner, or in other requisites of eloquence, but no man has equalled him in great range of thought, in the variety of topics considered, and above all in the ability to speak with swiftly flowing eloquence upon a subject which had been presented but a few moments before he rose to his feet. The following anecdote is an illustration of his wonderful power in this direction.

One of the reporters of the Brooklyn *Eagle* was sent one Sunday evening a few years ago to report Mr.

Beecher's sermon. The discourse was one of singular power, freshness, and force, and the reporter was more than charmed and interested. When the service was over he encountered Mr. Beecher at the foot of the pulpit stairs, and knowing the small store he set upon his manuscript notes, asked him if he would be good enough to give them to him, as he desired to preserve them as an autographical prize and as a memento of the sermon. "Well," said the Plymouth Church pastor, as he fluttered over the half-dozen sheets of note-paper, "you can have them, but this is not the sermon I preached. I prepared this sermon intending to use it; but when I got in the pulpit I got to thinking of another subject and preached upon that." He gave the reporter the notes, however, very willingly, seeming to care nothing for them, so the young man has the notes of one of Mr. Beecher's unpreached sermons.

The following is a careful analysis of Mr. Beecher's art as an orator by one who had studied him carefully:

For more than half a century he spoke in public. His addresses were on diverse subjects—political, religious, educational, agricultural, charitable, and other. He was gifted with a massive frame, a fine presence, a powerful and well-modulated voice, and an impressive demeanor. Whatever he said bore the mark of earnestness. He threw himself into a subject impulsively. His diction was something marvellous. Although he never spoke from manuscript, and in his most polished addresses relied only on

the briefest of captions, he was never at a loss for a word, never failed to get the most apt expression.

He had above most orators the power to sway an audience as he saw fit. He could touch and arouse, could move to tears and inspire to enthusiasm. In his lighter and more genial mood he would bring out smiles and bursts of most hearty laughter. His quaint conceits would often appear in his pulpit utterances, and on such occasions his enemies accused him of buffoonery solely because of some garbled extracts which found their way into print. Read, however, with the context as they were uttered, their true meaning and purpose were at once perceived. He dealt less in imagery or word-painting than in illustration and analogy, and rarely indulged in quotations. His appeals were to human feeling no less than to human reason.

Ordinarily he spoke slowly and with deliberation, but he would now and again indulge in passionate outbursts in which the words came like a torrent. Stenographers and other reporters of his addresses never felt quite sure of him. He would proceed for some minutes at the rate of about one hundred and twenty words a minute, and then would suddenly rise to double that speed. The reporters, however, had one compensation—Mr. Beecher never found fault with their reports.

Nearly all of his addresses were extemporary, in the sense that he had little or no notes to guide him. In his

ordinary addresses, where he was one of several speakers at a meeting or assemblage, he would listen to those who preceded him, and taking as a text some one utterance, would construct an address upon that. He had, to a very marked degree, the ability to "think upon his feet," and as a consequence was not ruffled by interruptions. In fact, he often did better after being interrupted than before. An outside remark would spur him on, and he would often use it to the discomfiture of the person uttering it. Most effective instances of this were had from time to time in Plymouth Church itself.

He prided himself on having made the pulpit of his church a free platform. From it spoke the heroes of the old anti-slavery fight, with Wendell Phillips in the van. There it was that they raised money to buy the liberty of slaves. It re-echoed with a welcome to Kossuth, and with appeals for the oppressed abroad and at home. From it came urgent calls for charity, for education, for freedom, and for humanity. No good cause ever found Mr. Beecher remiss. His heart, his purse, and his voice responded in no uncertain or half-hearted way.

His doctrinal addresses, including his famous Yale lectures, were gems in their way. The thought was couched in vigorous language, the illustrations were most varied, and the logical sequence was perfect. He could dress an idea in most intelligible as well as striking garb, and his comparisons were fitting as well as admirable.

He was in great demand as a lecturer all over the country, and was always sure of a large and attentive audience. People would go to hear him deliver the same lecture again and again. But it was never the same lecture. The topic was the same, but the language, the illustrations, and the method of reasoning were different. He never committed a lecture to memory, but relied on the inspiration of the moment to guide him in his manner of viewing or discussing his subject. The lecture would not be the same on two successive evenings. He kept abreast of the times, took a lively interest in current topics, and would weave in his discourse illustrations or incidents suggested by the occurrences of the day.

It was on festive occasions that his geniality in discourse found full vent. At public dinners, notably those of the New England Society in New York for many years, he was looked upon as the especial guest. He would at one moment set the tables in a roar, and next moment would thrill them to the quick by an appeal to their sympathy. It was a tribute to his ability that the dinner committee generally managed so that Mr. Beecher was the last speaker. Everyone waited to the end in order to hear him speak. Presidents, governors, and political magnates would precede him, but his advent would be anxiously waited for. He had no set speech for such occasions. At one time the burden of his talk would be good-natured raillery; at another it would be some earnest plea for

progress or for charity. Whatever it was, it was well said and well received.

In his political addresses, Mr. Beecher rarely ventured on the domain of statistics, although when he did so he showed great art in his handling of figures. His appeals were usually to the feelings and the consciences of his auditors. He spoke in every Presidential campaign, and in many of the minor contests, among them that for municipal reform in his own city. In recent years his most noted addresses of the kind were the memorable one in the Garfield campaign, in which he fairly flayed by his sarcasm the brood of calumniators whose argument consisted in chalking the figures 329 on pavements and cellar doors; that in the Cooper Union, wherein he urged the renomination of President Arthur, and his Brooklyn Rink speech in favor of Cleveland.

Mr. Beecher had no fixed formula for beginning an address. He would sometimes open up his subject with his conclusion, and gradually show the train of reasoning leading to it. At other times he would begin by announcing certain undisputed facts, and lead by easy stages to the result. He bound himself by no set rules, and he followed none. He used few gestures.

His play of feature and his mimetic skill were so remarkable that it was often said of him that he would have been a wonderful actor had he chosen that calling. He felt too strongly what he said, however, to have sim-

ulated a passion. When he pleaded for a cause he did so with his whole being. His voice would grow husky, his frame would tremble, and tears would follow one another down his cheeks. His audiences, listening with rapt attention, would feel as he did, and be drawn the closer toward him. His spell was magnetic.

Another writer says:

His last public address was delivered, within the week in which he was stricken, in favor of the high license bill. He was "a temperance man;" he had been generally "a total abstinent;" but he saw with the general intelligent opinion of the community that the cause of temperance here and now could be best served by high license. This was a striking illustration of his good-sense and of that ready sympathy which was generally in accord with the best opinion around him. Indeed, the average good-sense, the humane impulse, the moral sentiment of the country, found its voice in him. His national pride was stirred by the consciousness that the American republic was "the reign of the common people." The people heard him gladly, because he was a sturdy, strong, inspiring preacher, not of theological doctrines, but of righteousness of life.

When he took charge of Plymouth Church, the first thing he insisted on was congregational singing. The organ was not a very fine instrument, but it did its duty, and a large volunteer choir led the singing—at first, but after a while the congregation was the choir and the organ

the leader. Mr. Beecher had the pulpit cut away, and on the platform placed a reading-desk. In this way he was plainly visible from crown to toe, and whether preaching or sitting, every motion was in full view of the crowded assemblage. Instead of resting a pale forehead on a pallid hand and closing his eyes as if in silent prayer while his people sung, Mr. Beecher held his book in his red fist and sung with all his might. Although not a finished singer, he had a melodious bass voice, and he sung with understanding. As he did so his eyes would take in the scene before him, and it needed no wizard's skill to detect its power over him. Ever impressible and as full of intuition as a woman, he felt the presence of men and women. Time and again the tenor of his discourse was altered at the sight of a face. Incidents of the moment often shaped the discourse of the hour. He laid great stress on the influence of congregational singing. It brought the audience to a common feeling. It made them appreciate that they were not only in the house of worship, but that they were there as worshippers, part of their duty being to sing praises to the Most High.

His prayers, too, attracted great attention. The keenest eye, the most sensitive ear, never detected an approach to irreverence in Mr. Beecher's manner in prayer. He prayed, it is true, as a respectful son would petition a loving and indulgent father. It was noticed that he addressed his prayers very largely to the Saviour. In

his sermons it was the love of Christ on which he dwelt. It seemed as if he delighted to put away all thought of the Judge, and to keep always present the tenderness of the Father and the affection of the Elder Brother. The little church was always overcrowded. Hundreds applied in vain for seats. It became the fashion to "go to hear Beecher." Thousands went to criticise and ridicule. Thousands went in simple curiosity. It was soon the affectation to look down upon him. He was called boorish, illiterate, ungrammatical, uncultivated, fit for the common people only, and a temporary rush-light. Dr. Cox, an old friend of Lyman Beecher, to whom the new-comer expected to turn for advice as to a father, said: "I will give that young man six months in which to run out." When the church was burned the trustees put up an immense temporary structure on Pierrepont Street, near Fulton, which they called the Tabernacle. There every Sunday immense crowds of strangers and visitors from other parishes assembled to listen to Mr. Beecher.

Already the newspapers had discovered the pith of the preacher and made him noted in the land. His utterances were never commonplace, his manner was always fresh, his illustrations ever new. He never avoided issues. Indeed, it was charged that he was sensational because he talked and taught about the topic of the hour. He rarely preached a doctrinal sermon, and when he did

there was a kind of explanatory protest with it, as much as to say: "I don't really believe I know anything about this, but it can't do any harm." At first he dealt largely in practical lessons to the young men who formed a large part of his congregations. It was often remarked that while the proportion in other churches was five women to one man, in the Tabernacle, and later in the Plymouth Church, the proportion was reversed. This is accounted for by two facts—young men, clerks, students, and those who lived in boarding-houses, felt at home in that church, and the hotels of New York sent over hundreds every Sunday, who considered hearing "Beecher preach" one of the essentials of their business in New York. At all events, there they were, and Mr. Beecher made it a rule of his life-work to address himself to them. He never bombarded the Jews, he left the heathen to their normal guardians, he avoided a decision of questions raised in the Garden of Eden, and left the sheep and the goats of ancient history to follow the call of their shepherd. His flock was before him. His duty was to care for the men and women who sat in the pews of his church and thronged its aisles and packed its galleries. He was human, and avowed his love for man. Their weaknesses were his, and he called on them to seek a common physician.

The average person who came to New York for the first time, no matter what might be his religion (if he had any), would no more think of returning home without

hearing Mr. Beecher than he would neglect seeing Central Park or the Statue of Liberty. Men who had not been to church since their boyhood went to hear the great preacher.

"I have known visitors to spend Saturday night in gambling hells and other wicked places," said an hotel clerk in New York, while speaking of this matter, "and then sit up for hours, so as to be sure to be in time to hear Mr. Beecher. At first it used to strike me as very odd to hear a man whom I knew to be a sport, and who held religion in contempt, talking about going to church. And they seemed to take such interest in it, too, and were so particular about being called in time. When they returned they talked about the sermon in such a way that I could see that Mr. Beecher had touched a tender spot in these hard hearts. I remember that this was the case a few years ago with Mike McDonald, the famous Chicago gambler. He had been out all night, and got in a little before daylight. He remarked that he had a great desire to hear Mr. Beecher, and he had made up his mind to do so that day; but he knew that if he should go to bed it would be hard work getting up. For that reason he sat up and opened several bottles of champagne as a means of killing time. I have no doubt but in this way Mr. Beecher reached a number of such sinners, many of whom he brought to a realization of their moral condition. I knew another instance where a man, while seeing New

York one Saturday night by gas-light, got very much intoxicated. He remembered that he had made up his mind to hear Mr. Beecher. He stopped drinking about midnight, so that he might sober up and attend Plymouth Church next morning. Had it not been for this, there's no telling to what excesses the man might have gone."

General Horatio C. King of Brooklyn has in his collection of autographs an interesting scrap from Mr. Beecher's pen illustrating his manner of work. To it is attached a ticket to the platform of the Academy of Music, Brooklyn, on the occasion of the address of Mr. Beecher on "The Issues of the Canvass," Friday evening, October 9, 1868. The scrap of writing contains the headings made by Mr. Beecher for his address. They are written in a bold hand, apparently with a quill pen, and many of the words are underscored. The headings are as follows: I.—Origin of party—historic logic of our history and principles. II.—What has it done to deserve well of the people? III.—What charges are brought against it? (1)—Not restoring the Union—delaying for party reasons. (2)—Oppressive taxes. (3)—It is refreshing to hear Mayor Hoffman express his conscience on extravagance in public moneys. IV.—By whom are they accused? Who is it that proposes to take their place and finish the work of Liberty? (1)—Their relation to every event and step gained by war. (2)—Their proposed remedy. Overturn all that Congress has done. Reverse

legislation. Throw down State enactments. Send back Senators and Representatives. Remand Southern States to turmoil and confusion.

Upon the platform Mr. Beecher, with these few notes, under the inspiration of the moment, delivered a splendid address, talking two hours or more.

His greatest lecture tour was through the West in the winter and spring of 1877. He was absent about two months, speaking in many of the leading cities of that section of the country. His trip was a tremendous ovation. The size of the audiences was measured by the capacity of the halls in which he spoke. Instances were frequent of people travelling hundreds of miles to hear him lecture. During the trip he spoke at least once a day, and often three times. While in the city where he lectured, he would visit some public institution, and would be called upon for a short speech. In spite of the tremendous strain of constant journeying and speaking he preserved his health and strength, and returned home apparently as fresh as the day he went away. It was without exception the most wonderful lecture tour ever witnessed in this country.

An editorial in the New York *Independent* pays the following tribute to his oratory:

> In the death of Henry Ward Beecher the American pulpit loses one of the greatest men that ever stood in it, and perhaps the greatest genius that America has yet produced.

There lies before us the picture of the young, dark-haired man who came to Brooklyn from Indianapolis more than forty years ago. We recall the fervor and brilliancy of his oratory. He shot suddenly into the sky, brilliant as a meteor, but with a light fixed and steady as the sun. Plymouth Church became immediately famous, the Mecca of every pilgrim. That young man had introduced a new style of preaching, had put a fresh genuineness into the Gospel, had discovered a manliness in religion; and he uttered an appeal which went to every heart. For decade after decade there was no decay of his power. It is difficult to tell in what his power did or, rather, did not consist. It was in his whole nature. He was in every direction a genius.

In the first place, he was a man of infinite common-sense. He looked all round things, and then he went to the centre of them. He said the plain, simple thing that everybody could understand. He was not deceived by the cant and conventionalities that surround a thought, an idea, a duty, or a religious service; but he put his touch on the very core of things. He did not ask other men what was truth, but he looked for himself, and what he saw he told. It was always fresh, it was sometimes strange. Thus he had originality. He borrowed no judgments or opinions. He did not mind if he contradicted the world. He had that superb confidence that knew that his judgment might be worth more than the judgment of a million men. Because his head was higher than some other men's, his vision apparently was farther and truer than that of all the rest. So he spoke with authority that commanded assent. Not that every conclusion was true—that is not given to man; but his conclusions carried almost more than mortal weight.

Then there was his mighty enthusiasm. Enthusiasm is the chief qualification of a leader. It is not scholarship alone or sound judgment that makes progress or drives a captive world before it,

but enthusiasm. No other endowment is so important for a leader. Here is the magnetism we talk about. Mr. Beecher was overflowing with enthusiasm. What he knew or believed, he felt, and was determined that other people should feel it also. Here comes a good part of the courage which a leader has. Mr. Beecher had a leonine bravery. He was not afraid of man or the Devil. With what superb self-forgetfulness and might did he attack current notions which dishonored the character of God, or denounce the proud and apparently invincible monster of slavery! How heroic was his defence of America before the mad mobs of England in the darkest hours of our civil war! Not another man living did or could have done his service. And he did it all with such unconscious ease, with no apparent effort of logic, rhetoric, or oratory. What he said became evident when he said it, with no compulsion of argument and no illusion of eloquence.

With this was joined the most exquisite poetic nature that orator ever possessed. Every phase of nature was beautiful to him. Every trait in man was familiar to him. All this store of insight was part of the material of his thought. It was natural to him to speak in pictures. He never overlaid an argument with ornament. The ornament was in the argument. The two were fused together. The glory was in the gold. The spirit was in the wheels.

It was worth crossing the ocean to hear him in his prime. Such a voice as he had! It was sweet, mellow, most delicate and rich in its intonations, now moving steadily along a low level of tone, sinking into a tender pathos, bubbling over in some quick sally of mirth or humor, and then swelling out in a mighty volume of force that seemed to crash against the roof. Every sympathy and noble passion was appealed to—reason, laughter, tears answered him in turn, with an infinite variety of sentiment and feeling. It is not conceivable that he could ever have wearied a hearer. Every moment

was fresher than the last. There was an utter absence of formality, not the least suspicion of art, the utter naturalness which naturally said noble things, beautiful things, even comical things—not to be comical, but to lighten the thought, and make the good seem more true. When he was speaking no one thought of the man, but only of the thing he said, and everyone went home to wonder at the power that could do such marvels with such infinite ease. As we look back upon him, it is that infinite ease with which he worked that carries the evidence of his genius—simply, he did what other men could not, because he was gifted with the power.

His impress is on the country, in religious thought, in method of preaching, in all the social and political progress we have made. The country can never forget Henry Ward Beecher. It has not yet recorded a greater name. The generation is fortunate that has seen the method of such genius. We follow him to the grave with infinite admiration and unspeakable sorrow. Much has he said of the love and the mercy of God. To the mercy and love of God he has committed his soul, and our prayer follows his bier.

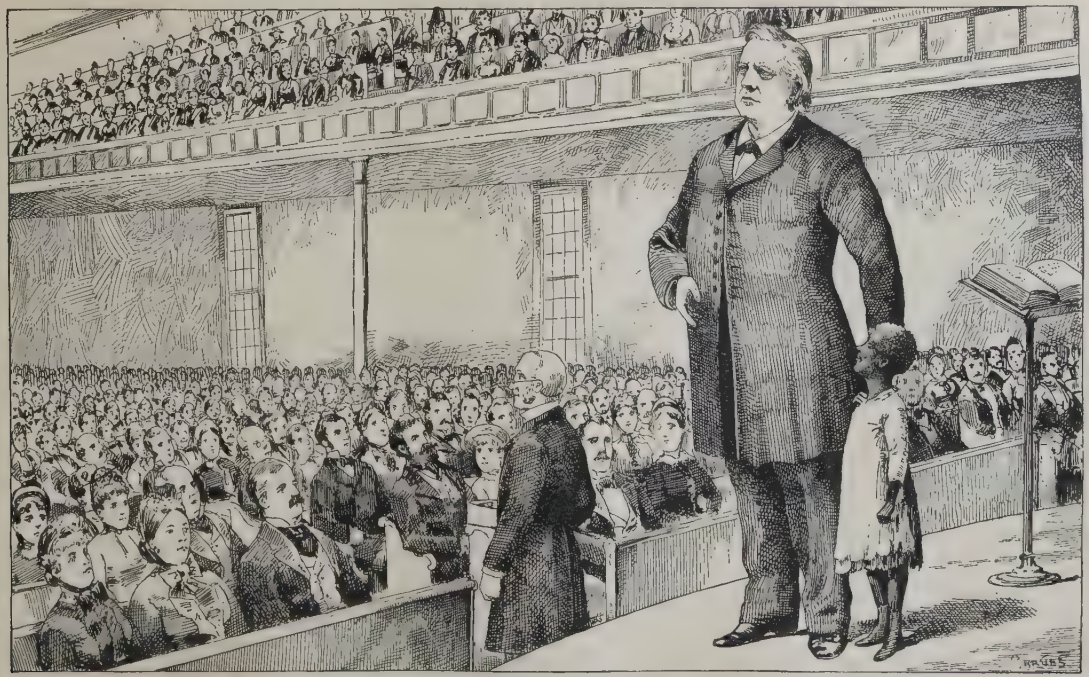
Allusion has been made in a previous chapter to the successful effort of Mr. Beecher to raise money necessary to secure the freedom of a slave child. The occurrence was a fine illustration of the power of his oratory, and is admirably told by a biographer of Rose Terry Cooke. The writer says :

" Miss Terry happened to attend Plymouth Church one morning when the pastor brought upon the platform a little colored child who was to be returned to slavery unless a certain sum of money could be paid for her at once —Mr. Beecher undertaking to raise that money in his

church and set the child free. As he told the story of her little life and wrongs, in his inimitable manner, every heart was harrowed, none more so than that of Rose, who was half wild with excitement, wrought to a fever of pity and horror; and every purse flew open, and Rose had no purse about her. But on her hand—a white and tiny hand—was a ring she valued, a ring with a single fine opal in its setting—if it had been the Orloff diamond it would have made no difference, it was all she had when the box came round, and she took it off and dropped it in. It chanced that the ring exactly fitted one of the fingers of the little brown hand, and Mr. Beecher gave it to the child in token of her freedom and her friends, as the money raised was amply sufficient to purchase her safety; and presently advertising for information concerning the giver of the ring, he christened the child into the new life with the name of Rose. If the reader should ever see a painting by Eastman Johnson, called the 'Freedom Ring,' where a child sits on a tiger-skin and looks curiously and gladly at a jewel on her hand, it is this incident which it commemorates."

One who knew him intimately writes as follows concerning him:

He was the most remarkable preacher of his time, the most popular, the most influential. His spoken and his printed words have been heard and read by many millions of his fellow-men. It is clear that he did not



THE "FREEDOM RING." MR. BEECHER PLEADING FOR MONEY TO SET A SLAVE CHILD FREE.

achieve his great success without much deliberate calculation. He studied other preachers, but he studied still more carefully himself. Health seeming to him the prime condition of good preaching, he sought to realize the most perfect health imaginable in his own body, and his success was very great. He was particularly careful of the condition of his body on his preaching days. His Sundays were ascetic. He allowed himself only so much food as would prevent faintness. Those who met him Saturdays in the print-shops and picture-galleries often imagined that his Sunday sermon was already written, or that he would trust to luck for it. They were wrong in either case. It was not written. But Mr. Beecher was loafing upon principle. Saturday was always his most careless day. It was so that he prepared himself for the morrow's work. His Sunday morning sermon was not sketched (it was very seldom written) till Sunday morning, nor his evening sermon till the afternoon. His system was to keep himself full by reading and by observation, and then, the subject once chosen, it became magnetic to the multitude of observations and ideas with which his mind was stored. In looking over the volumes of "Plymouth Pulpit" the first impression we receive is of the astonishing variety of subjects treated; the next is of the variety of treatment—the preacher's prodigality of perception and imagination. The sermons have little logical connection or organic unity. Their strength is in

the parts rather than in the wholes. They abound in illustrations, and there are bursts of stormy eloquence. These give the hearers their impression. Mr. Beecher was always given to illustrations, but he used fifty in his maturity where he used one in his youth. He was always seeking for analogies in his walks about town and in his rambles in the country, and they returned to him when needed, and became the spontaneous method of his thought.

CHAPTER XIV.

GEMS FROM PULPIT UTTERANCES.

Examples of His Oratorical Power.—Striking Passages culled from the Abundance.—How to speak of the Absent.—Ideal Faith.—The True Plan of Life.—"The Church has been so Fearful of Amusements that the Devil has had the Care of Them."—Majesty in Anger.—Churches as Mutual Insurance Companies.—A Babe is a Mother's Anchor.—Overplus of Everything but Punishments.—Religion with some Men like a Church-bell, to be Rung only on Sacred Occasions.—The Bible and its Commentators.—Truths of the Bible Like Gold in the Soil.—Character, Like Porcelain, must be painted Before Glazing.—A Lie Always needs a Truth for a Handle.

MR. BEECHER'S first sermon to the congregation of Plymouth Church has been given in a previous chapter, and the last sermon he preached will be referred to in a later one. In the forty years intervening between these two productions his sermons and lectures abounded in thoughts and expressions such as have fallen from the lips of no man since the days of Shakespeare. To show the matchless character of his oratory, nothing could be better than a selection from these utterances.

About the year 1856 a member of Plymouth Church conceived the happy idea of making notes of some of the most striking passages in Mr. Beecher's sermons. The

notes became so numerous that they were published in a volume under the title of "Life Thoughts." The book had an extensive sale and a wide popularity, and a second volume was issued a few years after the first. From these and other volumes a few of the most striking sentences have been selected. Unfortunately, there is so much of the best, so great a wealth of expression, so much of practical value, that it is a difficult matter to endeavor to select any of the fruits when there are so many luscious and ripe hanging before our eyes. We must shake the tree and gather up those that fall.

When the absent are spoken of, some will speak gold of them, some silver, some iron, some lead, and some always speak dirt, for they have a natural attraction tŏward what is evil, and think it shows penetration in them. As a cat watching for mice does not look up though an elephant goes by, so they are so busy mousing for defects that they let great excellences pass them unnoticed. I will not say it is not *Christian* to make beads of others' faults, and tell them over every day; I say it is *infernal.* If you want to know how the devil feels, you *do know* if you are such an one.

Our best actions are often those of which we are unconscious, but this can never be unless we are always yearning to do good.

There are many people who are so refined in their tastes—and by their refinement I mean the passage of a thing from a gross form to its evanishing point in the immaterial—that they live in the ideal rather than in the actual. Such have an æsthetical faith. They have so cultivated their eye for colors that they can almost see the gleaming of the precious stones in the wall of heaven; and they have taught their ear so to appreciate harmonious sounds that they can almost hear the celestial bells ringing sweet invitation to them; and they have so strengthened and purified their social natures that the fiery edges of heavenly affection almost touch theirs, as cloud lightning touches cloud lightning. How wretched will such be, when through death they really enter the realm of the invisible, to find that they have failed of the highest faith, the faith of the moral nature, which alone will admit them to the companionship of God!

You know how the heart is subject to freshets; you know how the mother, who, always loving her child, yet, seeing in it some new wile of affection will catch it up and cover it with kisses, and break forth in a rapture of loving. Such a kind of heart-glow fell from the Saviour upon that young man who said to Him, "Good Master, what good thing shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?" It is said, "Then Jesus, beholding him, loved him."

In plan, include the whole; in execution, take life day by day. Men do not know how to reconcile the oppugnant directions that we should live for the future, and yet should find our life in fidelities to the present; but the last is only the method of the past. True aiming in life, is like true aiming in marksmanship. We always look at the fore-sight of a rifle through the hind-sight.

A noble man compares and estimates himself by an idea which is higher than himself, and a mean man by one which is lower than himself. The one produces aspiration; the other, ambition. Ambition is the way in which a vulgar man aspires.

An ambition which has conscience in it will always be a laborious and faithful engineer, and will build the road and bridge the chasms between itself and eminent success by the most faithful and minute performances of duty.

All true ambition and aspiration are without comparison.

We are bound to be the almoners of God's bounty—not tax-gatherers, to take away what little others have. As a father stands in the midst of his household, and says, "What is best for my children?" so we are to stand in the world, and say, "What is best for my brotherhood?"

Our people, nomadic as the Arabs, impetuous as the Goths and Huns, pour themselves along our Western border, carrying with them all their wealth and all their institutions. They drive schools along with them as shepherds drive sheep, and troops of colleges go lowing over the Western plains, like Jacob's kine.

The Church has been so fearful of amusements that the devil has had the care of them. The chaplet of flowers has been snatched from the brow of Christ and given to Mammon.

There is an anger that is damnable; it is the anger of selfishness. There is an anger that is majestic as the frown of Jehovah's brow; it is the anger of truth and love. If a man meets with injustice, it is not required that he shall not be roused to meet it; but if he is angry after he has had time to think upon it, that is sinful. The flame is not wrong, but the coals are.

Never forget what a man has said to you when he was angry. If he has charged you with anything, you had better look it up. Anger is a bow that will shoot sometimes where another feeling will not.

If the architect of a house had one plan, and the contractor another, what conflicts would there be! How

many walls would have to come down, how many doors and windows would need to be altered, before the two could harmonize! Of the building of life, God is the architect, and man is the contractor. God has one plan and man has another. Is it strange that there are clashings and collisions?

There are hundreds of churches which are nothing but mutual insurance companies, seeking to take care of themselves and of one another, and to see that religion is protected. Religion protected! It was given us for *our* protection, and we are not to carry it unused and shielded from blows, but to put it on like armor, and to go down with it to the battle. When Paul said, "Quit ye like men," he was not thinking of those Christians who are rocked in the cradle of a conservative church, by the slippered foot of a soft-speaking minister, to all delicate ditties; but of a stalwart soldier, with his face as bronzed as his helmet, and ready for the fray.

It is not a man's part merely to keep his armor bright; to hang around the edge of the fight, and, whenever he sees it bulging out toward him, to retreat to a hill, and, if any dust has fallen upon his armor, to set to work at once to brush it off. It is a man's business to go down to the battle, and to use his sword when he gets there. Man was not meant to be an armor-keeper; but there are

men who go all their lives scrubbing up their armor—keeping their hope bright and their faith bright, but never using them. Miserable, scouring Christians!

There is much contention among men whether thought or feeling is the better; but feeling is the bow, and thought the arrow, and every good archer must have both. Alone, one is as helpless as the other. The head gives artillery; the heart, powder. The one aims and the other fires.

The aster has not wasted spring and summer because it has not blossomed. It has been all the time preparing for what is to follow, and in autumn it is the glory of the field, and only the frost lays it low. So there are many people who must live forty or fifty years, and have the crude sap of their natural dispositions changed and sweetened before the blossoming time can come; but their life has not been wasted.

A babe is a mother's anchor. She cannot swing far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imagined future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes of coming years. The old ark never made such a voyage as the cradle daily makes.

At first babes feed on the mother's bosom, but always on her heart.

God is a being who gives everything but punishment in over-measure. The whole divine character and administration, the whole conception of God as set forth in the Bible and in nature, is of a being of munificence, of abundance, and superabundance. Enough is a measuring word—a sufficiency and no more; economy, not profusion. God never deals in this way. With Him there is always a magnificent overplus. The remotest corner of the globe is full of wonder and beauty. The laziest bank in the world, away from towns, where no artists do congregate, upon which no farm laps, where no vines hang their cooling clusters, nor flowers spring, nor grass invites the browsing herd, is yet spotted and patched with moss of such exquisite beauty, that the painter who in all his life should produce one such thing would be a master in art and immortal in fame, and it has the hair of ten thousand reeds combed over its brow, and its shining sand and insect tribes might win the student's lifetime. God's least thought is more prolific than man's greatest abundance.

Looked at without educated associations, there is no difference between a man in bed and a man in a coffin. And yet, such is the power of the heart to redeem the

animal life, that there is nothing more exquisitely refined, and pure, and beautiful, than the chamber of the house. The couch! From the day that the bride sanctifies it to the day when the aged mother is borne from it, it stands clothed with loveliness and dignity. Cursed be the tongue that dares speak evil of the household bed! By its side oscillates the cradle! Not far from it is the crib. In this sacred precinct, the mother's chamber, lies the heart of the family. Here the child learns its prayer. Hither, night by night, angels troop. It is the Holy of Holies.

If a bell were hung high in heaven which the angels swung whenever a man was lost, how incessantly would it toll in days of prosperity for men gone down, for honor lost, for integrity lost, and for manhood lost, beyond control! But in times of disaster the sounds would intermit, and the angels, looking down, would say, "He that findeth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it."

Some men think that religion is a mere ecstatic experience, like a tune rarely played upon some faculty; living only while it is being performed, and then dying in silence. And, indeed, many men carry their religion as a church carries its bell—high up in a belfry, to ring out on sacred days, to strike for funerals, or to chime for

weddings. All the rest of the time it hangs high above reach—voiceless, silent, dead. But religion is not the specialty of any one feeling, but the mood and harmony of the whole of them. It is the whole soul marching heavenward to the music of joy and love, with well-ranked faculties, every one of them beating time and keeping time.

To be praised, and to have the reputation of liberality, is the way many people have of taking interest on what they lend to the Lord.

The Bible is the most betrashed book in the world. Coming to it through commentaries is much like looking at a landscape through garret windows, over which generations of unmolested spiders have spun their webs.

Our real commentators are our strongest traits of character; and we usually come out of the Bible with all those texts sticking to us which our idiosyncrasies attract.

How sad is that field from which battle has just departed! By as much as the valley was exquisite in its loveliness, is it now sublimely sad in its desolation. Such to me is the Bible, when a fighting theologian has gone through it.

What a pin is when the diamond has dropped from its setting, that is the Bible when its emotive truths have been taken away. What a babe's clothes are when the babe has slipped out of them into death, and the mother's arms clasp only raiment, would be the Bible, if the Babe of Bethlehem, and the truths of deep-heartedness that clothed his life, should slip out of it.

Sink the Bible to the bottom of the ocean, and man's obligations to God would be unchanged. He would have the same path to tread, only his lamp and his guide would be gone; he would have the same voyage to make, only his compass and chart would be overboard.

Many people regard the Bible as an old ruin. They think there may be some chambers in it which might be made habitable, if it were worth the while; but they take it as a young heir takes his estate, who says, "I shall build me a modern house to live in, but I'll keep the old castle as a ruin;" and so they have some scientific or literary house to live in, and look upon the Bible only as a romantic relic of the past.

The truths of the Bible are like gold in the soil. Whole generations walk over it, and know not what treasures are hidden beneath. So centuries of men pass over the Scriptures, and know not what riches lie under the feet

of their interpretation. Sometimes, when they discover them, they call them new truths. One might as well call gold, newly dug, new gold.

The Bible, without a spiritual life to interpret it, is like a trellis on which no vine grows—bare, angular, and in the way. The Bible, with a spiritual life, is like a trellis covered with a luxuriant vine—beautiful, odorous, and heavy with purple clusters shining through the leaves.

Dust, by its own nature, can rise only so far above the road; and birds which fly higher never have it upon their wings. So the heart that knows how to fly high enough escapes those little cares and vexations which brood upon the earth, but cannot rise above it into that purer air.

As birds in the hour of transmigration feel the impulse of southern lands, and gladly spread their wings for the realm of light and bloom, so may we, in the death-hour, feel the sweet solicitations of the life beyond, and joyfully soar from the chill and shadow of earth to fold our wings and sing in the summer of an eternal heaven!

Every man in a Christian church ought to feel that he uses the power of the whole, yet never so as to take away

from him the need of individual exertion. If we have experience, any brother has a right to come to us and say, "Put your experience, as a bridge, over that stream which I must cross. I want timber there to walk on."

How hateful is that religion which says, "Business is business, and politics are politics, and religion is religion!" Religion is using everything for God; but many men dedicate business to the devil, and politics to the devil, and shove religion into the cracks and crevices of time, and make it the hypocritical outcrawling of their leisure and laziness.

The whole earth is like a caldron, boiling and seething with human passions. Man is at war with man, and everywhere are rage and animosity. When, from God's fatherhood, shall come the truth of our brotherhood? Lord Jesus, what hast thou done since thou wentest away? Hast thou forgotten thine errand hither? Art thou not weary of this globe, which swings about thy throne on its bitter path with anthems of pain and woe? Hasten the time when the whole world, enchoired by love, shall go its golden way singing thy praise and its joy!

A man in a state of hot-brain nervousness is burning up. He is like a candle in a hot candlestick, which burns off at one end and melts down at the other.

People say, "How fortunate it is that things have turned out just as they have—that I was prepared for this!" As if God did not arrange the whole! One might as well say, "How fortunate it is that I have a neck beneath my head, and shoulders under my neck!"

Character, like porcelain ware, must be painted before it is glazed. There can be no change after it is burned in.

When our cup runs over, we let others drink the drops that fall, but not a drop from within the rim, and call it charity; when the crumbs are swept from our table, we think it generous to let the dogs eat them; as if that were charity which permits others to have what we cannot keep; which says to Ruth, "Glean after the young men," but forgets to say to the young men, "Let fall also some of the handfuls of purpose for her."

Our children that die young are like those spring bulbs which have their flowers prepared beforehand, and have nothing to do but to break ground, and blossom, and pass away. Thank God for spring flowers among men, as well as among the grasses of the field.

In the earlier ages of New England, the State was nothing but congregationalism in civil affairs, and the Church

was nothing but republicanism carried into religious affairs. They reflected each other. New Englandism is but another word for Puritanism in the Independent sense, and that is but another word for New Testamentism.

Conceited men often seem a harmless kind of men, who, by an overweening self-respect, relieve others from the duty of respecting them at all.

A man will confess sins in general; but those sins which he would not have his neighbor know for his right hand, which bow him down with shame like a wind-stricken bulrush, those he passes over in his prayer. Men are willing to be thought sinful in *disposition;* but in special *acts* they are disposed to praise themselves. They therefore confess their depravity and defend their conduct. They are wrong in general, but right in particular.

Defeat is a school in which Truth always grows strong.

The elect are whosoever will, and the non-elect whosoever won't.

Flowers are the sweetest things that God ever made and forgot to put a soul into.

All things in the natural world symbolize God, yet none of them speak of Him but in broken and imperfect words. High above all He sits, sublimer than mountains, grander than storms, sweeter than blossoms and tender fruits, nobler than lords, truer than parents, more loving than lovers. His feet tread the lowest places of the earth ; but His head is above all glory, and everywhere He is supreme.

What cares the child, when the mother rocks it, though all storms beat without ? So we, if God doth shield and tend us, shall be heedless of the tempests and blasts of life, blow they never so rudely.

A man living at an hotel is like a grape-vine in a flower-pot—movable, carried around from place to place, docked at the root and short at the top. Nowhere can a man get real root-room, and spread out his branches till they touch the morning and the evening, but in his own house.

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*.

The abetters of slavery are weaving the thread in the loom, but God is adjusting the pattern. They are asses

harnessed to the chariot of Liberty, and whether they will or no, must draw it on.

A lie always needs a truth for a handle to it, else the hand would cut itself which sought to drive it home upon another. The worst lies, therefore, are those whose blade is false, but whose handle is true.

In this world, it is not what we *take* up, but what we *give* up, that makes us rich.

The most dangerous infidelity of the day is the infidelity of rich and orthodox churches.

Any feeling that takes a man away from his home is a traitor to the household.

There is always the need for a man to go higher, if he has the capacity to go.

Liberty is the soul's right to breathe, and when it cannot take a long breath, laws are girdled too tight. Without liberty man is in a syncope.

There is always somebody to believe in anyone who is uppermost.

Death is the dropping of the flower that the fruit may swell.

Of all earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

Reason can tell how love affects us, but cannot tell what love is.

There is no harder shield for the devil to pierce with temptation than singing with prayer.

Many of our troubles are God dragging us, and they would end if we could stand upon our feet and go whither he would have us.

A man might frame and let loose a star to roll in its orbit, and yet not have done so memorable a thing before God as he who lets go a golden-orbed thought to roll through the generations of time.

Mr. Beecher began, in May, 1885, a series of sermons on evolution, which drew unusually large audiences to Plymouth Church. They were afterward bound together in book-form. The series was continued until the summer vacation of that year. The object of the sermons was to show the moral evolution of man rather

than to give a scientific discussion of the theory. Mr. Beecher's idea was that man began on a very low basis, and that there was a long period when he was developing so as to understand the existence and nature of God—a period of incubation, he described it. In closing his first sermon on the subject, clasping his hands, he said: "There shall come a day when life and all its troubles have passed away. There shall come a day when I shall know even as I am known, and as God the all-knowing looks through and through me and knows me altogether, I shall behold Him as He is, and shadows, figments, and partialities will have passed away forever and I shall know Him as I am known." Mr. Beecher touched lightly on the Darwinian theory, but went so far as to say: "I am inclined to believe that man is, in the order of nature, in an analogy with the rest of God's work, and that there was a time when he stepped ahead of his fellow-animals." In the series Mr. Beecher spoke of evolution in connection with inspiration of the Bible, inherited sin, regeneration of man, design and evolution in the Church.

While he was engaged in delivering these sermons he described his religious faith fully and concisely in the following letter to the Rev. George Morrison, of Baltimore:

"BROOKLYN, June 13, 1885.

"DEAR SIR: I thank you for your friendly solicitude. I am sure that in the end you will not be disappointed,

though on some points you may not agree with me. The foundation doctrines, as I hold them, are a personal God, Creator, and ruler over all things; the human family universally sinful; the need and possibility and facts of conversion; the Divine agency in such a work; Jesus Christ the manifestation of God in human condition; his office in redemption supreme. I do not believe in the Calvinistic form of stating the atonement. I do not believe in the fall of the human race in Adam, and of course I do not hold that Christ's work was to satisfy the law broken by Adam for all his posterity. The race was not lost, but has been ascending steadily from creation. I am in hearty accord with revivals and revival preaching, with the educating forces of the Church, and in sympathy with all ministers who in their several ways seek to build up men into the image of Jesus Christ, by whose faithfulness, generosity, and love I hope to be saved and brought home to heaven. With cordial regards, I am truly yours,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

CHAPTER XV.

INCIDENTS OF HIS LECTURING TOURS.

Interesting Reminiscences and Anecdotes.—Major Pond's Story.—Beecher "Democratic Through and Through."—Remembrance of Old Parishioners.—The Old Lady from Indianapolis.—His Profits from Lecturing.—Angry only Once.—Refused to go to Private Houses.—Fondness for Children.—Care for Two Children on a Railway Train.—Never wore a Silk Hat but Once.—"Playing Horse."—Beecher and Sir Samuel Cunard.—Preparing Lunch with His Own Hands.—The Drunken Man at the Lecture.—Fast Riding on a Train.—General King's Recollections.—Beecher as a Travelling Companion.—Sleeping under Table-cloths.—"Mutton or Beef?"

MAJOR J. B. POND travelled with Mr. Beecher for ten years, Mr. Beecher doing the lecturing and Major Pond managing their mutual venture. This lecture experience brought the two men into close contact under the trying ordeals of travel by steam, by car and boat, in wind and rain, and hail and snow, and likewise in sunshine and balmy air. Mr. Beecher found a genial, whole-souled companion in Major Pond, and certainly Major Pond had such opportunities to see the heart and mind of Mr. Beecher in a way that few others than the immediate members of Mr. Beecher's family have had the chance to enjoy. Major Pond in all these years saw Mr.

Beecher angry but once—at least, Mr. Beecher said he was, but there was doubt of the depth of his wrath. The preacher was always even-tempered and democratic, and only once did he wear a silk hat. In an interview during Mr. Beecher's illness, Major Pond ran over his experience with the great orator, and recalled much that throws a vivid light on his character and habits of life. About his room were many portraits of the pastor of Plymouth Church, while several packages of his letters lay in convenient drawers, besides many sermons, including that of Mr. Beecher's last Thanksgiving address. These consisted of notes only, for Mr. Beecher did not write out his sermons.

When the interviewer called, Major Pond was just writing letters to two of Mr. Beecher's old friends, informing them of his fatal illness. To one, Mrs. Drury, of Canandaigua, who was introduced to Mr. Beecher by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Major Pond wrote that on the previous Tuesday Mr. Beecher was in cheerful mood and talked animatedly of his "Life of Christ." Another friend was an old lady living in Lawrenceburg, Ind., who was one of the pioneer members of Mr. Beecher's church there, and who came on to Peekskill occasionally in the summer to visit her old pastor's home. Major Pond was performing this duty because he knew it would be in accord with Mr. Beecher's wishes.

"Mr. Beecher," said Major Pond, after scanning one

of the letters, "was democratic through and through. No matter what one's position, it was the man he looked at. There was never a more marked exhibition of this trait of his than at the dinner he gave at Indianapolis last year to his old friends and parishioners. The old lady friend of whom I have spoken, in poor circumstances though she was, sat next to Mr. Beecher in the seat of honor. Rich and poor were intermingled down the table. His poor parishioners and their children and grandchildren were there, and Mr. Beecher's face beamed with happiness. I was just writing to the old lady that on Tuesday last Mr. Beecher was in high spirits and told me that before he plunged into his work on the 'Life of Christ' he felt like first 'going on a spree.' Do you know what 'going on a spree' meant with him? Why, going around town to look at some bric-à-brac, stare in shop-windows, look at pictures, and things of that sort.

"I first came in contact with Mr. Beecher in 1872, when the Redpath Bureau, in which I was a partner, engaged him to deliver seventeen consecutive lectures for $12,000, $6,000 being in advance, he to have expenses paid and a special car. That was $700 a lecture. The bureau cleared $5,000. He went out as far as Chicago. In 1876 I took him personally. For the season 1876–77 he netted for himself $41,530; for 1877–78, $27,200; for 1878–79, $21,200; for 1879–80, when he did but little lecturing, $8,500, and he has averaged about the same

since, making a total of about $240,000 for the ten years for which I have his receipts. He delivered in that time over 1,200 lectures, and travelled 400,000 miles. He was a great hand to travel nights; he was never fatigued if he could sleep after noon, and his afternoon nap he always took, if possible, whether travelling or not.

"I have seen Mr. Beecher under all circumstances, and I never saw him angry but once. The circumstances were most trying. In all his travelling, Mr. Beecher had one rule from which he refused to deviate; he would never go to a private house, unless it might be that of some old friend. He was travelling in Iowa, and a friend of his, an ex-Congressman and then president of a railroad, invited him to stop over in his place and preach on Sunday. Mr. Beecher consented, provided a special car should be sent to the place where he lectured on Saturday evening so that he would not have to travel on Sunday, and he should not be obliged to go to a private house. I wrote accordingly. The president came in his own private car and took Mr. and Mrs. Beecher and myself to his town. On our arrival, at 2 A.M., he marched us to his own house. Mr. Beecher declined to go in. 'I assured you,' he said to his would-be host, 'that I would not go to a private house.' I went back and tried to find an hotel. I could get into none, and so reported to Mr. Beecher, and told him that the best he could do was to remain at the house. He then turned to the rail-

road president and said: 'I am very angry, sir!' Yet he had to stay there, and the next morning he was all right. He was splendidly entertained.

"Mr. Beecher was the best traveller I ever knew after he got started. I had great difficulty in getting him to undertake long journeys, notably to California and to England the second time. I had to urge the desire of the people and his friends to see him, and work all possible motives for two or three years before he made up his mind to the California trip. When he was travelling he never complained; he always found diversion. He would eat with the crowd at the poorest tavern, and took what was set before him; he never had a meal in his room. He made himself at home in the cars, and it would be only a few minutes after he had stepped into a car full of people before he would be a general favorite and everybody felt the better for his being there.

"Mr. Beecher was wonderfully fond of children, and he always carried oranges and candies in his pockets to help entertain them on the cars. If he saw a poor mother with a baby crying in her arms he would go and comfort it and make it stop its crying where others failed. In coming up from Washington one time a characteristic incident occurred. There were two little children, boy and girl, eight or nine years old, in the car, and they huddled close up together and appeared to be very fond of each other. We had breakfast at Wilmington, but the children did

not get off the car, and they had evidently travelled all night without anything to eat. When Mr. Beecher came back from breakfast his arms were laden with good things for the children. Then he talked to them. He found that they were from the South, that their parents had died, and that they were on their way to this city to find an uncle whom they expected to meet them. The train was late—what if the uncle should fail to meet them? When the train arrived in Jersey City Mr. Beecher got out of the car with the children, walked slowly along, looking around to see if he could discover anyone looking for them, and got out between the two ferries and stood there waiting until both boats had gone. Soon a man came hurrying along in great distress and saw the two children, but as he expected to find them unaccompanied, he stopped in doubt. Mr. Beecher suspected that he might be the uncle, and asked him what he was looking for.

"'Two children.'

"'Well,' said Mr. Beecher, 'I guess they're here. These look like two children, don't they?'

"It was the uncle, and he was indeed grateful. Thanking Mr. Beecher, he said:

"'Will you kindly give me your name?'

"'My name is Beecher.'

"'Where do you live?'

"'In Brooklyn.'

"'What! Can you be the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher?'

"'I am inclined to think I am.'

"Tears came into the man's eyes, and he explained to the little ones who it was who had befriended them. The two children soon after were seen in Plymouth Church, and they have since then listened to Mr. Beecher's sermons frequently.

"In all his lecture tours Mr. Beecher gave only six disappointments, and two of them were at Lebanon, Penn., once because 'Mackey's Guide' got Lebanon, N. J., and Lebanon, Penn., mixed, and once because of a snow-storm, two years ago. Mr. Beecher might have got there one hour and a half late, but he would never endanger his health or the interests of his church, and he would have been in no condition to speak. The Lebanon Lecture Bureau recently began suit against Mr. Beecher for damages for this. Once he disappointed the Young Men's Christian Association at Utica, and, being Christians, I suppose they will never forgive him. He disappointed the Boston people last fall, as the steamer from England arrived only two days before the time set for the lecture, and he had been sick.

"Mr. Beecher has drawn larger audiences with higher prices than any other man in this country. John B. Gough was the next. Gough was a professional, but he could not get the price Mr. Beecher did. Mr. Beecher went twice to California, and passed all over the Pacific

railroads. He has lectured in every State and Territory of the Union except Idaho, Arizona, and Mississippi, and never was man received with more cordiality than he. Every year he has lectured in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Chicago. He never had a set lecture. He did have a subject which he adapted to the times, and that was: 'The Reign of the Common People,' and to this he tacked every theme; it was a sort of advance-guard. Money was no temptation to him. It was all I could do to induce him to go to England again, though he was anxious to see Dr. and Mrs. Parker. He needed a great deal of money, and he spent a great deal. Despite his dislike of long journeys, I took him the last time on a circuit of the country from the Northwest by the Northern Pacific to the Pacific slope, thence down and back by the Southern Pacific. We started from Brantford, Ont., on July 9th; he travelled and lectured six times a week and preached on Sundays until October 9th, when we reached Charleston, S. C., and we never saw a drop of rain till we got back to New York, and not one hot day till we reached San Antonio, Tex.

"I had cancelled Mr. Beecher's lecture engagements for two years, so that he could give his time to his 'Life of Christ' and his autobiography, which C. L. Webster & Co. were to publish. I think he was revising the 'Life of Christ,' and that this work was very nearly done,

so that it will soon appear. Nothing had been done on the autobiography. I shall publish his tour in England in a few days, with the title, 'A Summer in England with Henry Ward Beecher.'"

Major Pond's attention was called to the statement which has been published, and which has been received with general credence, that Mr. Beecher never wore a silk hat. The major smiled, and then quickly exclaimed: "Only once. I must tell you about that. I was at Mr. Beecher's house one afternoon, and we were to leave the house at four o'clock in order to catch a train. Mr. Beecher, according to his custom of an afternoon, had lain down for a nap. I was in the library, when, as the hour approached, Mrs. Beecher called my attention to the fact and asked where Mr. Beecher was. I went up to call him, but he was not in his room. I went downstairs and thought I would get my hat, which was a silk one. I could not find it where I had left it, in the hallway. Just then Mrs. Beecher called my attention to the front of the house. Mr. Beecher had a cardigan jacket which he used to wear around the house at times, and you can imagine that it was not particularly becoming to his form. I went to where Mrs. Beecher stood and looked out. There in the middle of the street, with a lot of children around him, was Mr. Beecher in his cardigan, my silk hat on his head, and a stick in his mouth with strings attached, as children make bits, and he was pranc-

ing up and down and back and forth and playing horse with the youngsters. You would have died a-laughing seeing that sight. 'Henry,' exclaimed Mrs. Beecher, 'what on earth are you doing? Do you know what a sight you are? You will lose the train.'

"Mr. Beecher stopped, drew out his watch—he always carried a first-class time-keeper—and replying, as he put it back, 'No, I won't, I've got two minutes yet,' off he galloped with the children at his heels in high glee. He used up the two minutes, and we just caught the ferry-boat in time. Many a time have we barely caught the last boat; but Mr. Beecher's watch was as true as steel, and he always calculated apparently to the second. When he got on the ferryboat he never stopped until he landed in the pilot-house. He had the key to them, and every pilot knew him, and there he would go and stay until the boat had got to her landing."

A few years ago Major Pond visited Brattleboro', Vt., in company with Mr. Beecher, and the latter said that fifty years before that date he was engaged to deliver a Fourth of July oration in Brattleboro'. He lived ten miles away, and the committee offered him the choice between his expenses or ten dollars in cash. He took the cash and walked to and from Brattleboro'.

One of his closest friends in Boston, to whom in the course of a long intimacy Mr. Beecher probably wrote

more letters than to any other one person, says that it was no uncommon thing for Beecher to appear in his counting-room a little after five o'clock in the afternoon when he was to lecture in Tremont Temple or Music Hall in the evening, and announce that he had just come from the New York train, and wanted a nap before he went to his hotel to get ready for the lecture. Here he felt sure of absolute privacy; no one could get to him with a card or a request. He would throw himself down on the floor of the private office with his head on his valise and his travelling shawl pulled over him, sleep soundly for a half-hour or an hour, then start up, go to his hotel, and write his lecture.

"I remember finding him once," says his friend, "with the pages of his manuscript sown all over his table and the floor about him in his room at Parker's at 7.15 P.M., when he was to speak at 7.30 P.M. I began picking up the paper, hurrying him up and putting the pages together for him. 'Oh! there's time enough, time enough —plenty of time,' was all the answer he made to my remonstrances. He was on his platform at the moment advertised, primed full of his subject. It would have made no difference, I really believe, if he hadn't written a word of it down, though he took his hastily prepared manuscript with him."

When Beecher was returning from his first trip to Europe, he was asked to preach on board the Cunarder on

which he was returning. He refused. Sir Samuel Cunard and a number of clergymen of the English Church were coming over, and Beecher said that he was having a vacation and did not care to come before these people. An over-zealous American friend tried to induce Sir Samuel to press Mr. Beecher into the service. Then the steamship man made his famous six-word speech condemning all Americans and the Collins line together. Out of this incident grew an absurd story which gained a good deal of newspaper currency at the time, that Beecher wished to preach on board ship and was not allowed a chance.

"He had refused up and down to speak, and his independence made old Sir Samuel a little grouty," says the friend who made this ocean journey with him. "I shouldn't have brought up the old story, but it reminds me of a most Beecher-like speech that he made as a number of us sat on deck together. Dr. Chapin had been over as a delegate to the peace convention at Brussels, and someone asked Beecher why he had not gone too. 'Not I,' he replied; 'not I. Never but once did I try to preach on peace, and then my pump sucked.'"

Once he wrote to invite a Boston man and his wife, whom he knew very well, and who were spending a few days in a New York hotel, to come over and take tea at his house in Brooklyn. Not content with sending the note, he came for his friends, and escorted them to

Brooklyn. Not until they were in his house did he tell them that Mrs. Beecher was away in the country, "up in Peekskill looking after the poultry," and that there was not a soul in the house but himself, not even a servant. He gave his visitors some new pictures and books to look at, and presently they heard the street door close. After a short time he returned with a loaf of bread and invited them down to a picturesque repast. He had set the table himself, and had decorated it with vases and bric-à-brac in a most fantastic manner. After a lunch of olives and cheese and such other edibles as a house whose mistress was absent might furnish to guests, they were taken up-stairs, and presently people began to arrive. Mr. Beecher had invited a number of his parishioners to meet his Boston friends. He would not allow them to go back to New York after these people had gone. "But," says the lady who tells the story, "Mr. Beecher was not equal to the task of getting breakfast for us, and he went out and got us invited with him to the home of the Howards, not far away."

"He was always the youngest member of his family," says another of his friends—"always the most sympathetic friend of his boys and his daughter. Nothing in which they were interested was too small to interest him, all through their babyhood and childhood. His farm, which he always tried to take seriously, but never quite succeeded in doing, was a great source of pleasure

to him. He was particularly fond of arboriculture, and was always making experiments with seeds and plants, expecting presently to produce something surprising. He was always buoyant, boyish, and happy, when relieved in the slightest from pressing cares.

"Once in Saratoga," says a former president of the American Institute of Instruction, "Mr. Beecher was advertised to lecture before our body on the new education. A pretty preface, intended as a compliment to him, had been arranged. As he entered the church where the lecture was to be given, a dozen young girls were to sing a song for which they had been drilled in Boston, and which they had come to Saratoga to sing at the closing meeting of our convention. I went over to Mr. Beecher's hotel, and we started to walk to the church together. I spoke to him of the little plan about the singing. He stopped short on the pavement. 'Can't have any singing before I speak,' he said. Here was a dilemma. I urged it; I explained; I entreated; all in vain. 'Can't have anyone sing before I begin. Let them sing afterward.' There was nothing to do but to leave him there and go on ahead and stop the performance of this part of the programme. Then I went back to the street. Beecher was nowhere to be found. I wandered up and down, back and forth, for several minutes. At last I found him in a quiet side-street, leaning over an orchard fence, evidently absorbed in

thought. He had forgotten about me and my errand completely. I stepped up and tapped him on the arm. 'Mr. Beecher,' said I, 'your audience is waiting for you. There will be no singing.' He rushed across the street and into the church, up the aisle, and into the finest lecture I ever heard him give. After it was over he was affable and cordial as ever. The danger of having his mind diverted by a bevy of singers once past, he was a good deal more at his best than if he had not had his combativeness aroused."

Whenever he went to Boston, Mr. Beecher visited the Old Corner Bookstore, where he was wont to order charged every new book that took his fancy. He liked to stand about chatting with the frequenters of the place, sometimes joking about the slow sales of his own books of late years, and commenting upon other people's work in his own peculiar way. One day his attention was called by Mr. Cupples to a set of books put down in the front of the store; every life of Christ by every author was put on sale. There were twenty or thirty different volumes, including the ones by Strauss and Rénan, as well as Mr. Beecher's own. The first volumes of this much discussed work was there, the bulkiest one of all, "and the poorest one in the whole collection," said Mr. Beecher, modestly; "Farrar's 'Life' is worth more than all the rest put together."

Mr. Beecher was speaking on "Communism" once in

Chicago when a rather dramatic and very characteristic thing happened. His lecture was half finished. He was standing before an audience of ten thousand people in the old Tabernacle building, a temporary structure on Franklin Street, put up to accommodate the vast audiences which thronged in those days to hear Moody and Sankey, then in the heyday of their early work and enthusiasm. The great room was packed. Beecher rolled out sentence after sentence in his most telling manner. Word after word fell forcibly upon the vast crowd, which grew more and more silent as he went on. A reporter at the table down in front of the platform dropped a lead-pencil, and one could almost feel the noise it made, so breathlessly were all in that audience listening to the orator's voice. He was telling the story of the rise of the power of the people. Presently he ended a ringing period with these words, pronounced in a voice so deep and fervid and full of conviction that they seemed to have been uttered then for the first time: "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

Into the absolute and intense silence of the instant that followed fell the voice of a half-drunken man in the gallery: "The voice of the people is the voice of a fool."

Everybody fairly shivered. But Beecher was equal to the moment. He drew himself up, looked toward the place from which the disturbing voice came, and—"I said the voice of the people, not the voice of one man," he replied, with perfect simplicity and dignity.

It would be impossible to describe the responsive expression of the audience. It was not a laugh, it was not a cheer. It was a movement, a sound like one great sigh of relief and delight. The lecture went on; the air was full of electric sympathy tingling toward an explosion of some sort. Beecher knew it, and seemed waiting for a chance to put his finger on the key of the pent-up personal enthusiasm which moved his audience. The drunken fellow suddenly gave him a chance. He staggered to his feet, feeling that the odds were against him, and mumbled out some unintelligible words. Beecher paused a second time in his lecture. Then he said, with that smile of his, at once winning and condemning, which so many people know: "Will some kind person take our friend out and give him some cold water—plenty of it—within and without?" Two policemen had hold of the disturber by this time, and the audience had liberty to cheer—and such a cheer as it was! The Tabernacle shook with it, and it is probable that at least nine-tenths of the people who clapped their hands supposed that they were cheering Beecher's wit, instead of that tremendous personal power which no one need try to analyze.

While Mr. Beecher was lecturing before a large audience in Canandaigua one June evening in 1877, a locomotive stood steaming before a handsome car at the depot, waiting specially to take the speaker and Major Pond, his

manager, to Rochester at the conclusion of the lecture. Rochester is twenty-nine miles west of Canandaigua, and it is the nearest point where a through sleeping car for New York can be reached. John Houghtaling, the oldest conductor on the New York Central Railroad, walked impatiently up and down the platform. The usual running time to Rochester is an hour and ten minutes, the train to be caught was due in Rochester at 11.08 P.M., and it was already something more than a quarter past ten o'clock. Going up to where Mr. Beecher was seated talking with some friends, the lecture being over, the old railroad man said :

"We have very little time left, Mr. Beecher."

"Plenty of time—plenty of time, my friend," said Mr. Beecher. "And if we had only half as much, such an old hand at the business as yourself would bring us through all right."

"We will have to run very fast to catch the train now," said the conductor.

"None too fast to suit me," said Mr. Beecher, very coolly.

"But then there are such things as coal trains and freight trains, and what not, in the way," urged the conductor.

"And there are such things as telegraphs to get them out of the way," replied Mr. Beecher.

"Well," said the veteran conductor, in despair, "if you

like to ride fast, you shall go from Canandaigua to Rochester quicker than ever a man went before, and I will see that the track is cleared."

A timely despatch to headquarters sent two coal trains off on side switches, and left the twenty-nine miles of track clear for the flying special. It was 10.30 P.M. exactly when the wheels began to move, and the gray-haired railroader stood his lantern in the aisle and seated himself with a thud, as if he would have said: "When you want to go fast I'm your man."

In less than a minute the car was going like the wind. It rocked and swayed and jumped, and waiting passengers rushed to the depot doors as it dashed through villages and towns, leaving their sight almost before they could set eyes on it.

"We have just passed Pittsford," said Conductor Houghtaling, watch in hand, in a few minutes, "seventeen miles; time, nineteen minutes." It seemed almost the next moment when he added, proudly: "We've crossed the Rochester line, twenty-six miles from Canandaigua, in just twenty-six minutes. I've run on this road since the first train went over it, and I never came from Canandaigua to Rochester as quick as that before."

The engineer slackened up a little in going the next three miles, through the suburbs of the city, and the car stopped in Rochester depot at eleven o'clock precisely, or just thirty minutes after leaving Canandaigua.

General Horatio C. King says as follows: "As a travelling companion I never knew Mr. Beecher's equal. It was my good-fortune to travel with him for two weeks in that famous lecture tour of his, several years ago, throughout the West, when for over six weeks he lectured almost every week-day evening and preached on Sundays. He always spoke of this as the time when he built his house at Peekskill out of wind, for it was the receipts from this tour which enabled him to erect the beautiful house at Peekskill to which he looked forward as his haven of rest when he had retired from the pulpit.

"About one thing he was especially pertinacious, and we speedily learned not to offer to carry his extra overcoat, a very heavy one with which he always travelled, or any of his paraphernalia. This would have been an evidence of weakness which he scorned to manifest. Simple in his tastes, and easily satisfied, he was no trouble to anyone, and indeed he was the equal of the youngest of us in agility, activity, and ability to bear fatigue. It was on this trip that, after his lecture at Dayton, he accepted an invitation to visit the Soldiers' Home, near by. After going through all the buildings, including the hospitals, where he had a kind and encouraging word for all the invalid veterans, all who were able congregated around the music-stand on the green, and there for about twenty minutes he thrilled the hearts of these wards of the nation with an eloquence which I have never

seen equalled. They were held spellbound, and before he closed there was not a dry eye in that assembly of at least a thousand men, varying in age from forty to sixty years. And when he attempted to pass through the crowd they rushed to grasp his hand and poured forth their thanks until Mr. Beecher, himself almost overcome with emotion, was compelled to break away.

"His reception everywhere was an ovation, and enthusiastic crowds greeted every lecture, even in Louisville, where the people had not then outgrown their old-time prejudice. On our way home I accidentally picked up his felt hat, the style he almost invariably wore, and put it on my head. Quick as a flash he seized mine, which was of the same pattern, pulled it on his head with some difficulty, and declared that it was an even exchange. I was glad to accept the situation, and although it took several thicknesses of paper under the band to make it a respectable fit, I wore it home, and have it yet as a memento of that memorable trip."

Another story of travelling experience comes from Mr. Beecher's own lips. "In 1877," said he, "I came through Loudonville, O., and was forcibly reminded of my stay there when on my first trip out West. We stopped late at night, and spent Sunday there. There were two coach loads of us, and the little two-story brick tavern was nearly full when we arrived. The best they could do for my brother Charles and myself was to give us a couple

of 'shakedowns' in the dining-room. We slept late Sunday morning, but finally waking up, commenced to talk. I said, 'Charles, I'll bet you I can tell what they had at this hotel for dinner yesterday.' 'What was it?' he asked. 'Roast beef,' I replied, basing my judgment on a stale sort of odor that pervaded the room. 'No, you're mistaken,' said he, shaking his head and sniffing at the covering of his bed; 'it was mutton.' We both stoutly maintained our respective propositions, and falling to a vigorous smelling of our bedclothes, found the landlord had given us a couple of table-cloths for bedspreads, and Charles had got the mutton cloth and I the beef."

United States Judge Hugh L. Bond relates that the first time "Mr. Beecher lectured in the South was on the evening of January 31, 1865, at the Maryland Institute. There was considerable objection to it among the timid. Chief Justice Chase, Mr. Stanton, and others sat upon the stand with him. A telegram was received while he was speaking announcing the passage of the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery. This created what is known among men of the world as a 'high old time.' Mr. Beecher refused to allow us to pay any part of his expenses or to remunerate him in any respect, but, on the contrary, said he would come to our aid in such a cause as often as we called on him. This we did at a subsequent time, when he addressed the people at Front Street Theatre."

"When did you last see Mr. Beecher?"

"At Lynchburg, Va., in 1886. He was to lecture there, and came to the hotel where I was stopping. He seemed to have some difficulty with the committee which had invited him. He was to lecture on 'Evolution and Revolution,' but as I understood him the committee said the people of Lynchburg were so orthodox that they would listen to nothing respecting evolution or Darwinism. He changed the title to 'The Reign of the Common People,' but it was the same lecture."

"Did you hear it?"

"Yes, I offered to introduce him to the audience. He asked if I was popular in Lynchburg. I told him I was quite as popular there as he was before he voted for Cleveland. So he thought, he said, but I had not considered his topic. I suggested I could explain the physical evolution theory to a country audience by the tadpole turning to a frog, but that when I came to mental evolution, I should take his case and show what terrible throes of nature were required to make so good a Republican into the imperfect Mugwump. He was fond of humor, declined my proffered services, but asked me to sit on the platform."

CHAPTER XVI.

HORTICULTURIST AND FARMER.

His Boyhood Gardening.—Early Love for Plants and Animals.—His Garden at Lawrenceburg, Ind.—His Encouragement of Societies.—Love for Domestic Animals.—"Cackling," His Last Article.—His Last Request.—The Floral Pall and Wreath.—A Work on Flowers, Fruits, and Farming.—Some Interesting Extracts.—Mistakes He had Made.—Winter Nights for Reading.—Shiftless Tricks.—Portrait of an Anti-Book Farmer.—Encouragement to Agricultural Writing.—Advantages of Farm Education.—Spring Work for Public-Spirited Men.—The Farm at Peekskill.—A Costly Experiment.—His Summer Retreat.—An Active Farm-Hand.

MR. BEECHER acquired a love for gardening when he was a boy, and worked in his father's garden at his birthplace at Litchfield, Conn. He was a student of the forest rather than of book-lore when at Rev. Mr. Langdon's school. When he established his home at Lawrenceburg, Ind., his pride was his garden attached to the humble house he hired on the outskirts of the flourishing little town. He tilled the garden himself. He secured the choicest seeds, and sent East for cuttings of rare flowers and fruit-trees. His love for flowers amounted to a passion. His pulpit was always adorned with flowers. He had floral treasures displayed in his church on every oc-

casion. In accordance with his frequently expressed wishes, a floral pall was thrown over his coffin instead of the customary black cloth; his bier was smothered in roses and greens; a floral wreath was hung on the door-bell instead of the streamer of crape; the church was profusely decorated with flowers contributed by loving hands.

He never missed an horticultural or agricultural exhibition in his neighborhood, and in his busiest days always found time to join in the meetings of the societies. His knowledge of horticulture, floriculture, and agriculture was extensive, and he was regarded as an authority on the subject. In 1859 he published a volume, "Plain and Pleasant Talk about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," which is regarded as a text-book, and in which he displayed varied and comprehensive practical knowledge. He availed himself of every opportunity to write on these themes, especially in the later years of his life. His sermons are replete with allusions to his favorite study and pastime, and many of his most brilliant figures of speech are of botanical reference. He loved all domestic animals, and learned their care in childhood. He always claimed that he was thoroughly *en rapport* with all domestic animals, and evidently was a student of them and their ways. At agricultural shows he would pat the cows and fondle the chickens like a boy. He rarely passed a dog on the street without a kind word and perhaps a friendly pat

on the head. He was very fond of eggs and interested in the propagation of chickens. The last article he published was a humorous dissentation on the subject of a hen's cackle after laying an egg. This appeared in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, while his life was slowly ebbing away, and was as follows:

"CACKLING."

Some words in the English language are susceptible of many shades of meaning, but *cackling* is a word confined to one animal and to one functional condition. The barn-yard fowl has, so far as we are informed, the sole prerogative of sounding out over all the neighborhood the arrival of a new egg! She is no braggart, boasting of what she is going to do. Indeed, her performances are meditated in profound secrecy. Let no one notice me, she seems to say, while stealing noiselessly under the currant bushes or along a shaded thicket. Is she searching for a choice morsel? It would seem so. A feather falling through the air makes no more noise than she, hovering darkly about sheltered spots, stealing toward the mow with artful pretence of looking for a worm. Her nest? It is curious to see what a selection of places she makes. It sometimes is behind a pile of wood, or beneath the edge of a hay-stack, or in some abandoned old wagon, or among the trumpery of a wood-house chamber, or under a barn,

not far into darkness even, or in a hole, but just where light melts into twilight.

Although laying an egg is a daily operation, it is none the less a serious and meditative fact. On the nest she ponders! The very secret of living organization is beneath her. Science has proclaimed *ab ovo omnia.* She does not know this, but she feels it. Nature is working mightily within her.

But no sooner is the nest richer by an egg than a new act in the drama of life is set. No more secrecy. No more silence or reserve. All the world must know the good deed done! If the nest is on high the hen flies down with a queer outcry, between a scream and a cackle, but as her foot touches ground the proclamation begins in regular form: "I have done it." "I have done it." "Laid an egg!" "Laid an egg!" Far off the tidings roll. The distant barn-yards sympathize and send back congratulations. But at home! Who can tell the joy which fills every feathered bosom? The stately rooster expands his throat, cackle answers cackle, now the rooster, now the hen, and it is difficult to understand which of the two laid the egg. After a while the silence is restored until another hen comes out crying "I, too, I, too," and the unwearied rooster sings bass to her soprano. Thus it goes on through the morning. Few birds lay their eggs except in the early part of the day.

These barn-yard cries remain in our memories, associ-

ated with the coming on of spring, with bright days, after the snow has gone away. The crowing of a cock is associated with the idea of morning—the cackling of hens with mid-forenoon.

It is noticeable that birds do not announce their achievements. They go off from their nests as silently as they go on. Do ducks, monkeys, quails, or pheasants, grouse of every name, publish their achievements?

Nor do we know of any animal that makes known the birth of its offspring. A calf or colt is born and no word said about it. The fox, the wolf, regard the fact as enough. The lion, perhaps, reflects that the birth of its whelp will be known soon enough. Man alone cackles—not at the birth of his offspring, but at his deeds and attainments, with often this difference: that a hen cackles when an egg is laid, while men often cackle most when least has been performed.

When one has said a smart thing nothing will do but he must tell of it; when one has performed a feat of running, skating, batting, his household must speedily know it. The mother must sweetly cackle all the wonderful things that daily are developed in the baby. When two or three mothers get together the whole air resounds with the wonderful deeds of wonderful babies. Men cackle over their festivities, candidates cackle before their constituents, ministers cackle of their churches, and churches cackle of their ministers; merchants cackle in advertise-

ments ; newspapers cackle *ad nauseam*—of their subscribers, of their enterprise, of their various superiorities over all other newspapers. Indeed, by the natural operation of the law of evolution, cackling has developed into a profession, and reporters are trained to await at the nests of events and publish to all the world what eggs the fecund world has laid every twenty-four hours!

Our cackle is ended, and we fly off from the nest with modest consciousness of the value of one egg.

In the volume referred to, "Plain and Pleasant Talk," the breezy style shows that it was a work of love, and many of the articles will bear reproduction in this connection. We quote the following at random :

Nine Mistakes.

In so far as instruction is concerned, I esteem my mistakes to be more valuable than my successful efforts. They excite to attention and investigation with great emphasis. I will record a few.

1. One mistake, which I record once for all, as it will probably occur every year, has been the attempting of more than I could do *well*. The ardor of spring, in spite of experience, lays out a larger garden than can be well tended all summer.

2. In selecting the *largest* lima beans for seed, I obtained most luxuriant vines, but fewer pods. If the season were longer these vines would ultimately be most profitable ; but their vigor gives a growth too rampant for our latitude. If planted for a screen, however, the rankest growers are the best.

3. Of three successive plantings of corn, for table use, the first

was the best, then the second, and the third very poor. I hoed and thinned the first planting myself, and thoroughly; the second I left to a Dutchman, directing him how to do it; the third, I left to him without directions.

4. I bought a stock of roses in the *fall of the year*. All the loss of wintering came on me. If purchased in the spring, the nurserymen loses, if there is loss.

5. I planted the silver-leaved abele (*Populus alba*) in a rich sandy loam, in which it made more wood than it could ripen. The tree was top-heavy, and required constant staking. A poorer soil should have been selected.

6. I planted abundantly of flower-seeds—just before a drought. I neither covered the earth with mats nor watered it—supposing that the seeds would come up after the first rain. But, in a cheerless and barren garden, I have learned that *heat* will kill planted seeds, and that he who will be sure of flowers should not depend upon only one planting.

7. In the fall of 1843, I took up the bulbs of tuberoses, and wintered them safely upon the tops of bookcases in a warm study. Having a better and larger stock in 1844, I would fain be yet more careful, and packed them in dry sand, and put them in a closet beyond the reach of frost. On opening them in the spring all were rotted save about half a dozen. Hereafter, I shall try the bookcase.

8. We are told that glazed or painted flower-pots are not desirable, because, refusing a passage to superfluous moisture, they leave the roots to become sodden. In small stove-heated parlors, the evaporation is so great that glazed or painted flower-pots are *best*, because the danger is of dryness rather than dampness in *all plants growing in sandy loams or composts.*

9. I have resolved every summer for three years to cut pea-

brush during the winter and stack it in the shed ; and every summer following, not having kept the vow, I have lacked pea-brush ; being too busy to get it when it was needed, I have allowed the crop to suffer.

Winter Nights for Reading.

As the winter is a season of comparative leisure, it is the time for farmers to study. It is a good time for them to make themselves acquainted with the nature of soils, of manures, of vegetable organization—or structural botany. Farmers are liable to rely wholly upon their own experience and to despise science. Book men are apt to rely on scientific theories, and nothing upon practice. If these two tendencies would only court and marry each other, what a hopeful family would they rear! How nice it would look to see in the papers :

Married.—By Philosophical Wisdom, Esq., Mr. Practical Experience, to Miss Sober Science. [We will stand godfather to all the children.]

Shiftless Tricks.

To let the cattle fodder themselves at the stack ; they pull out and trample more than they eat. They eat till the edge of appetite is gone, and then daintily pick the choice parts ; the residue, being coarse and refuse, they will not afterward touch.

To sell half a stack of hay and leave the lower half open to rain and snow. In feeding out, a hay knife should be used on the stack ; in selling, either dispose of the whole, or remove that which is left to a shed or barn.

It is a shiftless trick to lie about stores and groceries, arguing with men that you have *no time*, in a new country, for nice farm-

ing—for making good fences; for smooth meadows without a stump; for draining wet patches which disfigure fine fields.

To raise your own frogs in your own yard; to permit, year after year, a dirty, stinking, mantled puddle to stand before your fence in the street.

To plant orchards, and allow your cattle to eat the trees up. When gnawed down, to save your money, by trying to nurse the stubs into good trees, instead of getting fresh ones from the nursery.

To allow an orchard to have blank spaces, where trees have died, and when the living trees begin to bear, to wake up and put young whips in the vacant spots.

It is very shiftless to build your barn-yard so that every rain shall *drain* it; to build your privy and dig your well close together; to build a privy of more than seven feet square—some shiftless folks have it of the size of the whole yard; to set it in the most exposed spot on the premises; to set it at the very far end of the garden, for the pleasure of traversing mud-puddles and labyrinths of wet weeds in rainy days.

A lady of our acquaintance, at a boarding-house, excited some fears among her friends, by foaming at the mouth, of madness. In eating a hash (made, doubtless, of every scrap from the table, not consumed the day before), she found herself blessed with a mouthful of *hard soap*, which only lathered the more, the more she washed at it. It is a filthy thing to comb one's hair in a small kitchen in the intervals of cooking the breakfast; to use the bread-trough for a cradle—a thing which we have undoubtedly seen; to put trunks, boxes, baskets, with sundry other utensils, under the bed where you keep the cake for company; we have seen a dexterous housewife whip the bed-spread aside and bring forth a loaf-cake.

It is a dirty trick to wash children's eyes in the pudding dish; not that the sore eyes, but subsequent puddings, will not be benefited; to wipe dishes and spoons on a hand-towel; to wrap warm bread in a dirty table-cloth; to make and mould bread on a table innocent of washing for weeks; to use dirty table-cloths for *sheets*, a practice of which we have had experimental knowledge once at least in our lives.

The standing plea of all slatterns and slovens is, that "everybody must eat a peck of dirt before they die." A peck? that would be a mercy, a mere mouthful, in comparison of cooked cart-loads of dirt which is to be eaten in steamboats, canal-boats, taverns, mansions, huts, and hovels.

It is a shiftless trick to snuff a candle with your fingers, or your wife's best scissors, to throw the snuff on the carpet, or on the polished floor, and then to extinguish it by treading on it!

To borrow a choice book; to read it with unwashed hands, that have been used in the charcoal bin, and finally to return it daubed on every leaf with nose-blood spots, tobacco-spatter, and dirty finger-marks—this is a vile trick!

It is not altogether cleanly to use one's knife to scrape boots, to cut harness, to skin cats, to cut tobacco, and then to cut apples which other people are to eat.

It is an unthrifty trick to bring in eggs from the barn in one's coat-pocket, and then to sit down on them.

It is a filthy trick to borrow of or lend for others' use, a tooth-brush, or a toothpick; to pick one's teeth at table with a fork, or a jack-knife; to put your hat upon the dinner-table among the dishes; to spit generously into the fire, or at it, while the hearth is covered with food set to warm; for sometimes a man hits what he don't aim at.

It is an unmannerly trick to neglect the scraper outside the

door, but to be scrupulous in cleaning your feet after you get inside, on the carpet, rug, or andirons; to bring your drenched umbrella into the entry, where a black puddle may leave to the housewife melancholy evidence that you have been there.

It is soul-trying for a neat dairy-woman to see her "man" watering the horse out of her milk-bucket; or filtering horse-medicine through her milk-strainer; or feeding his hogs with her water-pail; or, after barn-work, to set the well-bucket outside the curb and wash his hands out of it.

Portrait of an Anti-Book Farmer.

Whenever our anti-book farmers can show us better crops at a less expense, better flocks, and better farms, and better owners on them, than book farmers can, we shall become converts to their doctrines. But, as yet, we cannot see how *intelligence* in a farmer should injure his crops. Nor what difference it makes whether a farmer gets his ideas from a sheet of paper, or from a neighbor's mouth, or from his own experience, so that he only gets good, practical, sound ideas. A farmer never objects to receive *political* information from newspapers; he is quite willing to learn the state of markets from newspapers, and as willing to gain religious notions from reading, and historical knowledge, and all sorts of information except that which relates to his business. He will go over and hear a neighbor tell how he prepares his wheat-lands, how he selects and puts in his seed, how he deals with his grounds in spring, in harvest, and after harvest-time; but if that neighbor should write it all down carefully and put it into paper, it's all poison! it's *book farming!*

"Strange such a difference there should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

If I raise a head of lettuce surpassing all that has been seen hereabouts, every good farmer that loves a salad would send for a little seed, and ask, as he took it, "How do you contrive to raise such monstrous heads? you must have some secret about it." But if my way were written down and printed, he would not touch it. "Poh, it's bookish!"

Now let us inquire in what States land is the best managed, yields the most with the least cost, where are the best sheep, the best cattle, the best hogs, the best wheat? It will be found to be in those States having the most agricultural societies and the most widely disseminated agricultural papers.

What is there in agriculture that requires a man to be ignorant if he will be skilful? Or why may every other class of men learn by reading except the farmer? Mechanics have their journals; commercial men have their papers; religious men, theirs; politicians, theirs; there are magazines and journals for the arts, for science, for education, and *why not for that grand pursuit on which all these stand?* We really could never understand why farmers should not wish to have their vocation on a level with others; why they should feel proud to have *no* paper, while every other pursuit is fond of *having* one.

Those who are prejudiced against book farming are either good farmers, misinformed of the design of agricultural papers, or poor farmers who only treat this subject as they do all others, with blundering ignorance. First, the good farmers; there are in every country many industrious, hard-working men, who know that they cannot afford to risk anything upon wild experiments. They have a growing family to support, taxes to pay, lands perhaps on which purchase money is due, or they are straining every nerve to make their crops build a barn, that the barn may hold their crops. They suppose an agricultural paper to be stuffed full of wild fancies,

expensive experiments, big stories made up by men who know of no farming except parlor farming. They would, doubtless, be surprised to learn that ninety-nine parts in a hundred of the contents of agricultural papers are written by *hard-working practical farmers!* that the editor's business is not to foist absurd stories upon credulous readers, but to sift stories, to scrutinize accounts, to obtain whatever has been abundantly proved to be fact, and to reject all that is suspected to be mere fanciful theory. Such papers are designed to prevent imposition; to kill off pretenders by exposing them; to search out from practical men whatever they have found out, and to publish it for the benefit of their brethren all over the Union; to spread before the laboring classes such sound, well-approved scientific knowledge as shall throw light upon every operation of the farm, the orchard, and the garden.

The other class who rail at book farming ought to be excused, for they do not treat book farming any worse than they do their own farming; indeed, not half so bad. They rate the paper with their tongue; but cruelly abuse their ground, for twelve months in the year, with both hands. I will draw the portrait of a genuine anti-book farmer of this last sort.

He ploughs three inches deep lest he should turn up the poison that, in his estimation, lies below; his wheat-land is ploughed so as to keep as much water on it as possible; he sows two bushels to the acre and reaps ten, so that it takes a fifth of his crop to seed his ground; his corn-land has never any help from him, but bears just what it pleases, which is from thirty to thirty-five bushels by measurement, though he brags that it is fifty or sixty. His hogs, if not remarkable for fattening qualities, would beat old Eclipse at a quarter-race; and were the man not prejudiced against deep ploughing, his hogs would work his grounds better with their prodigious snouts than he does with his jack-knife plough. His meadow-

lands yield him from three-quarters of a ton to a whole ton of hay, which is regularly spoiled in curing, regularly left out for a month, very irregularly stacked up, and left for the cattle to pull out at their pleasure, and half eat and half trample underfoot. His horses would excite the avarice of an anatomist in search of osteological specimens, and returning from their range of pasture they are walking herbariums, bearing specimens in their mane and tail of every weed that bears a bur or cockle. But oh, the cows! If held up in a bright day to the sun, don't you think they would be semi-transparent? But he tells us that good milkers are always poor! His cows get what Providence sends them, and very little besides, except in winter—then they have a half-peck of corn on ears a foot long thrown to them, and they afford lively spectacles of animated corn and cob crushers; never mind, they yield, on an average, three quarts of milk a day! and that milk yields varieties of butter quite astonishing.

His farm never grows any better, in many respects it gets annually worse. After ten years' work on a good soil, while his neighbors have grown rich, he is just where he started, only his house is dirtier, his fences more tottering, his soil poorer, his pride and his ignorance greater. And when, at last, he sells out to a Pennsylvanian that reads the *Farmers' Cabinet*, or to some New Yorker with his *Cultivator* packed up carefully as if it were gold, or to a Yankee with his *New England Farmer*, he goes off to Missouri, thanking Heaven that *he's* not a book farmer!

Unquestionably, there are two sides to this question, and both of them *extremes*, and therefore both of them deficient in science and in common-sense. If men were made according to our notions, there should not be a silly one alive; but it is otherwise ordered, and there is no department of human life in which we do not find weak and foolish men. This is true of farming as much

as of any other calling. But no one dreams of setting down the vocation of agriculture because, like every other, it has its proportion of stupid men.

Why, then, should agricultural *writers*, as a class, be summarily rejected because some of them are visionary? Are we not to be allowed our share of fools as well as every other department of life? We insist on our rights.

A book or a paper never proposes to take the place of a farmer's *judgment*. Not to read at all is bad enough; but to read, and swallow everything without reflection, or discrimination, this is even worse. Such a one is not a book-headed but a block-headed farmer. Papers are designed to *assist*. Those who read them must select, modify, and act according to their own native judgment. So used, papers answer a double purpose; they convey a great amount of valuable practical information, and then they stir up the reader to habits of thought; they make him more inquisitive, more observing, more reasoning, and, therefore, more reasonable.

Spring Work for Public-Spirited Men.

Shade Trees.—One of the first things that will require your action is the planting of *shade trees*. Get your neighbors to join with you. Agree to do four times as much as your share, and you will perhaps then obtain some help. Try to get some more to do the same in each street of your village or town.

Locusts, of course, you will set for immediate shade. They will in three years afford you a delightful verdant umbrella as long as the street. But *maples* form a charming row, and the autumnal tints of their leaves and the spring flowers add to their beauty. They grow quite rapidly, and in six years, if the soil is good and the trees properly set, they will begin to cast a decided shadow.

Elms are by far the noblest tree that can be set, but they will have their own time to grow. It is best then to set them in a row of other trees, at about fifty or a hundred feet apart, the intervening space to be occupied with quicker-growing varieties.

The beech, buckeye, horse-chestnut, sycamore, chestnut, and many others may be employed with advantage. Now, do not let your court-house square look any longer so barren.

Avenues may be lined with rows of trees, but squares and open spaces should have them grouped or scattered in small knots and parcels in a more natural manner.

MAY-WEED.—There was never a better time to exterminate this villanous, stinking weed than summer-time will be. Just as soon as the first blossoms show, "up and at it." Club together in your streets and agree to spend one day *a-mowing*. Keep it down thoroughly for one season and it will no longer bedrabble your wife's and daughter's dresses, nor fill the air with its pungent stench, nor weary the eye with its everlasting white and yellow.

SIDEWALKS.—What if your neighbors are lazy? what if they do not care? Someone ought to see that there are good gravel-walks in each village. You can have them in this way: Take your horse and cart and make them before your own grounds, and then go on, no matter who owns, and when your neighbors see that *you* have public spirit, they will, by-and-by, be ready to help you. But the grand way to do nothing is not to lift a finger yourself, and then to rail at your fellow-citizens as selfish and devoid of all public spirit.

PROTECT PUBLIC PROPERTY.—What if it does concern everybody else as much as it does you? Someone ought to see that the fences about every square are kept in repair. Someone ought to save the trees from cattle; someone ought to have things in such trim as that the inhabitants can be proud of their own town. Pride

is not decent when there is nothing to be proud of; but when things are worthy of it, no man can be decent who is devoid of a proper pride. The church, the school-house, fences, trees, bridges, roads, public squares, sidewalks—these are things which tell tales about people. A stranger, seeking a location, can hardly think well of a place in which the distinction between the house and sty are not obvious; in which everyone is lazy when greediness does not excite him, and where general indolence leaves no time to think of the public good.

When politicians are on the point of dissolving in the very fervent heat of their love for the public, it would recall the fainting soul quicker than hartshorn or vinegar to ask them—Did you ever set out a shade-tree in the street? Did you ever take an hour's pains about your own village? Have you secured it a lyceum? Have you watched over its schools? Have you aided in any arrangements for the relief of the poor? Have you shown any *practical* zeal for good roads, good bridges, good sidewalks, good school-houses, good churches? Have the young men in your place a public library?

If the question were put to many distinguished village patriots, What have you done for the public good?—the answer would be: "Why, I've talked till I'm hoarse, and an ungrateful public refuses me any office by which I may show my love of public affairs in a more practical manner."

It was not, however, until Mr. Beecher, some fourteen years ago, located his famous summer retreat at Peekskill on the Hudson that he was able to fully indulge his tastes for horticulture and agriculture. Here he had a model farm; all the choicest and rarest varieties of fruits

and flowers, all the latest improvements in stables, hen-houses, implements, and systems—an experiment and a pastime that cost him an outlay of over $300,000. He always passed his summers here, finding relief in the salubrious atmosphere from the hay fever which he was annually afflicted with after his indisposition in 1850. It is hardly necessary to add that the scientific farming he pursued made the crops he grew, and the animals he bred, cost him more than he could have purchased them for in the neighboring markets. No school-boy ever passed a more congenial vacation than his summer sojourn here, as he always took an active interest in the farm-work.

He paid the architect, superintended the erection of the finest residence of its type on the North River, furnished it richly with every known convenience and all attainable luxuries, and paid for every bit of it with money made since that time by lecturing from Maine to California. The house stands on the crest of a lofty hill in Peekskill, and is reached by a long and winding drive through magnificent trees, which line it on either hand. From the broad piazzas can be seen the range of distant mountains and the silver thread of the Hudson not far off. Peace reigns in all the region round about, and in that deliciously restful atmosphere a visitor found the venerable pastor on his seventieth birthday, pen in hand, preparing data for his lecture duty near at hand. He was the picture of health, as with characteristic cor-

diality he rose and welcomed his guests to heart and home. His workshop and library are the beau-ideal of comfort and temptation to duty. Tables, books, electric lights, deep Turkish rugs, ample chairs, and all the paraphernalia of workmanship abound. He was a most hospitable host here, and since the annual encampment of the State militia in the vicinage, his residence was always a Mecca to the members of the Brooklyn regiments. He always visited the encampment, especially of the Brooklyn regiments, and always preached on Sundays to his own regiment (the Thirteenth).

Speaking of the summer home at Peekskill, a visitor, writing to the Boston *Transcript*, alludes to his botanical knowledge and love for birds in the following narrative:

"Mr. Beecher's summer home at Peekskill was a source of great delight to him. Here he had a very large and choice collection of fruit-trees, flowers, and shrubbery, and in walking about the place with friends he would tell, without hesitation, the scientific names of each one of the numerous varieties, and his technical descriptions of them, given in an easy conversational way, were exceedingly interesting. Indeed, many of his sermons were suggested by what he found in his 'breathing place,' as he called his Peekskill home. As an illustration of his generous nature may be cited an incident which occurred when he first moved to the place. Near the house were two or three cherry-trees, from which the fruit was freely

stolen by birds. When his attention was called to this, he said: 'I will tell you how we will fix these birds. We will go right to work and plant fifteen or twenty trees, and then we shall have enough cherries for the birds and ourselves, too.'"

"There is one curious place," said an old friend, "at Mr. Beecher's country home in Peekskill which I think very few people know anything about. I discovered it accidentally one summer, while making a journey on foot through the upper part of the State. It was late one afternoon that I found myself on a hill overlooking a country residence which I afterward discovered was the great preacher's. On a level piece of ground between me and the house was a high mound of small stones which had evidently been carefully placed there, and in a few minutes I discovered by whom. A short, fat man, clad in a long duster and a sun hat, came out of the house and walked over to the pyramid. Then he looked around on the ground and presently started off on a brisk walk for a distance of fifty yards, when he stooped down, and picking up a stone, carried it back to the mound. Then he started off after another one and kept that exercise up for fifteen minutes, when his journeys brought him up to the tree behind which I had placed myself, and I saw that it was Mr. Beecher. He recognized me at the same time, and started the laugh, in which, of course, I joined. Then he took me to his 'monument,' as he

called it, and explained that he did all this work for exercise. There were numbers of stones in the ground near him, but he wouldn't touch those, preferring to get his exercise and his 'monument' at the same time. He made it a rule never to carry back more than one stone at a time, and when he showed me other similar mounds on various portions of his property I saw that he had collected enough of the small rocks to build a fence around his grounds."

Another friend alludes to a visit to Mr. Beecher at Peekskill as follows: "He put on a broad-brimmed felt hat and we walked through the lanes on the domain where the afternoon sun came golden through the gaps. He knew every tree and bird and flower; the very weeds and stones wore a new air of companionship on account of him. I think the birds came nearer to me during that walk than ever before. I could not escape the consciousness of closely fluttering wings.

"For Nature, too, has her loves and her hates. Her timid songsters are closer to some than to others. Her little germs swell and grow with alacrity under certain eyes, and the mute beauties of the field *do* wave their tasselled caps and blow their odorous kisses—only to their friends."

CHAPTER XVII.

YALE LECTURES ON PREACHING.

Causes of Mr. Beecher's Success in the Pulpit.—Originality of Thought and Expression.—His Great Power of Will.—How the Yale Lectures were Delivered.—Advice to Young Preachers.—Constant Study of Nature and Men.—Aims to ennoble Hearers.—Opposed to Perfunctory Preaching.—External Forms Derided.—"Has the Pulpit lost its Power?"—Why the Question has Arisen.—Personal Emotion.—Earnestness, Faith, and Motive Power Essential to Good Preaching.—Criticism and Questions Invited.—"Show Sermons the Temptation of the Devil."—Preaching Should be adapted to the Audience.—Antipathy to Pulpits.—Health very Important.—Extemporaneous Preaching. — System Absolutely Necessary. — Sunday-schools the Young People's Church.—Temptations of Praise.—Sorrow an Excellent Teacher.

MR. BEECHER'S success as a preacher undoubtedly arose from his marked originality of thought and expression, which he was able to exercise on all occasions and frequently in a most unexpected manner. Another characteristic of Mr. Beecher was his will-power: having made up his mind to succeed, he set himself to finding out by what means he could best attain his object. Taking Jesus Christ, and afterward St. Paul and the Apostles, as his guides, he studied the methods they had taken to achieve success, and the conclusion he arrived at was

this: "They were in the habit of looking for a common ground on which they and the people could meet; they could get together a number of facts, information essential for the people to know, and then bring to bear all their earnestness and ability in the presentation of their subjects." They knew what they were talking about, and they were sincere in their preaching—sincere to the utmost fearlessness.

With these guides before him, and recognizing also the advantages of presentation by parable as shown in the Bible, Mr. Beecher set himself the task of imitating their methods. His life was a continual study of nature and of men, and he acquired, in time, the use of analogy to such an extent that he was never at a loss for a picture to illustrate any subject on which he might be discoursing. He studied originality, and keeping this object before him, he was enabled to store up in his mighty brain an inexhaustible fund of information on every topic of human interest, to be drawn on as required for the benefit of his fellow-creatures.

Through all his writings and sayings this originality and minute observation and thought permeates. We find it in "Norwood," in his public lectures, wherever he opens his mouth or takes up his pen. Numerous records have been left that the young minister can take up with profit to aid him in his onward course, but perhaps the most telling utterances in this respect will be found in

Mr. Beecher's course of lectures on "Preaching," delivered at Yale College at the request of the founder of the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on Preaching in 1871. For the purposes of this work, it will suffice to take a rapid glance at Mr. Beecher's general views on preaching and the qualifications of a preacher.

He starts out with the principle that the real aim of a preacher should be the ennobling of his hearers. He has no sympathy to extend to perfunctory preachers, or those who only took up the duty for the sake of the salary they were enabled to earn in the work. But there is plenty of encouragement and consolation in his personal experiences for such sincere men who are earnest in their work and have the well-being of their fellow-creatures truly at heart. In regard to pomp and ceremony as aids to preaching, Mr. Beecher did not consider they were conducive to good preaching. He thought that where the Church looked for power in external forms preaching had a tendency to decay. There is as much difference, in his estimation, between the man who administers ordinances and the man who preaches the Gospel as there is between the man who prints a chromo and the man who paints the picture which the chromo reproduces.

Referring to the popular cry of the decay of power in the pulpit, Mr. Beecher says: "Has the pulpit lost its power? Is it going to lose it? Are there agencies of instruction in religion dispossessing it of the public ear?

Was its power the fact that it rose in an ignorant age and that it has, therefore, by the very law of development, dug its own funeral and put itself out of power? What is the power of the pulpit primarily? It is the power of preaching; for though there is something else in the minister's life besides the preaching, this is its central and characteristic element, and the question may therefore be changed—not 'Is the pulpit losing its power?' but 'Is preaching losing its power?' Now, I hold that preaching is simply the extension of that which has existed from the beginning, and in all forms in society, all conditions and institutions, it is the application of personal emotion and thought to living people. It is not teaching alone, though it may be teaching and should be teaching, but it is the power of one living man to lay himself, with his thought and his emotion, on the heart and intelligence of another living man. The man that means *men*, first and last and all the while—the man with strong, emotive, vitalizing life—is the one who will succeed. Earnestness, faith, emotive power, are all essential attributes to good preaching.

. . . . . .

"I hold that emotion with intellect, emotion as the bow and the intellect as the arrow—that is preaching, that is the philosophy of it in a figure. A man must have faith, or everything falls dead or becomes a mere lectureship. There are many things on which a man speaking cannot

be a preacher. I could not gush if I were discussing the question of crystallography; I could not have any great emotion to send home if I were dealing with the higher mathematics. So, in regard to many kinds of truth, there cannot, in the nature of things, be anything that goes higher than lecturing. Lecturing is intellectual exposition, legitimate, indispensable in its own place, and in regard to its own subjects; but preaching is something higher than that: it is that that is in common between the preacher and the hearer; it is that that belongs jointly to the sphere of thought and of feeling, and it has in it a definite purpose or end in view, which it is seeking by thought and by emotion to create in the minds of all that are listening to it. It has in it, therefore, the element of thought and the element of emotion, and the element of persuasion, and the element of acquiescence in the audience, for they act back and fore, the preacher on the audience and the audience on the preacher. Now, with regard to this, I do not hesitate to say that it is the one power that cannot have a parallel, and that, beginning in the lowest conditions of social life, the family and the friendship and the school, it has its noble development in the church of Christ Jesus."

Whenever and wherever the topic of preaching was taken up, Mr. Beecher never failed to impress on his auditors the expediency and advantage of originality—the art of dishing up old matter in new forms and with

fresh, vivid illustrations. Characteristic of his sermons and lectures were the criticisms and questions which he invited his audiences to address to him at the close of his addresses, and which he met fearlessly and unflinchingly, and with the utmost good-nature. On one occasion, after a long series of questions had been hurled at him, he replied: "Well, I just begin to wake up now. I am not afraid of the whole of you. I cannot answer one-half the questions you could put. All I have got to say is, I would like to see you come and stand here and let me put questions to you."

Show sermons he characterized as the temptation of the devil, for "they do not lie in the plane of common, true, Christian ministerial work." Not only is a knowledge of theology essential to the good preacher, but it is incumbent on him to bring himself up to the ideal of the New Testament. His knowledge must be varied and practical, in order to enable him to put himself in sympathy with his audience, so that the needs and requirements of all can be met. Again Mr. Beecher says: "I think that a man going into the midst of an intelligent audience does not need to preach in the same way that he would if he were going out into the street in the midst of a *dragonnade*, or among poor and ignorant men. The lower down you go in humanity, the more need there is of emotion in preaching; but as you go up, you come to a line of people who are not injured by suitable

emotion; but it must be of a more refined kind. They demand something more than emotion. There is no reason why you should not feed them. And there be many that go up still higher. They are not only emotive and intelligent, but refined. There is a development of the element of beauty in their life and thought and feeling. The minister ought to preach the Gospel in the language in which these folks are born. There is no reason why a man should not preach to the philosophical in one way, preach to the lawyers in the temple as if they understood higher themes. I don't mean by that that there is one Gospel for the bottom, and another for the middle, and another for the top, but that the methods by which you bring to the minds of men, the doors through which you can enter to their moral conscience, are different. The unchangeable elements, love to God and love to man, require no speculative, emotive outpouring, but adaptation comes in."

He had a strong antipathy to pulpits, as having a tendency to destroy the personal elements which he considered were so essential in preaching. To young preachers he advised rhetorical drill and a good general training to prepare them for their labors. He also laid great stress on the general question of health, in connection with which he recommended the exercise of great care in the selection of diet. A healthy-appearing preacher, he argued, must necessarily be more acceptable

to, and have greater influence over, his audiences than a weak, sickly-looking man.

On the subject of extemporaneous preaching, he said, the only part that could be called extemporaneous was the external form; the matter must be the result of previous research and study. Prayer he considered a great adjunct to preaching, and, indeed, its secret of strength. The prayer-meeting was a great aid to the pastor, and besides helping to bring the people together, and developing power in the congregation, it helped the pastor to a knowledge of his people.

On the question of system, he says:

"Every man ought to have a system. He ought to have the high Calvinistic view, although it is measured the other way, I think. He ought to have the High Church view in all the different denominations, and the Low Church view, or any of them. Pick out any of them, but see to it that you get the heart right, for the heart is that element that, when it exists in reality and power, corrects all theology practically. It certainly is the case that it is the man and his life and his disposition that are God's theology in the ministry. And if to this you have added corrected intellectual ideas, frameworks, and systems, as every thinking man will and must for himself, why, all the better, but I tell you that heterodoxy with a right heart under it is better than orthodoxy with a malign heart under it. Take the apostolic sieve.

Paul did not object to eloquence, nor to learning, nor to wisdom in any form, but he sifted them all out and kept saying to one and another and another, 'Though I have the tongues of men and angels and have not love, I am nothing.' Sift out that and sift out that. You might sift out two-thirds of all the glory among men, and if love is left behind you are rich ; and you might have all these things, and if love is left out they are no profit to you whatever. I am not, therefore, for undenominationalizing men. I believe in sects. I believe that the Baptists ought to be Baptists simply because they think so, and as a man thinketh so is he. I think that the Calvinist that is genuinely misled into that ought to stand by his guns; I think the Presbyterian Church ought to be a Presbyterian, and the Methodist Church ought to be a Methodist, and the Episcopal Church ought to be Episcopal, and the Congregationalist ought to be Congregational ; they, of all men in the world, have reason to be proud of their Congregationalism and to stand by it. But let not Ephraim vex Judah, let not one mash against the other ; love men in that respect. There is one thing that belongs to them altogether—love with a pure heart fervently and I will trust any misleading doctrine or any ordinance or any worship if it stands with the burning bush of love showing that the Lord God Almighty is present within."

Sunday-schools he considered the young people's

church, and religion should be made joyful to children. "There is no danger in religious excitement brought about by revivals, any more than there is in political excitements and business excitements, and the result obtained is frequently great, and they have a tendency to raise the tone of church piety, which is apt to become stagnant for want of stirring up."

Young preachers are warned against the temptation of praise. "We all love praise, but praise should follow us and never precede us. If you have done right and men like it, then it comes under the category of things that are of 'good report,' which we are commanded to ponder and to think upon; but see to it that your aspirations are not for praise, but for the welfare of man and the glory of God, and then if praise comes, well and good; but remember you are going into the midst of fire with imflammable garments on you, and there is nothing that weakens a man so quickly and is so dangerous to him as measuring everything by its relation to its popularity and to his success in life. It is dangerous even to damnableness! And then he, the man, has his own church to try to spoil him. Of course, God raises up deacons by whom men are held in sometimes. Oftentimes in this world a thorn in the flesh is one thorn for a man's crown by-and-by; but where there is one deacon that is a vexatious intruder on your individual liberty there are a hundred old women or young women that are

praising you and flattering you, saying kind things to you and seeking to soften you. I believe in softness in the heart; but I do not believe in having a man's head soft. That is one of the things you must watch against."

He comforts those in suffering, sorrow, and disappointment, and says:

"There are many men that are not fit to be preachers until they have gone through the path of suffering and sorrow. Your mortification and ill-success, instead of dissuading you from the Gospel ministry, should lead you to say to yourself, "I am being baptized with the baptism wherewith He was baptized," and hold on. The day is short; do not be troubled. But oh, my young brethren, my heart yearns for you when I look out and see into what varied experience you are going and what the work has been in this world. I have a father's feeling for his sons toward you, and I commit you to the care of Him who cared for me, Him who loves you and me; and I say to you, whatever checkered way your life may have in it, there is one day that will not delay and that will surely come, when you shall go into the presence of your Father and my Father and there shall come from the multitudes of Heaven greeting voices saying to you, "But for you I had not known Christ," glory and immortality shining from their faces and reckoning you their high priest under the great High Priest. Oh, one hour in heaven will be worth a whole

century upon earth, and the commendation of God will be to you music that will never end, that will roll on forever and ever. You have entered or will soon enter the most glorious career, if you are fit for it, that can be open to men. Do not be tempted by any collateral business; do not be tempted by any praise; do not be tempted by any pride; do not be tempted by any discouragement: hold on and work to the end, and then shall come the great and glorious outpouring, and one hour in heaven will be worth ten thousand years of suffering upon earth.

"I labored under great disadvantages in coming into the Christian ministry. My father was a very eminent theologian and preacher, and that is enough to beat the head in of any son of his that comes after him; because we are all measured by the reputation of the father. I went off out of the city. I went out into the country. I really expected to live and die in Indiana, and it is in my heart to do it yet—I love the State. I went into the woods, and on the prairies and everywhere. I had very little to say. I had gone through the whole circle of debate and theology and so on. I had had a revelation of the nature of Christ, and at first it was no more than a start to me. It grew, however, more and more, but it was not until I had been preaching about four or five years that I had a horizon that extended around the whole circle. I preached in disquietude and in almost discouragement during that time, but at last I came to that feeling—"I

do believe that I shall now be a preacher." I began to see how I could do the thing by preaching that I set out to do, and it was a blessed finding out, too. I think it was Correggio who, when he made his first and only visit to Rome, having been a painter in his own province and comparatively unknown, went to see the works of Michael Angelo, Titian, and Raphael. All that he said as he looked round on them was, "I, too, am a painter." He did not say he was equal to them, but he saw in looking at their works that he had got hold of the element, and that he was a painter.

"I remember the day when I said I was a preacher. I had with tears and sorrow labored to do something that would startle men. I sat down and took the Book of Acts and analyzed it to see what it was that enabled the apostles to produce such effects. I got an idea—it was a very imperfect one, it has been corrected since—but I got an idea about it, and said: "Now, I will construct on these lines not a repetition of this sermon, but I will make a sermon that shall be adapted to the state, the want and feeling of such communities as there are here." I knocked over thirteen men with that sermon. I never had had a fish bite before, and the moment that I came home I said: "Oh, I have got it! I have got it! I know now how it is going to be done." Well, I tried it again the next time, and I failed totally, and I had more tumbles down than I had standings up, but through poor sermons and

good sermons I pressed forward until I got to the degree of fluency that I have attained. And I want you to understand one thing—I do not consider myself a good preacher. As God is my judge, my sermons are continually condemning me, not in the mere matter of scope and thought, but in the soul qualities. I ought to live better and be better to enable me to make sermons that shall be worthy of my Master, Jesus Christ. Do not be discouraged because you make poor work of preaching at first. Go on and try again."

Mr. Beecher always preferred preaching contrition to attrition, and presents the following in support of his view :

"If a man believes in the conscious torment of men, eternal, conscious torment in hell, if he ever smiles, if he ever gets married, if he ever goes into convivial company with jest and joke, he is a monster! So far as my own personal belief is concerned, I work by hope and love, and inspire, as far as I can, these as the working forces in my people, and not fear—except in those words of fear that springs from love—filial fear, and so on ; but, as regards the future, I believe that Christ taught simply this : That moral character went on from this life into the other, bearing the same general tendencies with which men live here. In regard to the doctrine of hell as taught by the barbaric theologies of the Middle Ages, and as taught by the very many barbaric denominations, yet I say that it is

not according to the mind nor the will of the New Testament. But I do believe our Lord taught us that living selfishly and corruptly here would bear such fruits in the life to come as to make it the interest of every man to live righteously and rightly. The doctrine preached by sincere, gentle-minded men wins my respect for them; it is for the rancorous, red-mouthed men that are preaching hell fire and damnation, and going home to drink their wine and eat their bread and meat—it is for them that I have no allowance—because this doctrine is everything—it is everything if it be true, and the world ought to be in tears, and pleasures ought to be unknown, under such circumstances."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST.

Mr. Beecher's Reasons for writing It.—The First Volume published in 1872.—Its High Literary Character.—Plans for the Work.—Authorities Consulted.—Spirit in which the Author Wrote.—Meeting Objections.—The Four Gospels.—Their Critics.—Accepting Their Truth.—Ministry of Angels.—The Time Ripe for Christ's Appearance.—The Annunciation.—Characters of Mary and Joseph.—Deprecation of Protestant Reaction from Mary.—Herod's Hatred.—The Flight into Egypt.—Childhood of Jesus.—John and the Voice in the Wilderness.—Discussion of Forms of Baptism.—Personal Description of Christ.—Miracles of the Four Gospels.—Marriage at Cana.—Judean Ministry.—Lesson at Jacob's Well.—Early Labors in Galilee.—Discussion of the Sermon on the Mount.—End of the Volume.—Publication Suspended.—New Contract of 1886.

PUBLIC attention has been drawn toward Mr. Beecher's "Life of Jesus the Christ" more than to any other of his published volumes. During many years he had loved, believed in, and taught his people concerning Jesus Christ, in whom all the vitality of his faith appeared to centre. To him Christ was everything, and he cared to know no more. His brother clergymen and his own people often asked him to explain his views of Christ. He resolved to put himself on record and to write a book

that would inspire a deeper interest in the life and sympathies of his Master. Writing himself about it, Mr. Beecher said:

"I have undertaken to write a life of Jesus the Christ in the hope of inspiring a deeper interest in the noble Personage of whom those matchless histories, the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, are the chief authentic memorials. I have endeavored to present scenes that occurred two thousand years ago as they would appear to modern eyes if the events had taken place in our day. . . . Writing in full sympathy with the Gospels, as authentic historical documents, and with the nature and teachings of the great Personage whom they describe, . . . I have not invented a life of Jesus to suit the critical philosophy of the nineteenth century. The Jesus of the four Evangelists for wellnigh two thousand years has exerted a powerful influence upon the heart, the understanding, and the imagination of mankind. It is that Jesus, and not a modern substitute, whom I have sought to depict, in his life, his social relations, his disposition, his deeds and doctrines." . . .

In the latter part of 1872 Ford & Co. issued the first volume—first paying Mr. Beecher $10,000 cash for the completed work, yet to be written—and it was at once hailed with enthusiasm by eminent men the world around. Dr. Storrs, of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn,

pronounced it to be the "book which the masses of the Christian world have been waiting for." The religious press, without exception, accorded it a respectful welcome, and scholars and the clergy vied with each other in its praise. A well-known English critic said that Beecher's "Life of Christ" would be welcome to Christians, inquirers, sceptics, infidels, teachers, Bible classes, home circles, and intelligent readers of every name. That Mr. Beecher had put his best work in the first volume of the work, was evident to any critical reader, and the publishers gave it a frame worthy of the picture. Agents sold the book faster than it could be furnished, and that Mr. Beecher would make a fortune as well as fame was a moral certainty.

The author informs us in his preface that he has followed, subject to slight variation, the "Gospel History Consolidated," published by Bagster, London, England; Ellicott's "Historical Lectures on the Life of Our Lord Jesus Christ;" and Andrews' "Life of Our Lord upon Earth."

Disclaiming a polemic spirit, and being anxious only to produce conviction without controversy, and writing in full sympathy with the Gospels as authentic historical documents, he has not attempted to show the world what the Evangelists *ought* to have heard and seen, but did not, nor what things they did *not* see or hear, but in their simplicity believed that they *did*. The object of the

work is to present scenes in the life of Jesus from the chief authentic memorials of the four Evangelists, adapted to modern inspection, in the hope of awakening a deeper interest in the noble Personage whom all men, while differing on every topic connected with the Christ, agree in estimating as a good man.

While the aim of the work prevents any formal discussion of the history of the text, the authenticity of the several narratives, and the many philosophical questions that naturally arise, the author has attentively considered whatever has been said, on every side, in the works of critical objectors, and has endeavored as far as possible so to state the facts as to take away the grounds from which the objections were aimed. While the primary records remain the same, the habits and requirements of plain people render it essential and necessary for the life of Christ to be rewritten for each and every age; for the Gospels, while peculiarly expressed in a mode fitted for universal circulation, are still, owing to the fact of their having been written by Jews, and with primary reference to certain wants of the age in which the writers lived, full of allusions, customs, and beliefs which have passed away or become modified. While Truth remains always the same, every age has its own style of thought and expression, its own needs and necessities, and it is for the purpose of meeting these changes of ideas in different ages that men are ordained to study the Gospel,

and preach and interpret its meaning, and thus readapt the truth, from age to age, to men's ever-renewing wants. All critics of the Gospels are reduced to two classes:

1. Those who believe that the writings of the Evangelists are authentic historical documents, that they were divinely inspired, and that the supernatural elements contained in them are real, and to be credited as much as any other parts of the history.

2. Those who deny the inspiration of the Gospels, regarding them as unassisted human productions, filled with mistakes and inaccuracies; especially, as filled with superstitions and pretended miracles. "These latter critics," says the author, "set aside all traces of the supernatural. They feel at liberty to reject all miracles, either summarily, with *philosophic* contempt, or by explanations as wonderful as the miracles are marvellous. In effect, they act as if there could be no evidence except that which addresses itself to the material senses. Such reasoning chains philosophy to matter, to which statement many already do not object, but boldly claim that, in our present condition, no truth can be *known* to men except that which conforms itself to physical laws. There is a step further, and one which must soon be taken, if these reasons are logically consistent; namely, to hold that there is no evidence of a God, unless Nature be that God. And this is Pantheism, which, being interpreted, is Atheism.

"We scarcely need to say that we shall take our stand with those who accept the New Testament as a collection of veritable historical documents, with the record of miracles, and with the train of spiritual phenomena, as of absolute and literal truth. The miraculous element constitutes the very nerve-system of the Gospel. To withdraw it from credence is to leave the Gospel histories a mere shapeless mass of pulp.

"The ministry of the angels, the mystery of the Divine incarnation, and the miracles of our Lord taken away, nothing remains to save Jesus, who is acknowledged by all men to have been a good man, from the character of a gigantic impostor. And even Infidelity would feel bereaved in the destruction of Christ's moral character."

Proceeding on these bases, the author goes on to say that the moral fervor and intense spiritual yearnings among the best men in Judea had wrought men up to such a pitch of spiritual enthusiasm as to prepare them in some sort for the need of a new religious education, which, while they believed in its advent, was not apparent to them as regarded its nature and the time and place of its coming.

"The day had come when a new manifestation of God was to be made. A God of holiness, a God of power, and a God of mercy had been clearly revealed. The Divine Spirit was now to be clothed with flesh, subjected to the ordinary laws of matter, placed in those conditions

in which men live, become the subject of care, weariness, sorrow, and of death itself."

But while there was movement and holy ecstasy among the heavenly spirits in the anticipation of this glorious day, the earth and its dull inhabitants, with the exception of the few gifted to discern, could not conceive the wonderful dawn that was about to be heralded. In turn to Zacharias, to the mother of Jesus, to the shepherds watching their flocks, did the angels announce the glad tidings, and the new era opened at Jerusalem.

"The scene of the Annunciation will always be admirable in literature, even to those who are not disposed to accord it any historic value. To announce to an espoused virgin that she was to be the mother of a child, out of wedlock, by the unconscious working in her of the Divine power, would, beforehand, seem inconsistent with delicacy. But no person of poetic sensibility can read the scene as it is narrated by Luke without admiring its sublime purity and serenity. It is not a transaction of the lower world of passion. Things most difficult to a lower sphere are both easy and beautiful in that atmosphere which, as it were, the angel brought down with him."

In order to appreciate the beauty and truthfulness to nature of such a scene, the reader is invited to carry himself back in sympathy to the period of that Jewish maiden's life. "The education of a Hebrew woman was

far freer than that of women of other Oriental nations. She had more personal liberty, a wider scope of intelligence, than obtained among the Greeks, or even among the Romans. But above all, she received a moral education which placed her high above her sisters in other lands." To Mary all phenomena of nature were direct manifestations of the Lord's will, for at that period the path glowed with divine manifestations, and miracles blossomed out of every natural law. While to us God acts through instruments, to the Hebrew he acted immediately by his will. No surprise, therefore, was experienced by Mary at the coming of the angels; her only surprise being that *she* should be chosen for a renewal of those Divine interpositions in behalf of her people of which their history was so full.

The author, while testifying to the beauty, the reverence, the affection, and esteem in which the name of Mary, the mother of Jesus, has been held for over a thousand years, experiences difficulty in speaking of her, "both because so little is known of her, and because so much has been imagined," and while "the doctors of theology have long hesitated to deify the Virgin, art has unconsciously raised her to the highest place. . . . A sweet and trusting faith in God, childlike simplicity, and profound love seem to have formed the nature of Mary. She may be accepted as the type of Christian motherhood. In this view, and excluding the dogma of

her immaculate conception, and still more emphatically that of any other participation in divinity than that which is common to all, we may receive with pleasure the stores of exquisite pictures with which Christian art has filled its realm. . . . The Protestant reaction from Mary has gone far enough, and on our own grounds we may well have our share also in the memory of this sweet and noble woman." Speaking of Joseph, the author says he is called a just man, and he is known to have been humane. "For when he discovered the condition of his betrothed wife, instead of pressing to its full rigor the Jewish law against her, he meant quietly and without harm to set her aside. When in a vision he learned the truth, he took Mary as his wife."

With the advent into Jerusalem of the pilgrims of the East, "Herod was troubled, and all Jerusalem with him." In connection with the guiding star, which was no planetary conjunction, but a miracle of divine ordination, attention is directed to "the superiority of spiritual power over sensuous, which is the illuminating truth of the New Testament." "Miracles," continues the author, "are to be accepted boldly or not at all. They are jewels, and sparkle with divine light, or they are nothing." Herod's hatred had to be avoided, and, stirred by a divine impulse, Joseph removed his family into Egypt, where uncertain tradition has placed their sojourn at Mataria, near Leontopolis.

The Ministration of Angels is dwelt on by the author as a faith that is "peculiarly grateful to the human heart." He says: "It is scarcely possible to follow the line of development in the animal kingdom, and to witness the gradations on the ascending scale, unfolding steadily, rank above rank, until man is reached, without having the presumption awakened that there are intelligences above man—creatures which rise as much above him as he above the inferior animals. When the Word of God announces the ministration of angels, records their early visits to this planet, represents them as bending over the race in benevolent sympathy, bearing warnings, consolations, and messages of wisdom, the heart receives the doctrine even against the caution of a sceptical reason. . . . We could not imagine the advent stripped of its angelic lore. The dawn without a twilight, the sun without clouds of silver and gold, the morning on the fields without dew-diamonds—but not the Saviour without his angels."

With the doctrinal theory of the divine and human nature of Jesus, the author is at variance, arguing that the beauty and preciousness of Christ's *earthly* life consisted in its being a true *divine* life, "a presentation to us, in forms that we can comprehend, of the very thoughts, feelings, and actions of God when placed in our condition in this mortal life. To insert two natures is to dissolve the charm."

In treating of the childhood of Jesus, the author avoids discussion of the suppositions relating to his brothers and sisters beyond stating that they may have been the children of Joseph by a former marriage; or they may have been adopted; or they may have been his cousins; or they may have been the children of Joseph and Mary.

It is sufficient that the child Jesus grew up and waxed strong in the company of other children, and then at the age of twelve his parents find him "in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions." From the reply to his mother, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" it is plain that "he was conscious of the nature that was in him, and that strong impulses urged him to disclose his power. It is therefore very significant, and not the least of the signs of divinity, that he ruled his spirit, and dwelt at home in unmurmuring expectation."

The beauty of Nazareth and its environs affords ample opportunity for the exercise of the author's ingenious pen in picturesque description.

In the treatment of John and his Voice in the Wilderness, no significance is attached to his baptism with water, beyond the fact that it was a symbolic act, signifying that one had risen to a higher moral condition. John's own explanation was clear and explicit: "I baptize you with water unto repentance." John's mission was criticised by the Sanhedrim priestly questioners, and the ef-

fect of his reply was without doubt an appeal from Ritual to conscience. "He came home to men with direct and personal appeal, and refused the old forms and sacred channels of instruction; and when asked by the proper authorities for his credentials, he gave his name, A Voice in the Wilderness, as if he owed no obligation to Jerusalem, but only to nature and to God."

The long silence is ended, and Jesus, walking in the footsteps of his people, "that in all things he might be like unto his brethren," is baptized by John in the Jordan; and instantly a Voice spake from out of heaven, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased" (Matt. iii. 17). At every step the disclosure of the life of Jesus was a surprise, and "the mystery of that Divine Spirit which possessed the Saviour, the mystery of forty day's conflict in such a soul, the mystery of the nature and power of Satan, the mystery of the three final forms into which the Temptation resolved itself—these are beyond our reach. They compass and shroud the scene with a kind of supernatural gloom. The best solution we give to the difficulties will cast but a twilight upon the scene."

In following out the life of Jesus, we are not to take with us the conception of a formidable being, terrible in holiness, but we must clothe him in imagination with traits that made little children run to him.

A chapter is devoted to the personal appearance of the

Christ, and another to the outlook at the time of the commencement of his mission, with references to the Pharisees and the Sadducees, and their respective schools.

"If Jesus came to found a church, never were actions so at variance with purposes. There are no recorded instructions to this end. He remained in the full communion of the Jewish Church to the last. Nor did his disciples or apostles dream of leaving the church of their fathers. . . . The captivity is drawing to a close. The Jerusalem of the Spirit is descending, adorned as a bride for the bridegroom. The new life in God is gathering disciples. They are finding one another. Not disdaining outward helps, they are learning that the Spirit alone is essential. All creeds, churches, institutions, customs, ordinances, are but steps upon which the Christian plants his foot, that they may help him to ascend to the perfect liberty in Christ Jesus."

The first step of Jesus, in his ministry, was a return home to his mother, and from this we are led to the marriage at Cana, with a minute description of the scene of the feast, and the miracle of the changing of the water into wine; in connection with which, the author argues "that the wine created by our Lord answered to the fermented wine of the country would never have been doubted, if the exigencies of a modern and most beneficent reformation had not created a strong but unwise dis-

position to do away with the undoubted example of our Lord." Although the motive of the doubt was good, it has failed to satisfy the best scholars. The reply of Jesus to his mother, interpreted according to the language of to-day, might imply a rebuke as well as a refusal; but interpreted through the impression produced on his mother, it was neither refusal nor rebuke, "for she acted as one who had asked and obtained a favor."

The few disciples who had accompanied Jesus were drawn to him by the miracle at Cana with renewed admiration, and soon afterward he went down to Capernaum with his disciples, and at this time Simon Peter and his brother Andrew were called; and then we have recorded other miracles, such as the healing of the demoniac, the paralytic, etc.

In the First Judean Ministry, Baptism, and the disputes thereon among the disciples, are again discussed, and the author remarks that on this question "there came near being two sects. And Jesus seeing the danger, not only left the neighborhood, but ceased baptizing."

We have then the Lesson at Jacob's Well and the appeal of Jesus to the Samaritan woman, expressive of his sympathy for mankind, and the tenderest compassion for those who have sinned and stumbled.

In the Early Labors in Galilee, we are attracted chiefly by Jesus expounding the lessons of the Law and the Prophets in the synagogue, and the tumult thereafter,

when "Passing through the midst of them, he went his way;" and the healing of the sick man on the Sabbath-day, and the collision with the Pharisees on account of his work on that day, whereon the principle is laid down, "*The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath.*"

A year and a half after the baptism of Jesus, we have a Time of Joy, when he returned into Galilee, and "he taught in their synagogues, *being glorified of all.*"

From The Sermon on the Mount and The Beatitudes, we arrive at The Beginning of the Conflict, His steps being followed by an enthusiastic multitude, the Temple party lurking around, determined to resist the reformation and destroy the reformer, but restrained for a time by His wonderful miracles and the power of His teaching. Around the Sea of Galilee the discourses of Jesus grow deeper and richer, and although he had preached the Kingdom of Heaven from the first, that theme now seems to become his special subject of discourse, indicative of which we have eight parables. Political influences were now at work to destroy him, but "Every political party has one or two sensitive tests. If a man is sound or harmless in respect to them, he is regarded as safe."

With the doctrine of immortality, as expounded by Jesus, and his numerous parables on the Kingdom of Heaven, the first volume is brought to a close.

"The Voice ceased. The crowd disappeared. The

light that had sparkled along the waters and fired the distant hills went out. . . . With the darkness came forgetfulness, leaving but a faint memory of the Voice or its teachings, as of a wind whispering among the fickle reeds."

The Beecher-Tilton scandal which culminated in the great trial stopped the sale of the first volume—in the expressive language of Samuel Wilkinson, "The Life of Christ was knocked higher than a kite." Litigation followed, and the second volume remained unwritten until 1886, when Mr. Beecher made a contract with Charles L. Webster & Co. to complete the work, and also to write his autobiography. Nothing had been done upon the latter, but the Life of Christ was so nearly complete at the time of Mr. Beecher's death that it can easily be finished by another's hand.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE GREAT SCANDAL.

Tilton a Reporter in 1851.—Attached to *The Independent*.—His Domestic Troubles.—Interviews and Correspondence.—The Tripartite Agreement.—"Our Mutual Friend."—The Church Investigates.—Beecher Exonerated.—Commencement of the Libel Suit.—Complaint and Answer.—How the Jury stood at the End.—Eminent Counsel on Both Sides.—Official Report of the Trial.—Tilton on the Stand.—His Remarkable Story for the Prosecution.—Cross-Examination.—His Version of the Various Interviews with Beecher.—Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull's Connection with the Case.—Frank Moulton and His Testimony.—Other Witnesses for the Plaintiff.—The Prosecution rests Its Case.—Rulings of Judge Neilson.

In 1851, a bright young stenographer, only sixteen years of age, Theodore Tilton by name, came into Plymouth Church to take down Mr. Beecher's sermons for publication, a practice which was then a novelty. He was engaged by Henry C. Bowen, one of the founders of the church, upon *The Independent*, of which journal Mr. Bowen was a proprietor, and in 1861 he succeeded Mr. Beecher as editor-in-chief of the paper. He developed considerable power as a writer and speaker, especially in the anti-slavery contest, and gained the warm friendship of Mr. Beecher, who regarded him as "one of my boys." Tow-

ards 1870 some difference arose between Mr. Bowen, then sole proprietor of *The Independent*, and Mr. Beecher. Meanwhile Mr. Tilton's domestic life was not a happy one. In December, 1870, Mrs. Tilton left her husband's house and sought her mother's protection. Mr. Beecher was consulted, and finally counselled a separation, and the rupture between Tilton and Mr. Beecher was complete. Mr. Tilton obtained possession of his infant child in its mother's absence, and then the mother returned to him. At this time Mr. Tilton had retired from the editorship of *The Independent*, to which, however, he still continued to contribute, and was editor-in-chief of the Brooklyn *Union*, of which Mr. Bowen was one of the proprietors. To Mr. Bowen came stories prejudicial to Tilton's moral character, and he meditated dismissing him.

An interview was held on December 26, 1870, in the course of which the conversation passed from the immediate topic to the necessity of frequent notices of Plymouth Church and its pastor in the Brooklyn *Union*. Tilton objected, and charged Mr. Beecher with "dishonorable conduct toward his wife." Bringing pen and paper, Mr. Bowen invited Tilton to write a letter demanding that Mr. Beecher resign from Plymouth Church and leave *The Christian Union*. Tilton did so. Mr. Bowen took the letter to Mr. Beecher, who read it and said: "This is sheer insanity; this man is crazy." Soon afterward Tilton was dismissed from both the positions which he held.

It was now necessary for him to submit evidence against Mr. Beecher or to confess himself a slanderer. He sought this from his wife. As to what the precise confession then obtained from her was the testimony conflicted. The letter was two years afterward destroyed. The progress of events was not rapid. Mrs. Tilton retracted in Mr. Beecher's presence every accusation made against him; Francis D. Moulton appeared as the "mutual friend;" Mr. Beecher made a tumultuous expression of grief and shame, of which Mr. Moulton took down a statement; Mr. Tilton and Mr. Beecher met, and a reconciliation was effected. A new paper called *The Golden Age* was started, with Tilton at its head, for which purpose Mr. Beecher and friends of Mr. Moulton contributed sums of money.

On April 2, 1872, the "tripartite covenant" between Beecher, Bowen, and Tilton was signed, promising silence as to the past and good-will for the future. But ugly rumors began to be heard. Tilton aided their distribution, Mr. Beecher's friends became uneasy, and in 1873 he broke silence with a card of denial. Tilton was charged in the church with being a slanderer of his pastor, and his name was stricken from the rolls. But more was demanded. An ecclesiastical council was called, nominally in regard to the irregularity of this proceeding, really to make some attempt at an investigation. Its work amounted to nothing, except to deepen the uneasy feeling

that some great scandal was about to be brought to light. Then Tilton, to clear himself, published the Bacon letter, the first of the statements preceding the trial, in which he quoted from Mr. Beecher's alleged confession of January 1, 1871. Mr. Beecher at once took action and demanded an investigation, which six well-known members of Plymouth Church were appointed to conduct. Another effort to compromise the matter was made in vain, and at last, in August, 1874, four years and more after the wrong was charged to have been committed, Tilton brought his suit, placing his damages at $100,000. The charge of adultery was first publicly preferred in July, 1874, and the complaint served in August, when issue was immediately joined. The trial was begun in January, 1875. Subjects were dealt with extending over five or six years. About two hundred and fifty documents were introduced and analyzed. More than one hundred different interviews were examined into, and in respect to many of them the sworn testimony of witnesses was in irreconcilable disagreement. Printed in small type, the testimony that was published filled three thousand foolscap pages, and the report of the proceedings would fill four or five large legal volumes. Over one hundred and fifty distinct rulings on points of law were made by the judge, which were noted by the defendant's counsel, and nearly as many questions were raised and decided during the defendant's presentation of his case.

Judge Neilson sat upon the bench. The most eminent counsel were employed on either side. For Tilton appeared Mr. Pryor, a man of wide learning and active mind, Mr. Fullerton, a master of the art of cross-questioning, and Mr. Beach, a sharp, pithy, and forcible speaker.

Mr. Beecher was represented by Mr. Evarts, who gained new laurels as an advocate before a jury; Austin Abbott, distinguished for his legal learning and the publications bearing his name, whose foresight and system were apparent in the presentation of the defendant's case; Mr. Porter, quick to see and decide upon knotty points; and Mr. Tracy, an effective orator. The positions of the persons interested, the differing characteristics of the multitudinous witnesses, the crowds of prominent men from all parts of the country who packed the court-room daily, and the wholesale publicity given by the press, all conspired to make this trial a striking and unprecedented event. From January until June the lawyers struggled, and a curious public gloated over the daily details of the great scandal. Then came the summing up on each side and the judge's charge. The deliberations of the jury continued for eight days. Fifty-two ballots were taken, the first and last being nine for Mr. Beecher and three for Tilton. On one ballot the jury stood eleven to one, and on another seven to five, in favor of Mr. Beecher.

After the close of this trial the matter was taken up

by the Grand Jury, which called Mr. Beecher as a witness and found an indictment against Francis D. Moulton for libel. The District Attorney, however, never brought the case to trial, and after he had officially indicated this decision by entering a *nolle prosequi*, Moulton brought a suit against Mr. Beecher for malicious prosecution. Mr. Beecher's counsel defended him vigorously, and Moulton abandoned his suit. Questions then arose respecting the regularity of the proceedings in Plymouth Church by which Mr. Beecher had been acquitted, and a council of Congregational churches and ministers, said to be the largest that ever assembled, was called to advise with Plymouth Church respecting its proceedings. This council did not undertake a direct examination of the charges. It simply examined into the history of the action of Plymouth Church, and in this inquiry spent nearly a week. The result was that Christian fellowship was extended to Mr. Beecher, the confidence of the council in his integrity was affirmed, and a tribunal of eminent jurists was appointed to investigate any charges that might be laid before them, though none were ever laid.

To many who hated Mr. Beecher for political or theological reasons, "the great scandal" was an opportunity to despise him for which they were not ungrateful. But many who loved him and honored him were obliged to feel that the evidence of his own hand convicted him of

a shameful fault. Guilty or innocent, his was a fearful trial, and nothing in his life became him like his bearing of it. It was terrible to meet him then upon the street, he seemed so bowed and broken; his once cheerful face was so worn and weary with the sorrow of his heart. It is a patent fact that never after that did he have the weight, the influence, the authority in political or religious matters that he had before. It is equally patent that the after-thought of many whose judgment was at first adverse to him grew less and less so as the years went on. And it is certain that few who are not willing to think evil of him for the basest reasons would now hesitate to say that whatever may have been his fault, it is still true that in the general sweep and tenor of his life he was a man devoted to all excellent and useful ideas. It is equally certain that there are many others, and a much greater number, who have not and who never had a doubt of his complete and perfect innocence. And furthermore, a very great majority of those who personally knew him believed in his innocence, while comparatively few of those who supported the accusation were acquainted with Mr. Beecher or had ever exchanged a word with him.

[The following account of the trial has been carefully and impartially abridged from the official report.]

The answer to Mr. Tilton's complaint was a general and unqualified denial, and was made August 29, 1874.

On the 17th of the following October Judge Neilson, Chief Justice of the City Court of Brooklyn, granted an order requiring the plaintiff to deliver to the defendant's attorneys a statement in writing of the particular times and places at which he expected or intended to prove that any acts of adultery or criminal intercourse had taken place between the defendant and the wife of the plaintiff, and of the particular times and places at which he expected or intended to prove that the defendant confessed any such act of adultery, or show cause why such bill of particulars should not be delivered, and why the plaintiff should not be precluded from giving evidence on the trial of any such acts or confessions not specified in such bill of particulars. In the affidavit accompanying the order attention was called to an alleged confession of Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton, and it was emphatically denied that any such confession had ever been made.

The motion for a bill of particulars was argued at a special term of the City Court of Brooklyn, October 30, 1874, before Chief Justice Neilson, and was denied without costs. The defendant's attorneys appealed from the order of Judge Neilson to the General Term of the City Court, and the appeal was heard by Judges Reynolds and McCue. The order denying the bill of particulars was affirmed, without costs, Judge Reynolds writing the opinion. A dissenting opinion was written by Judge McCue.

From the decision of the General Term an appeal was taken to the Court of Appeals, and the decision of the General Term of the City Court was reversed. The counsel for the defendant then renewed their application for a bill of particulars before Judge McCue, at a Special Term of the City Court, December 10, 1874, and the application was granted. From this decision the plaintiff appealed to the General Term, and the appeal having been heard before Judges Neilson and Reynolds, an order was entered on December 29th, reversing Judge McCue's order. The order for a bill of particulars having been finally refused, the suit went to trial upon Mr. Tilton's original complaint, made on August 21, 1874.

The cause was called on Monday, January 4, 1875, by Judge McCue, in the Brooklyn City Court, Part I. Mr. Beecher and his counsel were present, but as the case was called two hours before the time understood by the plaintiff's counsel, Mr. Tilton was not represented, except by Mr. Pearsall, whose attendance was accidental. He answered to the call, but insisted on an adjournment till the next day. Judge McCue, by right of assignment, should have held the term, but there had been an implied understanding that the case should be sent to Judge Neilson. In the preliminary contests in which Judge McCue had granted a bill of particulars, and Judge Neilson had denied it, the opinion of both Judges as to the nature of the evidence to be admitted on this particular case was

foreshadowed. Naturally, Mr. Beecher's counsel were anxious that the case should be tried before Judge McCue, while the plaintiff preferred Judge Neilson. It was thought on this first day that Judge McCue would preside, but in accordance with Mr. Pearsall's desire the case was adjourned till 11 A.M. next day, and the matter left undecided. On Tuesday, January 5th, after hearing the arguments of the counsel on both sides, and after consulting with his associates, Judge McCue decided to send the case to the other part of the Court, presided over by Judge Neilson. By Friday, January 8th, the impanelling of the jury was completed.

The trial may be said to have really commenced on Monday, January 11th, with the address of ex-Judge Morris. The main points touched on in this address were the alleged confessions of Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton to Mr. Tilton, Mrs. Moulton, and others; the correspondence of Mr. Beecher; the letters of Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Morse; the alleged clandestine correspondence between Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton; and the circumstantial evidence in the efforts which Mr. Beecher made for concealment.

Every seat in the court was occupied, admission being allowed by ticket only. All eyes turned to the door-way as Mr. Beecher, accompanied by Mrs. Beecher, entered the court-room.

The opening address was closed on the morning of

January 13th, and two witnesses were called to the stand —Augustus Maverick and Francis D. Moulton. The former gave unimportant testimony in relation to Mr. Tilton's marriage. Mr. Moulton's testimony related to the first meeting between Mr. Tilton and Mr. Beecher at his house, the circumstances under which the apology was written, and the subsequent interview between himself and Mr. Beecher on the subject of Mrs. Tilton's retraction. He identified the various documents, letters, etc., that had become part and parcel of the case, including Mr. Tilton's demand that Mr. Beecher should leave the ministry, Mrs. Morse's letter to Mr. Beecher and his reply, sundry letters from Mr. Beecher to Mr. Moulton, Mrs. Tilton, and what were termed the *clandestine letters;* also Mr. Beecher's letter to Mr. Moulton, in which Mr. Tilton's character was analyzed. At one point in his testimony the witness stated that Mr. Tilton threatened to shoot Mr. Beecher if the resignation of the pastorate should be published, because it would disgrace the Livingston Street household. The letter of Mrs. Victoria C. Woodhull to the *World,* May 22, 1871, was put in as evidence, and Mr. Beecher's cards challenging Mrs. Woodhull or anyone else who had letters of his to publish them; also the West specifications against Mr. Tilton, and the tripartite agreement between Mr. Beecher, Mr. Tilton, and Henry C. Bowen. The scenes in the Plymouth controversy were reviewed, and the effect of the publication

of the Bacon letter. It was the object of the plaintiff's counsel to present the witness to the jury in the light of Mr. Beecher's friend; whereas, the defence, in the cross-examination, introduced him as the school-mate and life-long friend of Mr. Tilton. His cross-examination related to his acquaintance with Mrs. Woodhull, his accounts with Mr. Beecher, his stock in *The Golden Age*, and other matters.

Mrs. Martha A. Bradshaw, William F. West, and Franklin Woodruff gave evidence, and then Mr. Tilton was called. The defence at once objected, on the ground that a husband was incompetent to prove his wife's dishonor. The senior counsel, Mr. Evarts, made the appeal, citing authorities and examples in proof of the claim set up. General Roger A. Pryor, of counsel for the plaintiff, answered the argument of Mr. Evarts, and was followed by Mr. Beach, Mr. Tilton's senior counsel, in further proof of the competency of his client to testify. Mr. Evarts replied, and Judge Neilson decided that the plaintiff was a competent witness, but that he could not testify to confidential communications.

Thereupon, on the morning of the sixteenth day of the proceedings, Mr. Tilton was sworn, and proceeded to give his evidence.

He told the story of his early career, and related the story of the memorable interviews between himself and Mr. Beecher on December 30, 1870, and subsequently. The contents of the letter of confession offered from

memory by the witness were ruled out. He swore that instead of being a bankrupt in 1871 he owned property valued at $30,000. He said that on the evening in December, 1870, when Mr. Moulton had brought Mr. Beecher to his house, he and Mr. Beecher had a private interview. He had then told Mr. Beecher that he might consider the letter he had written demanding the former's retirement from the pulpit as unwritten, and that the interview was held in the confidence of his wife and in her behalf. Mr. Beecher had said that Mr. Moulton had shown him no statement, but that he understood in general terms the object of the interview, and he expressed his thanks for the withdrawal of the letter. He had then informed Mr. Beecher that Mr. Bowen had made a statement that "You have been guilty of adulteries with numerous members of your congregation ever since your Indianapolis pastorate, all down through these twenty-five years; that you are not a safe man to dwell in a Christian community; that he knows numerous cases where you have shipwrecked the happiness of Christian homes; that he is determined you shall no longer edit *The Christian Union;* that you shall no longer speak in Plymouth Church; and he says distinctly that you are a wolf in the fold and that you should be extirpated."

Mr. Beecher was amazed that Mr. Bowen should have so spoken, as he had appeared to be friendly. Witness informed Mr. Beecher that after his interview with Mr.

Bowen he had narrated the substance of the interview to his wife, who was ill, and the intelligence had filled her with profound distress, and she had instantly said that he was violating the promise he had made her—that he would never do Mr. Beecher any harm or ever assist in any exposure of his secret to the public. She had said that if Mr. Bowen made war upon Mr. Beecher, and if he (witness) joined in it, everybody sooner or later would know the reason, and that would be to her shame and the children's, and she could not endure it. Mr. Beecher had asked him what he meant by speaking of his wife in that way, and he had then read him a copy of Mrs. Tilton's confession, the original of which was in Mr. Moulton's possession. That confession had been destroyed after the tripartite agreement had been signed.

The next interview he had had with Mr. Beecher was about January 3, 1871, at Mr. Moulton's house. He had not then wished to speak to Mr. Beecher, who had ruined his wife and broken up his home, but at Mr. Moulton's request he said "Good-morning" to him. Mr. Beecher said that he did not marvel that witness did not feel like speaking to him, but that he felt more dread in being spoken to than he could possibly feel repugnance in speaking, and that he hoped witness had found it in his heart to accept the communication which he had made through Mr. Moulton—that he had dictated it out of heart-break and anguish.

The next interview with Mr. Beecher was in February, 1872, when Mr. Beecher had called at his house, and, in reply to his query, had positively assured him that there was no dishonor attaching to the birth of the boy Ralph. Mrs. Tilton had come into the room at that time, and bursting into tears, had corroborated Mr. Beecher.

The witness described at length his relations with Mrs. Woodhull, and stated that Mrs. Woodhull's biography had been written by her husband, and that she had brought it to him and asked him to rewrite it. He had done so, leaving out many extravagant statements, and she had been dissatisfied. In June, 1873, there was a stormy interview between himself and Mr. Moulton, after he had learned that Mr. Beecher had expressed an intention to resign from Plymouth Church. Witness was very angry, and told Mr. Moulton that if Mr. Beecher resigned at that time, thus reflecting on the children of witness, he would shoot him. The charges of Mr. West against Mr. Tilton, as a member of Plymouth Church, for slandering the pastor, were very fully reviewed, and in connection therewith, a letter written by witness to Samuel E. Belcher, as member of the Examining Committee, just before the meeting of the Church was held at which Mr. Tilton's name was dropped from the rolls, was introduced and read. In that letter, witness wrote that he had not accused Mr. Beecher falsely. In relation to the Bacon

letter, he had met and told Mr. Beecher that Dr. Bacon had called him (Mr. Tilton) a knave, and a liar, and a creature of Mr. Beecher's magnanimity, and had added that Mr. Beecher must deny Dr. Bacon's statements or he (witness) would. Mr. Beecher had walked away without replying, and they had not met since. In regard to any improper conduct on his part with the young girl Bessie Turner, or Lizzie McDermott, the witness stated emphatically that there was "not a word of truth in it, nor a fact for its foundation."

Mr. Evarts took up the cross-examination of the witness, and questioned him closely on the subject of his religious views, and whether his change in belief had caused his wife much sorrow, and whether there was also a great difference in the religious views of witness and Mr. Beecher. The political controversies between the two men were next taken up, and the events following the Cleveland Convention, when witness had severely attacked Mr. Beecher, were reviewed. An entire day was occupied in reading the correspondence of Mr. and Mrs. Tilton. The relations between Mr. Bowen and Mr. Tilton were thoroughly sifted, and a searching inquiry was made into the so-called confession of Mrs. Tilton, and the copy of it made by Mr. Tilton, both of which, the witness said, were destroyed—the first by his wife, the copy by himself. The witness was also minutely cross-examined as to the subject-matter of the "True Story"

written by him in the latter part of 1872, subsequent to the publication of Mrs. Woodhull's story.

On his redirect examination, Mr. Tilton was examined as to his religious views—his early belief, the cause, time, and nature of the change in them; and finally on the question as to how he reconciled the statement that his wife loved everything good and hated everything bad with the fact that she was charged with adultery, he replied that he had known his wife since she was ten years old, had married her at twenty, and during fifteen years of married life he had held her in reverence almost to the point of making her an idol; when she fell, it was the necessity of his own heart to find some excuse for her, and that excuse he had found in the fact that she had been wrapped up in her religious teacher and guide, and had surrendered her convictions to him; she followed his lead trustingly, and would go after him like one blinded. He thought she had sinned as one in a trance, and she was not a free agent, and she would have done her teacher's bidding if, like the heathen priest in the Hindoo land, he had bade her fling her child into the Ganges or cast herself under the Juggernaut. That was his excuse for his wife. The examination of Mr. Tilton ended with the twenty-eighth day of the proceedings.

Mrs. Catherine Carey, who had been nurse in Mr. Tilton's family in 1869, was called, and gave evidence relative to the conduct of Mr. Beecher with Mrs. Tilton.

Mr. George A. Bell, a member of Plymouth Church, gave evidence regarding the interview between himself, Mr. Halliday, and Mr. Tilton.

Mr. Evarts made an eloquent appeal for the admittance of testimony showing that Mr. Beecher had been called to advise in the troubles between Mr. and Mrs. Tilton, but he was ruled out.

Mr. Joseph H. Richards (Mrs. Tilton's brother), Mr. Jeremiah P. Robinson, Mr. William M. Marston, and Mrs. Francis D. Moulton gave evidence, and on the thirty-first day of the proceedings the plaintiff's counsel rested their case.

CHAPTER XX.

THE GREAT SCANDAL—CONTINUED.

The Defence Opens.—Mr. Tracy's Appeal.—What He proposed to Prove.—The Alleged Confession.—Damaging Evidence against Mr. Tilton.—His Alleged Improprieties at Various Places.—Mrs. Woodhull Again.—Mr. Moulton's Evidence Contradicted.—Various Witnesses for the Defence.—Mr. Beecher on the Stand.—Sensation in Court.—His Oath in the New England Form.—His Acquaintance with the Plaintiff.—Denial of Improper Conduct.—The Beecher-Moulton-Tilton Interview.—Mr. Beecher's Explanation of His Remorse.—Cross-Examination.—Mr. Moulton Recalled.—Letter from Mrs. Tilton to Judge Neilson.—The Plaintiff Recalled.—The Summing Up by the Defence.—Judge Porter and Mr. Evarts.—The Prosecution Follows.—Failure of the Jury to Agree.—End of the Six Months' Trial.

On Wednesday, February 24, 1875, Mr. Tracy made the opening address for the defence. He began by tracing Mr. Beecher's life and labors from the pastorate in the West to the culmination of his popularity in Brooklyn. Then he took up the career of Theodore Tilton, speaking of him as one who had fallen from an eminence seldom attained by men of his age to the very bottom of an abyss. With stinging emphasis he referred to the plaintiff as one who, "if he could realize the sad truth that he was morally dead, would still rejoice in this post-mortem

investigation of his character. But we propose," he added, "to dissect him first in the interest of truth and bury him afterward in the interest of decency."

The evidence of the plaintiff was minutely reviewed, and referring to Mrs. Tilton, who, he said, was the true defendant in the case, the speaker drew a touching picture of her affection for her husband, "giving her whole life to him without murmur as to her own self-sacrifice." Mr. Tilton's views on marriage and divorce were commented on, and it was argued that while the plaintiff was the editor of a religious newspaper he was an advocate of free lust. The alleged trouble in Mr. Tilton's family, on account of which Mr. Beecher was said to have advised separation, was discussed; the plaintiff and Mr. Moulton were accused of conspiracy and perjury; Catherine Carey-Smith was said to be a woman of bad character; and Joseph H. Richards' testimony was criticised.

Referring to the so-called letter of confession of Mrs. Tilton, Mr. Tracy remarked on its non-production, and stated that the defence would produce an unimpeachable witness to prove that Mr. Tilton, after the Woodhull publication, had read to the witness what he said was a copy of the alleged confession of Mrs. Tilton, and that that copy did not contain a charge of adultery; also that Mr. Tilton told the witness that the original confession was in the hands of Francis D. Moulton, and this notwithstanding Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton had sworn

that the confession had been destroyed at the time of the signing of the tripartite agreement some months before. Mr. Tilton was stigmatized as a blackmailer, and Mr. Tracy concluded his address on the thirty-fifth day of the proceedings with a long and affecting tribute to the Plymouth pastor, and a promise to the jury of evidence that would prove him guiltless.

Edward J. Ovington, the first witness for the defence, testified that the plaintiff had told him that his wife would say anything for her husband. Rufus E. Holmes testified to improprieties of the plaintiff at Winsted, Conn. Mrs. Ovington related conversations she had had with the Tiltons, and stated that Mrs. Tilton had denied to her that Mr. Beecher had offered her any impropriety. Mrs. Sarah C. D. Putnam gave evidence of the devotion of Mrs. Tilton to her husband, and Mr. Tilton's strictures on the church, and his waning faith in Mr. Beecher's powers. Samuel E. Belcher and Mr. McKelway testified to the statements made by Mr. Tilton concerning the charge against Mr. Beecher. Then followed testimony concerning the plaintiff's relations with Mrs. Woodhull, one witness testifying that the Woodhull scandal had been discussed in Mr. Tilton's presence before its publication.

The tripartite covenant was explained by Samuel Wilkinson; Mr. Moulton's evidence was contradicted in many instances by Mr. Archibald Baxter, who stated

that in various conversations between them Mr. Moulton had declared Mr. Beecher to be innocent. Reuben W. Ropes, Abner H. Davis, Edward A. Biden, William B. Barber, and Charles H. Caldwell swore to Mr. Moulton's denial of the Woodhull story about Mr. Beecher and Mrs. Tilton. Several witnesses testified to Mr. Tilton's opinions on marriage and divorce, and Mr. Halliday stated that in 1873 Mr. Tilton had said to him, "My case against Mr. Beecher is wholly irrespective of my wife." Witnesses were examined in the Plymouth Church Records, and then Miss Bessie Turner was called, and testified to Mr. Tilton's eccentricities and "moods," his unkindness to his wife, and his attempts on herself. Three colored servants of Mrs. Woodhull gave evidence of Mr. Tilton's personal relations with that lady in support of Mr. Tracy's declaration, in the opening address, that the defence would show conspiracy between them to publish the scandal. Evidence was given of Mr. Tilton's determination to "smash" his wife and Mr. Beecher; also further evidence in reference to the tripartite agreement, including the evidence of Charles Storrs and James Freeland. Several witnesses testified generally on the case; Mr. and Mrs. Robert T. Moore impeached Mrs. Carey; and James Redpath related the manner in which he had obtained the "True Story."

On the fifty-sixth day of the proceedings, April 1, 1875, Henry Ward Beecher was called and took the oath

in the New England form—"I swear by the ever-living God." He gave an abridged history of his early life and struggles, his subsequent religious and political services, his domestic relations, and his intimacy with Mr. Bowen, Mr. Tilton, and Mr. Moulton, taking in the period from the time of his birth down to December, 1870, when, according to the theory of the defence, the conspiracy began. The growth of Plymouth Church from embyro to its then magnitude, with between twenty-five hundred and three thousand communicants; the building up of *The Independent* and *The Christian Union* (the latter from a circulation of six hundred to thirty thousand copies in a single year); the rapid production of thirty-five volumes—all these labors were merely mentioned as ordinary events. The great help which his wife had given him during all the years of their married life was, however, more fully dwelt on and emphasized.

An account of his first acquaintance with Mrs. Tilton was given. He had known of her when she was a girl, but had had no personal acquaintance with her until her marriage to Mr. Tilton, when he had called on her, at her husband's request. He stated that in December, 1870, he had advised Mrs. Tilton to separate from her husband on account of the great unhappiness in the family and her treatment by her husband. He denied in the most positive and emphatic terms the commission by him of any offence against Mr. Tilton or of any crime against his wife.

Briefly and emphatically he denied the statements of the nurse, Mrs. Carey ; he did not remember ever having seen Mr. Richards while on a visit to Mr. Tilton's house ; and he denied the truth of Mr. Tilton's allegations concerning his acts on October 10 and 17, 1868. During his entire acquaintance with Mrs. Tilton, there had never been any undue personal familiarity between that lady and himself, nor had he at any time, directly or indirectly, solicited improper favors from her.

The scene with Mr. Bowen on December 26, 1870, was rehearsed, and the witness stated that Mr. Bowen, in delivering Mr. Tilton's letter requiring Mr. Beecher's resignation, had taken pains to represent that he was a voluntary messenger and ignorant of the contents of the letter. On reading that letter, Mr. Bowen had been as indignant as he was himself, and a conversation had followed, in which it was revealed that both gentlemen had heard of many matters discreditable to Mr. Tilton, and witness had emphatically declared to Mr. Bowen that the retention of Mr. Tilton on *The Independent* and *Union* could not but be injurious to both journals. This, witness stated, was the first and only offence committed against Mr. Tilton, and the injury to him professionally which followed in his discharge by Mr. Bowen a few days later was the only injury the plaintiff had received, although witness was led at the time of the signing the apology to imagine that there were other grounds of complaint.

On the night of December 30, 1870, accompanied by Mr. Moulton, witness had called on Mr. Tilton, who had then withdrawn the letters he had written, and recited to witness his troubles with Mr. Bowen; he had then charged witness with abetting in his removal by Mr. Bowen, with having superseded him in his family, with alienating the affections of his wife, with corrupting his wife and teaching her deceitfulness, and finally, with having solicited her to immoral relations. After an objection by the plaintiff, the whole conversation with Mrs. Tilton was admitted, and the witness described with great minuteness how Mrs. Tilton, after hearing Mr. Beecher's story of what her husband had told him, had declared that "she could not help it;" that she "had been worried out with his importunities;" and that the charge was "not true."

At his suggestion, but not at his dictation, she had then taken a pen and written the letter of retraction, and had of her own volition added the postscript, which specifically denied the charge of "improper solicitation." On December 31st, in an interview at witness' house, Mr. Moulton reproached him with having taken an unfair advantage in getting a retraction from Mrs. Tilton, and he read a letter from her asking that both her confession to her husband and her letter of retraction should be returned, in order that she might destroy them. Mr. Moulton assured witness that there would be no further

trouble, and on his representations the letter was given up.

In narrating the story of the interview between himself and Mr. Moulton on January 1st, Mr. Beecher described the grief which had overwhelmed him at that time as coming from three sources: his sorrow at having spoken evil of Mr. Tilton, his remorse at having believed the scandalous stories against his friend, and his self-reproach when Mr. Moulton had assured him that they were false; and lastly, his mortification and sorrow on coming to the conclusion, to which Mr. Moulton's declarations urged him, that through his want of foresight and prudence he had won the affection of Mrs. Tilton and come between her and her husband. Mr. Moulton had suggested that if Mr. Tilton could hear him talking in the strain he had been talking that evening there would be peace once more between them, and he asked permission of witness to make a memorandum of what he had said, so that he might read it to Mr. Tilton.

Mr. Moulton had then written some sentences on separate slips of paper, and asked witness to sign what he had written, but he refused. Mr. Moulton had then urged him to put his name, so as to let Mr. Tilton know that it really came from him, and without reading or knowing what was on the paper, he had written near the bottom of the sheet, "I have intrusted this to Frank Moulton in confidence," and had written his name to that separate

note. He denied emphatically that anything in the so-called letter of contrition was his, beyond that foot-note, and that anything he had said resembled or warranted the expressions therein contained. Contradictions were given to the evidence of Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton on important particulars, and it was indignantly and emphatically denied that reference had ever been made by Mr. Tilton to the offence then charged. In reference to the plaintiff's testimony relating to the interview about the child Ralph, the witness said that it was a monstrous and absolute falsehood that there had been any such conversation, or anything out of which such a conversation could be made or imagined.

The witness then proceeded with an explanation of sundry letters and interviews, Mr. Moulton's first suggestions about money to help out Mr. Tilton, witness' acquaintance with Mrs. Woodhull, and her attempt to blackmail him previous to the publication of the Woodhull scandal. He further stated that until July, 1874, he had been ignorant that adultery had been ever referred to or charged, and reference was made to attempts on the part of Mr. Moulton and General Butler to control the Investigating Committee. In his cross-examination, when asked whether he anticipated sudden death in 1873, the witness said that his fears of death were consequent upon periods of depression. Counsel for the plaintiff put in an application for a

policy of insurance on the life of Mr. Beecher in March, 1874.

The re-direct examination followed, and on the sixty-ninth day of the proceedings, April 21, 1875, Mr. Beecher's testimony was concluded.

Henry M. Cleveland stated that his business connection with *The Christian Union* and Mr. Beecher had ceased after January 1, 1874, and he swore that on June 2, 1873, between eleven and twelve o'clock in the morning, he had had an interview with Mr. Beecher at *The Christian Union* office in New York, and Mr. Beecher had then directed him to address letters to him in care of Bigelow & Kennard in Boston. He did not see Mr. Beecher again until the Friday evening of the following week. The Rev. W. H. H. Murray, of Boston, preached in Plymouth Church on the Sunday following June 2d, and Mr. Beecher was not present. The tendency of this evidence was to directly contradict the alleged interview between Mrs. Moulton and Mr. Beecher on June 2, 1873.

Mr. Moulton was recalled by the defence for cross-examination, and was succeeded by Mr. Partridge, the former cashier of Woodruff & Robinson, who contradicted the evidence of the previous witness. General Tracy, of counsel for the defence, testified in contradiction of statements of Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton.

On the seventy-seventh day of the proceedings, a stir

was created by Mrs. Tilton standing up in court and desiring that a communication from her should be read. She handed the following letter to Judge Neilson:

"MAY 3, 1875.

"JUDGE NEILSON: I ask the privilege from you for a few words in my own behalf. I feel very deeply the injustice of my position in the law and before the court now sitting; and while I have understood and respected from the beginning Mr. Evarts' principle in the matter, yet since your last session I have been so sensible of the power of my enemies, that my soul cries out before you, and the gentlemen of the jury, that they beware how, by a divided verdict, they consign to my children a false and irrevocable stain upon their mother! For five years past I have been the victim of circumstances most cruel and unfortunate; struggling from time to time only for a place to live honorably and truthfully. Released for some months from the *will* by whose power unconsciously I criminated myself again and again, I declare solemnly before you, without fear of man and by faith in God, that I am innocent of the crimes charged against me. I would like to tell my *whole* sad story *truthfully* —to acknowledge the frequent falsehoods wrung from me by compulsion—though at the same time unwilling to reveal the secrets of my married life, which only the vital importance of my position makes necessary. I as-

sume the entire responsibility of this request, unknown to friend or counsel of either side, and await your Honor's honorable decision. With great respect,

"ELIZABETH R. TILTON."

Judge Neilson considered the letter, and sent the lady a written reply in which he pointed out the impossibility of her request being granted. Mr. Henry C. Bowen was called, and gave evidence in rebuttal of Mr. Beecher's testimony. The plaintiff was recalled, and gave evidence in rebuttal generally of the testimony on the side of the defence, and the eighty-fifth day of the proceedings saw the termination of the taking of the testimony.

On May 19, 1875, Judge Porter began the summing up for the defence. With emphatic denunciations of Mr. Tilton, the learned counsel condemned in strong language Mr. Moulton and other witnesses, and cleverly contrasted the life and character of the plaintiff and defendant. Miss Turner's character was extolled, the scenes between herself and plaintiff were reviewed, and her testimony favorably compared with the statements of Mr. Tilton's witnesses. The correspondence between Mr. and Mrs. Tilton was carefully gone over, and Henry C. Bowen's evidence was analyzed in view of showing points of agreement between that evidence and Mr. Beecher's. Referring again to Mr. Tilton and Mr. Moulton, Mr. Tilton was declared to be the master and Mr.

Moulton the minion. The letter of contrition was analyzed, and modes of expression therein declared to be unlike those of Mr. Beecher, and several famous phrases were ascribed to the pen of Mr. Tilton. Mrs. Moulton was declared to have sworn falsely on account of her husband.

Six days were occupied in the summing up, the evidence of every witness being carefully dissected and commented on, the learned counsel concluding with a tribute to Judge Neilson, and the belief expressed to the jury that the verdict would be one which would gladden the hearts of many, and which would illuminate Brooklyn Heights; a verdict which would send an electric thrill of joy through Christendom.

Mr. Evarts likewise summed up for the defence. His argument commenced on the ninety-second day of the proceedings, and ended with the close of the ninety-ninth day.

Mr. Beach commenced his argument for the plaintiff on Wednesday, June 9, 1875. He eloquently described the feelings of a husband whose wife's honor had been stolen away, and referred to the influence that had been brought to bear in support of the defendant during the trial. "I have seen," said the learned counsel, "the zealots and the parasites gathering around Henry Ward Beecher in this trial, and shedding their influence both in and out of this court in his favor." The foreman of the jury was addressed in reference to personal appeals

that had been made to him by the counsel for the defendant, and an earnest appeal was made to the jury to decide the case strictly according to their oaths.

The argument proper was mostly confined to answering Judge Porter's summing up for Mr. Beecher. Mr. Tilton was eulogized, but the counsel said he would not indulge in denunciations of Mr. Beecher. The publication of Mrs. Tilton's letters was explained in a way favorable to the plaintiff, and various points that had been touched upon by Judge Porter were gone over in detail. Mr. Beecher was asserted to have been a party to the policy of silence. The anticipations of triumph indulged in by the defendant's counsel were treated with severe denunciation, and in referring to the power possessed by the party of the defendant, the orator said that Mr. Evarts "had more than the hundred eyes of Argus, more than the hundred arms of Briareus, and also the gold of Midas, which had been placed where it would have the best effect."

There was an excited colloquy between Judge Porter and Mr. Beach concerning the treatment of the charge of improper proposals, and then Mr. Beach applied himself with renewed energy to the sifting of the evidence and a review of Mr. Bowen's relations to the case. Mr. Moulton's conduct was vigorously defended, and the interview of December 30th and the alleged confession of Mrs. Tilton which had been destroyed were brought under

consideration, and the doctrines and sentiments attributed to Mr. Beecher in the corruption of Mrs. Tilton were minutely set forth.

The learned counsel agreed with Mr. Evarts unreservedly in his reverential estimate of the motive, the ability, and the success of Mr. Beecher's grand performance in England on behalf of the great question of servitude and freedom, but with Mr. Evarts' deductions therefrom in regard to the present issue he was compelled to differ entirely. Was it possible that they had become so low in the administration of justice that they could not pronounce judgment against great and noble men for fear of the scoffs of the aristocracy of England. In that case, he begged God to help justice and American institutions.

The Woodhull publication was taken up and discussed, and it was asserted that Mr. Tilton had no part in that publication, nor had the information therein contained come from him concerning Mr. Tilton's connection with Mrs. Woodhull. Mr. Beach further said that he knew of no evidence in the case which tended to show that Mrs. Woodhull's character was so bad as to make all association with her disreputable. A tribute of respect was paid to Mrs. Beecher's character for her undeviating faith in her husband and her actions as a ministering angel to him in his hour of suffering and sorrow, and then the affirmative portion of the argument was taken up.

Mr. Beach censured the attendance in court of Mrs. Tilton and Mrs. Beecher, and the alleged theatric exhibitions and displays on the part of Plymouth Church, as all designed to influence in an indirect and insidious mode the conclusions of the court. If Mr. Beecher were innocent, he would have needed no such trappings or aid, but he could have bravely met the accusations without any of those policies or stratagems. The letters of Mrs. Tilton to her husband were considered, their expressions analyzed, and their bearings on the relations of the parties to the suit shown. That Christianity was in any way at stake in the trial was altogether scouted by the counsel, and there need be no fear, he said, of the consequences of Henry Ward Beecher's fall upon the progress of Christian civilization or Christian influence.

The West charges were gone into, and the alleged evidence of Mr. Beecher's efforts to suppress the scandal; and in relation to the theory of blackmail, the counsel argued that all the evidence and probabilities were against such an hypothesis. Mr. Beecher's denial of guilt was unsupported, and they had the confronting testimony of three witnesses, and of circumstantial evidence. The issue of the case was an action by a husband alleging himself to have been wronged in his dearest relations against the alleged wrong-doer. They did not ask for damages, as "Theodore Tilton disdains the idea of touching the gold of Henry Ward Beecher."

The letters of Retraction and Contrition were analyzed, and counsel argued that both were dictated by Mr. Beecher, and that similar phrases in both documents were identical with expressions in the defendant's early works. It was Mr. Beecher's duty to have confessed his sin and asked forgiveness of Plymouth Church and the Christian world. Bessie Turner's evidence was referred to as intrinsically incredible, and as being immaterial so far as the vital point of the case was concerned. In the closing point of his argument, Mr. Beach called the good faith of the jury into question, and declared that he had evidence that jurymen had been improperly approached. This was met by indignant denials both from the jury and the counsel of defendant.

Continuing, counsel charged Mr. Beecher with perjury, and criticised the want of orthodoxy in his sermons; and in concluding he declared that the duty he had had to perform had been most unwelcome and painful, and he would leave the case in the hands of the jury, filled with unaffected admiration and veneration for the magnificent genius of the defendant. But rich as the defendant was in mental endowments, and prodigal as his labors had been, they could shelter no offence against the law. "Genius as lofty, learning more rare and profound, could not save Bacon. He sinned and fell, and upon his memory history has written the epitaph, 'The greatest and the meanest of mankind.'" With a final appeal to the jury,

the learned counsel closed his argument on the one hundred and ninth day of the proceedings.

On Thursday, June 24, 1875, Judge Neilson delivered his charge, which was devoted to the nature and rules of evidence, the character and credibility of the witnesses, and rules for the guidance of the jury.

The jury retired, and on the one hundred and twelfth day of the proceedings, July 2, 1875, they returned into court, and stated their inability to agree on a verdict; whereupon, after receiving the thanks of the court for the careful attention they had shown throughout the trial, they were discharged.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOME-LIFE.

Mr. Beecher's Domestic Habits.—Early to Bed, Early to Rise.—An Afternoon Nap.—Reluctant to leave Home.—Plain Fare.—No More Nocturnal Suppers.—His Work Hours.—Preparatory Work.—A Punctilious Correspondent.—Answers all Letters with his Own Hand.—Persevering Industry.—His Old Home on the Heights.—Its Art Treasures.—Stuart's Reminiscence.—Beecher's Temperance Principles.—Financiering.—Valuable Collection of Steel Engravings.—Description of His Library and Methods of Work.—An Amateur Bibliophile.

MR. BEECHER'S early training and nature made him a very domestic man. He was an early riser, and when not prevented by his professional engagements, always retired at 10 o'clock. When prevented by his duties from retiring early, he always took a nap on the sofa in his study in the afternoon. He was a great believer in "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep." When travelling he always greatly missed his home surroundings. It was his characteristic to never utter complaints, but always to adapt himself cheerfully to circumstances. Frequently called away from home, especially in his early days in Brooklyn, he left cheerfully yet reluctantly, particularly if not accompanied by his wife, because he knew

Mrs. HENRY WARD BEECHER.

he should not be contented until he returned to the comforts of his household.

He preferred plain cooking, and did not have a hearty appetite. Until he became corpulent he used to take a cold meat supper after preaching or lecturing, but in later years he gave this up. He usually passed his mornings in his study, engaged on his editorial work or miscellaneous writing. He generally answered all his letters with his own hands. He was punctilious in his habit of answering all letters addressed to him. Sometimes he postponed answering those that were not pressing; the pile would accumulate until in a mood of desperation he would devote an entire morning to his correspondence. He usually wrote out in full his lectures, but he only made memoranda for his sermons, generally on Friday mornings, but often not until Sunday morning.

His Sunday morning sermon was generally of a religious character, while in the evening he frequently spoke upon affairs of contemporaneous import. Often his labors would be continued through the afternoon, as he was always desirous of getting as much work out of himself as he could. In consequence of his numerous literary engagements, he relegated the pastoral work of visiting his numerous congregation and the details of the church to his assistant. He found little leisure, too, for social calling; though he was always pleased to have his social friends visit him in his home. A picture of domesticity

always greeted them; for, the labors of the day over, he passed the evening with his family. He always addressed Mrs. Beecher as "Mother," and she always called him "Father." Playing backgammon was his favorite pastime in the family circle.

His later years were passed in the home of his son on Hicks Street, after he gave up his house on Columbia Street. All of his children had married and left the parental roof, and he wanted to be in his son's family, where there were children growing up to recall his own adolescent days. Another reason assigned for his giving up his establishment on Columbia Street was a wish to economize in his expenditures. His farm at Peekskill was a great expense to him, and there in the summer he passed his happiest days of *dolce far niente;* his unostentatious charities drew largely from his income, and several years ago he decided to abandon the house on the Heights. He never entertained much in the way of dinner-giving, though there was always the spare plate at his table for the stranger, and generally some guest to take it. It was his custom to have friends to breakfast with him Sunday morning whom he had invited to his pew. A long list of celebrities could be given of those who were thus honored. He continued this custom in his son's house. While he never took wine himself, or smoked, he did not object to others so indulging.

The late William Stuart used to tell a good story "on

himself" of a visit to Mr. Beecher to invite him to attend a breakfast he was giving to the late Lord Houghton at Delmonico's, corner of Fourteenth Street and Fifth Avenue. The accomplished ex-manager and litterateur was received by Mr. Beecher in his study on the top floor, with a bay-window commanding an extensive view of the lower part of New York City, the Bay, and the distant Jersey shores. He found Mr. Beecher sitting in his shirt-sleeves at a long table, hard at work on an editorial for the *Independent*. Mr. Beecher begged a few moments' indulgence until he had completed the article, and Mr. Stuart engaged himself in viewing the books and pictures in the "workshop" and the animated panorama afforded by the window. Mr. Beecher cheerfully accepted the invitation, remarking that he was familiar with the poems and literary work of Richard Moncton Milnes before he became Lord Houghton the statesman.

When Mr. Stuart was leaving, Mr. Beecher observed, "I do not take any wine and liquor myself, but do not object to others imbibing, if they wish to do so." He crossed the room to an old-fashioned bureau on the side, and opened a drawer, from which bulged forth several disused collars and cuffs, newspapers preserved for reference, manuscripts, and such-like, and thrusting his arm down a corner, drew forth a bottle of what the other instantly recognized as *vin ordinaire* claret.

"Now the ascent here is fatiguing," said Mr. Beecher; "perhaps you will take a glass of this."

"Thanks—thanks," replied Mr. Stuart, adding, by way of emphasizing his declination, "I never touch liquor myself."

Mr. Beecher, in his surprise, restored the bottle to its place, and familiarly sitting on the side of the table, exclaimed:

"You astonish me. How has a man of the world like you escaped? Why, I did not think it possible for a man like you to be a temperance man! I can understand now how you have preserved your health and physique, notwithstanding the late hours you have been compelled to keep."

Mr. Stuart bore the felicitation meekly, merely stating that his favorite beverage was buttermilk, whereupon Mr. Beecher regretted he had none to give him, stating that he also was very fond of it.

At the breakfast, a few days later, the jovial *raconteur* forgot his temperance declaration, and indulged freely in champagne which he had served him in a goblet. Mr. Beecher sat by his side, and Stuart observed that there were at times pauses in the other's remarks which were astonishing in so fluent a speaker. While draining a goblet of the "liquid sunshine" he chanced to glance at Mr. Beecher, who had paused in the middle of a sentence in reply to a query from Lord Hough-

ton, and was observing Stuart intently, not to say curiously.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Beecher, as Mr. Stuart placed his goblet on the table—"I beg your pardon, but I must have misunderstood you the other day, when you said you did not drink anything but buttermilk?"

"Except at meals," quickly responded Mr. Stuart, remembering for the first time the circumstance.

In his home on Columbia Street, Mr. Beecher accumulated a very valuable collection of steel engravings, said to be second only to that of the late Charles Sumner. These engravings were so numerous that they lined the walls along the stairways, and were to be found in all parts of the house. The collection was for years his hobby. He had a few good oil paintings. He was an enthusiastic advocate of the arts of "the beautiful" in everything. Of course, flowers were always a prominent decoration of his home. He left all the management of his household to his wife, always satisfied with whatever arrangements she made; but in his study and library he was left supreme, to let books and clippings accumulate in piles or lie about in disorder, and in his study or library he was always to be found during "work hours." When the Columbia Street house was vacated many of the treasures were taken to Peekskill.

Before Mr. Beecher's illness and death, the Rev. Dr.

Almon Gunnison, pastor of All Souls' Universalist Church, Brooklyn, gives the following interesting account of the Plymouth pastor's library and methods of work:

"Mr. Beecher early in his career confronted the question whether he should cultivate a mere literary fastidiousness, surrender himself to the delights of a literary career, and so leave behind works that should stand the wear and tear of time, or should secure present influence at the risk, perhaps, of an ultimate decadence of his literary fame. Born as he was, in an age when great reforms clamored for advocates, it could not be possible that a man of his intense sympathy for humanity could be content with a mere intellectual dilettanteism; the work of to-day was enough, and he cared little for posthumous fame. Still, the homage of an intensely active intellect has never ceased to crave food, and the books have chased one another into his house, until in the old home from which he only recently went out they overflowed room after room, taking possession of dining-room and bedroom, attic and closet.

"I had the pleasure, not long before the breaking up of Mr. Beecher's old home, of examining under the genial guidance of its owner the library of the famous preacher, and of gathering from his own lips many facts concerning his literary habits. His library comprises perhaps six thousand volumes. It is miscellaneous in character, and

without special precision of arrangement. It lacks the completeness of a collection, but covers with reasonable fulness almost every department of thought. The religious department, of course, predominates, the varied phases of modern religious thought being especially full. Physiological books are numerous, while law, science, philosophy, history, and political economy are represented largely upon the shelves. The intellectual hospitality of Mr. Beecher's mind is seen in the fact that on controverted topics both sides are almost equally well represented. One looks in vain to find in the telltale books the evidence of partisanship on the part of their owner. English literature is largely represented, each period of literary development having its masterpieces, while the curiosities of literature, old ballads, myths, legends, folk-lore, poetry, the old moralists, humorists, quaint writers —all are here in this cosmopolitan collection.

The intense love of Mr. Beecher for living things—animals, plants, fishes, and especially birds—would be noticed by the casual visitor, even if he were without previous knowledge of his tastes in these directions. "Everything that has life," he quaintly remarked, "is related to me. I am its Dutch uncle." The books on fishes and birds were everywhere; crowded in among the mustiest folios of the Fathers were books curiously illuminated, describing the habits of the birds, while the flowers and ferns, trees and fruit, kept company with the dreariest quartos

and the moth-eaten relics of mediæval days. It is well known that in the earlier years of Mr. Beecher's ministry he was an enthusiast in botanical studies, doing some of his earliest writing on the subject of floral culture. His love of flowers is proverbial, and it will be interesting to know, from the evidence given by his books, that the love of his youth had not passed away, for side by side with the old floral books of his earlier life are the recent publications of the press telling the story of the flowers.

The library is especially rich in the literature of art, and the number of illustrated books is very large. Choice editions of Hogarth's works; the very rare "Holy Land," by Roberts, the plates of which, by special contract, were destroyed after the limited edition had been printed; "Musée Française;" Foster's "British Gallery;" a large folio copy of Lodge's "Portraits;" very many sumptuous works on uncut India paper, with artists' proofs; superb works on foreign cathedrals, and "Galerie de Florence;" the "Beauties of the Court of Charles II.;" Mrs. Jameson's larger works; Ruskin's works, bought as they were issued, and since become very valuable; Britton's "Cathedral Antiquities;" the "National Portrait Gallery;" Dugdale's "Monasticon," whose possession Mr. Beecher said made him feel so proud that he couldn't speak to an old acquaintance for a week; Alderman Boydell's great book on the character of Shakespeare, published in 1795, illustrated by Kirk, William Hamilton, Smirke, and other

great artists. These are samples of the very large number of works of a similar class.

All the great standard histories of the life of Christ are in the collection—French, German, and English; monographs in every tongue; periods, phases of his life, anything and everything that could help solve the mystery of the Lord's life had an honored place. The favorite divines of the great preacher, South, Berkeley, Barrow, Butler, and others, are in silent fellowship with the poets most esteemed. The great preacher called our attention to a well-worn compilation of the early English poets, Drummond, Giles, Fletcher, and Daniell, which seemed to have been his life-companion. Turning to Daniell's poem, "To Lady Margaret," he read it aloud with incomparable elocutionary skill, bringing out, with delicate modulation, its finer poetic and literary grace.

In looking over the library of Mr. Beecher, one could easily imagine that he had determined, like Bacon, to "take all knowledge for his province." A young lawyer could from his shelves select a law library of reasonable completeness; the young medical graduate would feel rich with the professional outfit he might obtain, and the student in science, philosophy, natural history, botany, fishes, buds, and insects would revel here. The key to the vast fund of illustration possessed by Mr. Beecher is found by even a cursory glance at this strangely diversified collection. His intense sympathy with every form

of life, his quick, almost poetic, appreciation of the beauty of the outward world, his intuitive sense of humor, have found nutriment in these books, with which he has been in life-long communion. He candidly confesses his indebtedness to Crabbe for his anatomical, and to Ruskin for his poetic, observation of nature. Mr. Beecher has never been in any sense a collector.

Though a man of hobbies, he has rarely had any of the bibliographical crazes that have unsettled so many men of literary promise. Perhaps the nearest he has ever come to the dangerous amusement of collecting has been in the direction of art. The old house was heavily freighted with the fruit of his art saunterings. Walls, drawers, cases, portfolios, were loaded with copies of the great works of European galleries—original paintings, engravings, etchings of rare skill and beauty, though not in many cases of great cost. The veteran preacher is a connoisseur of no mean skill. His crude taste in the earlier years of his ministry in Brooklyn was trained greatly by the influence of one Emile Seitz, a dealer in New York, whose friendly offices as instructor he gratefully remembers. It was his custom to visit the store of this man, where he always received cordial welcome, his growing taste being aided much by the genial merchant's suggestive criticism.

Like all great workers, Mr. Beecher has found recreation in studies outside his regular and perhaps legitimate

field. At the beginning of his ministry in Indiana, as already intimated, his passion was horticulture, and he found rest and refreshment in his studies of flowers and fruit, his earliest work as an editor being done for the columns of an agricultural paper. Another singular fact which has been but seldom noticed by the press is his peculiar love of gems. He delights in finely polished stones, finding rest, when weary, in looking at these things. During his memorable war addresses in England, when beset on every side, with every faculty strained to its utmost tension, he found peculiar usefulness in two rich opals which had been loaned him for the purpose of making a selection, by a Glasgow jeweller. In the days of his more active ministry he used to have a little box filled with unmounted brilliants of every kind, and when at his work he felt the need of some calming influence, he was wont to spread his treasures before him, and in their eternal fires find calm and rest. He used laughingly to deride this strange love as a peculiar and senseless whim, but it is not difficult to trace its origin to his peculiarly sensitive love of beauty, which finds satisfaction in that which of all things beautiful has most of beauty.

Among other singular hobbies is a love of rugs. The old house used to be filled with them. Of every nationality, hue, and fabric, covering rooms and halls, matching ill or well the other colors as chance might be, but giv-

ing an air of most leisurely abandon and cosey comfort. Few people suspect that the great preacher is an expert in soaps, but such is the case, and the scent of the soap-boiler's kettle is as the odors of Araby to him. Toilet articles, the mysteries of the perfumer's distillations, all to him are as an open book, and the literature of the toilet, ancient and modern, is as familiar, and probably quite as interesting, to him as the decisions of the Council of Trent or the somnolent platitudes of the gnostic heresies. One of his last hobbies was for pottery, though he did not go very deeply into it, owing to the great pressure upon his time. Unlike most men, Mr. Beecher rarely outgrew his old loves. The new hobby is added to the others, but it does not displace them; as he quaintly puts it, "his recreations are like an irrigating stream, to be cut off in one direction, for a time, that it may be turned on in another."

The consideration of Mr. Beecher's literary workshop makes appropriate a word or two as to the methods of the worker. In a large sense he is a law unto himself, and his method is strangely methodless. "It would," he says, "ruin any other man, and if what the newspapers say is true, it has ruined me." When engaged in more careful editorial work, or the task of authorship, he reads exhaustively, yet makes but few notes, filling himself full, and then when the mood comes writing with tremendous speed. His creative energy works pictori-

ally. Even an argument lies in his mind as a picture. As illustrative, he instanced the Sea of Galilee in his "Life of Christ." He wishes at some time in the progress of his work to describe it. Slowly and carefully he studies its topography, and all the elements which enter into an accurate representation, works his way along its shores and over the adjacent hills, goes down the valley of the Jordan and studies the topography of the Dead Sea, and then begins to make the picture in his mind, adding here a color, changing there a line, until slowly the whole scene, in all its varied colors, paints itself in the vividness of life upon his mind. Thus, when in the progress of his work he comes to this, he has but to throw the picture upon the page, as the exhibitor takes the picture he desires from the box, puts it before his lantern, and throws its every line upon the screen.

One of the most famous of American literary men, a friend and associate of Mr. Beecher, once told the writer that the great preacher was excelled in the richness of his vocabulary by no writer since the days of Shakespeare, and that a careful criticism of his writings would confirm that fact. This illustration of his intellectual fecundity was also narrated: In the "Life of Christ," the printers allowed first corrections without charge, but subsequent changes were taxable. The publishers paid $1,500 for such improvements, the fertile mind of the author constantly suggesting new settings to his thought.

The sermon-making process is somewhat in defiance of accepted methods. In his vest-pocket he carries constantly a tiny book in which thoughts, impressions, and sermon-germs find place. It is a kind of literary scrap-bag, in which hints for sermons and editorials lie in sweet contiguity with anecdotes, addresses of friends, financial and other memoranda. These things are plant-germs, points of crystallization, and from every side they begin to draw material. The picture forms rapidly within his mind, the outlines of it are crudely indicated in his notes, and the inspiration of the moment, when with his audience before him his speech is set free, supplies the rest.

As an author, Mr. Beecher may by the number of his works published justly rank among the most prolific writers. He is the literary father of thirty-five volumes, and if the writings published without his sanction should be added to the list, the number would increase to over fifty. The stress of his times, his intense sympathy with the living questions of the hour, have been, perhaps, an inevitable hinderance to literary finish and completeness. His work has been largely fragmentary, yet he cherishes the hope, not without reason, that some of his sermons which have touched the unchanging spiritual needs of men may have a permanence beyond his own personal life and fame. He feels that he has taught the young clergy to find God not alone in the Record, but in the contemporaneous history of to-day, and that somewhat

through his work the imminent presence of the living God may be seen and felt. The variety of his writings, his mental vigor and originality, his unquestioned spiritual vision, together with his complete command of all the resources of the English language, cannot fail to give him a lasting place among the foremost literary workers of this period of American history.

Of his literary tastes Mr. Beecher has himself given an idea:

"I read for three things; first to know what the world has done in the last twenty-four hours, and is about to do to-day; second, for the knowledge which I especially want to use in my work; and thirdly, for what will bring my mind into a proper mood. Among the authors which I frequently read are De Tocqueville, Matthew Arnold, Madame Guyon, and Thomas a Kempis. I gather my knowledge of current thought from books and periodicals and from conversation with men, from whom I get much that cannot be learned in any other way. I am a very slow reader. I never read for style. I should urge reading history. My study of Milton has given me a conception of power and vigor which I otherwise should not have had. I got fluency out of Burke very largely, and I obtained the sense of abjectives out of Barrow, besides the sense of exhaustiveness."

CHAPTER XXII.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF HIS FRIENDS.

Rev. C. E. Babb.—Early Days in the West.—The "Pepper-Box" Church.—Comparative Obscurity until Thirty-five Years Old.—Judge Tourgée's Meeting in Boyhood.—Sam Payne's Experiences.—Captain W. L. Watson.—Mr. Beecher as Chaplain.—"Our Boys."—Nelson Sizer.—Mr. Beecher's Phrenological Development.—His Friendship for his Old School-mate.—Dr. Spurzheim.—Dr. E. E. Marcy.—College Days.—Rev. S. Giffard Nelson.—Plymouth Bethel.—General Horatio C. King.—Mr. Beecher's Ideas about Church Music.—Theatre-going.—Private Theatricals.—Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kan.—Professor R. W. Raymond.—Mr. Beecher as a Lapidary.—Mr. Thomas G. Shearman.—Mr. Beecher's Charity.—His Sympathetic and Sensitive Nature.—Mrs. Sarah Cole.—A Reminiscence of Mr. Beecher's First Sermon in Brooklyn.—Allan Forman.—Mr. Beecher plays Marbles with the Boys.

Rev. C. E. Babb, who succeeded to the pastorate of the Second Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis when Mr. Beecher was called to the Plymouth Church pulpit, furnishes some interesting personal reminiscences. He relates that at Lawrenceburg Mr. Beecher preached in a church of about fifty members, in a building the seating capacity of which was not over one hundred and fifty, and he and his young wife lived part of the time, at least, in rooms over a store. In September, 1839, fifteen

persons seceded from the First Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, on account of their new-school proclivities, and formed the Second Presbyterian Church. There were no public halls in the young city then, so this little band met in an upper room of the county seminary—a room into which a hundred people could not have been crowded. Here Mr. Beecher preached for a year, during which time his congregation built a wooden church that would hold almost four hundred people. It had such a curious little cupola that it was popularly known as "The Pepper-box Church." In this church Mr. Beecher preached until September, 1847, when he went to Brooklyn. All this time his salary never exceeded $800 per year. During the last two years, four wealthy parishioners added $50 each as a private donation, and thought they were dealing very liberally with their preacher. Indianapolis at that time was an inland town with less than five thousand inhabitants. It was distant two days by "mud wagon" from Cincinnati, and its only attraction was that it was the capital of Hoosierdom. It is a noteworthy coincidence that the first railroad in Indiana—the Madison & Indianapolis—was opened on the very day that Mr. Beecher left for his new home in Brooklyn. As he stood on the depot platform and saw the crowds gathering to the celebration, he said: "I had no idea that I was so popular. Why, the whole country is here to see me off."

During Mr. Beecher's eight years' pastorate in Indianapolis he took quite as much interest in horticulture as in theology. He had a large garden of several acres in the suburbs, and cultivated it with his own hands. He spent a great deal more time in it than in his study. He was very proud of his skill in raising vegetables, and would load a wheelbarrow with pie-plant, which was one of his specialties, and trundle it down to the market and sell it himself, cracking jokes with his customers that drew a large crowd around him. He was always indifferent to appearances.

Small as Mr. Beecher's church was, it was never crowded, except when he roused himself and announced some special subject or course of lectures. This he would generally do when the Legislature was in session. But ordinarily he would read a sermon to a congregation of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred, and very few of his regular hearers dreamed that they were listening to the foremost pulpit orator of the age. One Sunday, in Brooklyn, a lawyer who had been one of his elders while he was in Indianapolis went to hear him. As he came out, the lawyer said: "I heard that very sermon in our church at home four years ago. We all thought it a good sermon, but had no idea that it was a great one. Such is the difference between preaching to three hundred people and to three thousand."

When Mr. Beecher left Indianapolis his church of

fifteen members had increased to two hundred and fifty. This was the result of the growth of the city and of several old-fashioned revivals. Mr. Beecher's father was a noted revivalist, and impressed upon him that this was the normal way of building up the church. "To illustrate the personal magnetism of the man," said Mr. Babb, "I went one day, six months after he left, with an elder of the church, to hunt up the stray sheep of the flock. We found a woman at the wash-tub in the suburbs. The elder said to her: 'Mrs. M——, I believe you are a member of our church, but I don't see you there very often.' The Hoosier dame replied: 'Well, I'll tell you just how it is. I heard they had a big meetin' down to Beecher's. The neighbors was going; I went with them. I liked Beecher and I j'ined Beecher. But now he's gone away, and I don't know who I belong to.'"

Mr. Beecher was never very ministerial in his deportment. He did a great many things that severely tried the patience and charity of the most pious people in his church. And yet he was so frank and genial, and at times so spiritual in his preaching, that they could not help loving him. There was one venerable mother in Israel who used to tell a great deal about him, but she would always wind up in some such words as these: "Henry did a great many things that troubled me, but, after all, I cannot help believing that Henry was a good man."

When Mr. Beecher went to New York, in May, 1847, on the invitation of the American Tract Society to speak at its anniversary, he was hardly known in the East. A few people had seen the little volume of sermons to young men, which was the first book he ever published, and knew that he had a certain kind of power; but he had no reputation as an orator. In the old Broadway Tabernacle that day, while all the ministers had white cravats, he wore a black bombazine stock, and that stock had got twisted around so that the buckle was under one ear and in plain sight, while his clothes were rusty and ill-fitting. Many thought that some farmer from the country had got by mistake upon the platform. When the chairman announced, "The next speaker is Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Indianapolis," he stepped to the front and said: "I am going to tell you something about the devil's colporteurs. I have been watching them for years on the Western steamboats. I can go among them as you, brethren, could not; for you see that nobody would ever suspect me of being a preacher;" and the vast audience looked at that rusty suit and at that bombazine stock, and laughed and laughed again. That opening sentence established his reputation, and he held his audiences spellbound from that time on. The Tabernacle would be crowded whenever he was announced to speak.

There is a striking contrast between Mr. Beecher's

earlier and his later ministry. Being the son of so eminent a preacher, and himself so highly gifted, his comparative obscurity until he was thirty-five years old is remarkable. But no doubt in that garden at Indianapolis he secured the vigorous health which made him such a marvel of physical energy and endurance in his later years.

Judge Tourgée relates the following story about Henry Ward Beecher and a clever amateur newspaper reporter: "Mr. Beecher and I were stopping at the Kennard House, in Cleveland. The Plymouth pastor was to preach in the city that night. He chanced to have a room right across the hall from me. Sam Payne was a reporter on the Cleveland *Press*. He was a green-looking country boy who hadn't been on the paper long, and about as rough and uncouth a citizen as you could well find. Sam went up to interview Beecher. My door was partly open, and I saw him go up to Beecher's door and knock. When the reverend gentleman opened the door Payne presented his card. Henry Ward glanced at it, and said, querulously: 'No, I can't be interviewed. I am tired and busy, and can't be annoyed with any interviewing.' The reporter looked at him a moment and replied with dignity: 'Well, Mr. Beecher, I didn't want to interview you. I heard that you were in town, and knew that you would feel hurt if a gentleman of my prominence didn't call as a matter of courtesy.' Then, with an elaborate

bow, he walked away. Beecher didn't say a word, but stood and watched him until he went out of sight."

Judge Tourgée also narrates how he met Mr. Beecher when he was a boy in the Berkshire Hills, when he had lost his way. The only way out of his predicament was to go to some of the houses in sight in the valley, inquire his way home, and sneak back ignobly and shamefacedly along the highway.

As he was about to take this course he heard someone clambering along the rough pathway at the foot of the ledge, nigh a hundred feet below him. Screened by the thick laurels, he watched the new-comer's advance, himself undiscovered. He knew Mr. Beecher by sight, and knew where the country house which was then his haven of rest was situated. He recognized at a glance the flushed face and stalwart figure, then in the prime of manly strength. His brow was covered with perspiration, for, besides the rough walk he had taken, he was burdened with an armful of trophies he had gathered on the way. Just at the point of the cliff a clear spring bubbled out from under a gray, mossy rock. He threw his variegated armful down, tossed off his soft hat, and lying prone upon the ground, quenched his thirst. Then he stood up, threw back his long hair, wiped his brow, gazed at the prospect that lay outspread at his feet, sat down upon a spur of the rock, and picked up one by one the leaves and flowers he had gathered. Then he sat for a

long time, silent and unmoving, looking down into the quiet valley and off at the hazy hills beyond. The boy had overcome his shyness, and was about to descend and inquire his way homeward, when he heard the soft full tones which stole with such insensible power into every ear. Looking down, he saw his companion in the luminous solitude kneeling in the midst of the painted leaves he had scattered on the dun rock, the bright autumn sunshine lighting up the warm brown hair and touching with unwonted radiance the soft lines of his placid face as he prayed—alone—upon the mountain, with no thought that anyone but God could hear.

The boy listened in amazement. He had been accustomed to prayer. The family altar was an almost universal institution then. Prayer as an act of duty; prayer as a religious rite; prayer as a religious service—all these were familiar things to his consciousness. He even had his own ideas about prayer, and when he felt that he had been exceptionally bad or had a desire to be exceptionally good he had sometimes tried praying on his own account, over and above his share in the evening and morning devotions. He regarded it as a pretty serious business, however, a thing that needed to be done and ought by no means to be neglected, and which, if persevered in, brought at length a sort of fervid rapture which carried the worshipper into a mystic realm of supernatural bliss. But such a prayer as this he had never heard be-

fore—indeed, he has never heard such another since. A calm, tender, quivering rhapsody of thankfulness that God had made the earth so beautiful. A burst of gratitude for mountain and valley, river and spring, rock and brake, sunshine and shadow, tinted leaf and whirring pheasant—everything that had gladdened the eye or charmed the sense during the autumnal stroll.

"I have no idea how long he prayed," says the judge. "For the first time I thought a prayer too short. I wished that he might keep on forever. I had some curious fancies during its continuance. Perhaps, as I looked at his glowing face and saw his dewy, luminous eyes as it concluded, I may be pardoned if I thought of the Mount of Transfiguration. I trust there was no sacrilege in it. After a while I stole down and timidly asked my way home. I felt ashamed of having been an eavesdropper on his devotions. He evidently noted it, and to put me at my ease asked me if I did not think it was "a pretty cradle God had made for his children." He walked nearly a mile with me away from his house, which must have been three or four miles from our starting-point, to make sure that I did not lose my way. I do not remember anything he said, but I walked all the way home in a sort of delicious dream, full of strange, vague aspirations and sweet, tender recollections. Somehow I came to see more in nature afterward than I had ever done before, and I have never ceased to be grateful that I heard this

prayer in the mountain oratory. My relations with him were not close enough to justify recalling the incident to his memory, and I suppose he died quite unconscious of the identity of the uncouth lad whom he that day initiated, not so much into nature's mysteries, for I was no mean woodman even then, but into their mystical relation to God the giver and man the happy recipient. It is probable he had long since forgotten the trivial incident, but for the sweet lesson, in common with many thousands, I still remain his grateful debtor."

Captain W. L. Watson, Company E, Thirteenth Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y. (of which since February, 1878, Mr. Beecher was chaplain, that company being principally organized through his efforts), relates some pleasant reminiscences of Mr. Beecher in connection with the regiment.

"The furnishing of the company's room, which is the finest in Brooklyn," said the captain, "was defrayed entirely by contributions from prominent members of Plymouth Church, and from the receipts of a fair held under Mrs. Beecher's auspices. Mr. Beecher never failed, on any anniversary dinner of the company, to send a communication to us of good cheer and fellowship. On his seventieth birthday the company presented him with a chair, and he addressed a very quaint letter to me acknowledging the gift. He said that he could not enjoy the luxury of the chair at present, but some day he

would, when old enough, do so with pleasant recollections of the source from whence it came. Whenever he or Mrs. Beecher sent us an invitation, it was always addressed to 'Our Boys,' meaning the company. The last time the company met Mr. Beecher was at a fair held the latter part of February—just a week before he was taken ill—at Plymouth Church. After he had greeted us and announced the fact that there was plenty of ice-cream, he came up to the table carrying a number of packages in his arms, and asked whether there was any young man present who would take the packages home for him. Immediately several of the men sprung forward, but Mr. Beecher, with a merry twinkle in his eye, motioned them back, clutched the packages more tightly in his arms, and said: 'No, you won't; I meant *my* home. Good-night!'"

Nelson Sizer, Professor of Mental Science in the American Institute of Phrenology, in an interesting critical estimate of Mr. Beecher's mental qualities from a phrenological point of view, said:

Henry Ward Beecher was a genius. His faculties were extraordinarily well balanced, and his physical and mental powers were prodigious. His father was brave, hardy, and earnest; his mother was a natural poet and artist, and he took his fine imagination from her, and his thunder and courage from his father. His head was twenty-three inches, his body weighed over two hundred

and twenty pounds, and fed his brain abundantly, and gave him his masterly talent for much and easy work. He had the finest quality of brain of any man in the United States, and knew how to take care of his body and his brain.

When Dr. Spurzheim came over from Europe to teach the new science of phrenology there was much opposition to him, and after his death phrenology was fiercely discussed and ridiculed all over the country. In Amherst College it was sought to demolish the science by getting Henry Ward Beecher to take the negative side of the debate on the question, "Is Phrenology entitled to the name of science?" But even then, a young student, Mr. Beecher was not a superficial man, and he resolved to study up the subject. So he sent to Boston by stage for the works of Spurzheim and Combe, intending to post himself from the opposition stand-point, but he found so much in the books that he asked for more time, and finally got the debate postponed two weeks. Then he delivered a speech in favor of phrenology that astonished the college and the town.

After the debate, young Beecher asked a class-mate named Fowler if he would not like to read his books on phrenology. The young man said he would, and from that time the name Fowler and Phrenology became wedded. Thus it was that Henry Ward Beecher gave to science in America one of its most ardent adherents.

Mr. Beecher's chief ability lay in the discussion of talent, character, and disposition. In that field his knowledge of phrenology was the key to his power over men, for then he talked directly to faculty, and as he went "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," men felt touched in their strongest and weakest points, and imaggined that he knew them through and through.

Mr. Beecher once said to the late Samuel R. Wells: "If I were the owner of an island, and had all the books, apparatuses, and appliances, tools to cultivate the soil, manufacture, cook, and carry on life's affairs in comfort and refinement, and on some dark night pirates should come and burn my books, musical instruments, works of art, furniture, tools and machinery, and leave me the land, and the empty barns and house, I should be, in respect to the successful carrying on of my affairs, in very much the same plight that I should be as a preacher if phrenology, and all that it has taught me of man, his character, his wants and his improvement, were blotted from my mind."

On another occasion he said: "All my life long I have been in the habit of using phrenology as that which solves the practical phenomena of life. I regard it as far more useful, practical, and sensible than any other system of mental philosophy which has yet been evolved. Certainly, phrenology has introduced mental philosophy to the common people."

Dr. Erastus E. Marcy, a class-mate of Mr. Beecher at Amherst, and one of the Amherst Alumni committee to attend the funeral, says:

"I knew Mr. Beecher intimately at college. He impressed me even at college as a man of great ability and remarkable character. He was some years my senior, and older than most of his class-mates, perhaps. From the first he showed a strong head, and a wonderful ability in debating and arguing with and persuading over the rest of us to his views. He took a lead, too, in athletic sports, and was a live, active fellow in everything he tried. He had a warm heart, great generosity and impulsiveness, humor and wit. He always impressed me as a noble, large-brained man, with strong emotions and quick feelings, though incapable of doing a meanness or a wrong. I think even in college we looked on him as marked out for a brilliant career. I cannot recall now one of a hundred incidents in which he showed his generosity and force and eloquence, but there were hundreds of them. We admired and loved him. In no bad sense, he was the 'popular' man of the class."

Rev. S. Giffard Nelson, the pastor of Trinity Baptist Church, Brooklyn, a former preacher at Plymouth Bethel, says:

"My relations with Mr. Beecher while preaching at Plymouth Bethel were of an incidental kind. Yet there was inspiration even in meeting him now and then. He

was uniformly kind, and gave me the most valuable hints and suggestions. When I went to Plymouth Bethel my friends told Mr. Beecher that I was a Baptist. 'I have no better friends in this country than the Baptists,' said Mr. Beecher. And to me afterward he said: 'I like a man who holds fast to truth as he sees it, but I am done with the controversy with your folks, if I ever had one. In fact, that died with Fox and the Anabaptists.'

"He understood that I clung tenaciously to the principles of my denomination, and in his love of pleasantry, once when he came down to christen the 'Bethel babies,' as they were called, he turned to me after the ceremony and playfully insisted that I should let him do the same for me. He thought me a theological baby, I suppose.

"I recall a conversation I had with him in his own parlor before he took his trip West in 1883. He then spoke about Plymouth Church and the strange composition of its membership. 'I believe,' he said, 'we have all denominations in Plymouth Church. We have Congregationalists, of course, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, Methodists, Roman Catholics, or those who have been, Baptists, and I know not what others. Some from every fold. It saddens me most of all things,' he added, as he had said to so many, 'when I think of what will become of Plymouth Church after my departure.' He sat, as he spoke (it was a very warm day), in his shirt, trousers, and stockings, in the midst of portmanteaus and traps that

were preparing for his journey, and that he had had brought into the parlor for his convenience, I suppose, and as he uttered the words he looked down steadily upon the floor, and his great eyelids drooped, and the shades crept over his face, so eloquent as the interpreter of his emotions."

General Horatio C. King, alluding to Mr. Beecher's fondness of music, says:

His fondness of music was a special bond of sympathy with me, and with that faculty he had of winning friends to him and making them do his will cheerfully he soon had me in harness in the musical work. The church had just before expended an unusually large sum for a new organ—upward of thirty thousand dollars. While it was being put together, Mr. Beecher was as much interested as a boy with a new toy, now going around the workmen, asking questions without number, studying the mechanism, cracking jokes on all sides, and finally immortalizing the largest of the pipes of the thirty-two-foot diapason by crawling through it. He was not so large then as in the last few years of his life, but he was big enough to fill the great tube and have a pretty hard struggle to crawl through. The pipe still bears in lead-pencil an inscription of this exploit.

Mr. Beecher's constant lament was that the then largest church organ in America should be shut up all the week and heard only on the Sabbath, and then in music appropriate for the Sabbath-day. So he pressed several of

us into the service, and instituted the series of organ concerts, some two hundred in number, which were extended through several years. They did more to popularize good organ music than anything ever before done. A nominal charge for admission was made. The best organists were secured, and many times hundreds were unable to gain entrance to the church. He was a constant attendant himself, and witnessed with great gratification that the example was speedily followed, not only in New York and Brooklyn, but throughout the country, so that organ recitals in churches of all denominations no longer excite comment. Although he could not play any instrument, he had a very good theoretical knowledge of the art, and could read ordinary music with some facility. His sermons abound in illustrations drawn from music and musical instruments, and he never blundered, as speakers often do, in their apt application.

His disregard of the conventionalities of dress and etiquette were especially marked. If he ever owned a dress-coat he never brought it out, and gloves were an abhorrence to him, except as a protection against the cold. He was as free from ostentation as the humblest member of his congregation, and yet an innate dignity preserved him from undue familiarity. He was never more happy than in the household, where he could gather the children about him, join in their sports and gambols—the most interested child of them all.

It was the highest enjoyment of the children of larger growth to inveigle him into a discussion and ingeniously leave him at last to do pretty much all the talking, when he would draw from his apparently unlimited storehouse of information, interlarding his talk with abundant wit and humor, of which the supply seemed to be inexhaustible.

In our various plans for amusing the young people we were accustomed to get up charades, usually without much preparation, and into these crude performances he entered with as much zest as the youngest of the auditors. If he happened to be hit off by some caricature, no one enjoyed it more or laughed more heartily than he did. His favorite position was on the floor with the children, and his presence was also an inspiration to the amateur performers, who knew they had in him a most generous critic.

Probably no pastor ever had a more hearty corps of workers than he had, and whatever he desired done there were always plenty of willing hands to help. Little account has ever been made of the almost innumerable benefactions made by means of concerts, fairs, teas, readings, recitations, and similar means by which enjoyment was combined with profit. Thousands of hearts have been made happy in this way, and to the young especially, the church and Sunday-school have always been made the most delightful place outside of the family.

All of this was somewhat of a revelation to me, who had always heard church-going and Sunday-school attendance and work held up as a solemn duty; for he made it a pleasure and a delight.

He was in all relations of life truly great. His remarkable self-control surpassed any I have ever known. He was complete master of his feelings, and in the twenty-two years of my acquaintance with him I have never seen him give way to anger, though many times he has had ample provocation. His disposition was as nearly perfect as it seems to me possible to any human being. His forgiving nature was sublime, and I believe he did not harbor any ill-feeling even against those who had wronged him most.

Only the week before his death he entered with his usual zeal into a scheme for aiding the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kan., to secure a library, as the Government makes no appropriation for that purpose. The Governor, Colonel Smith, had made an earnest appeal for books to keep the soldiers at the home and away from the temptations of the neighboring city. So we planned a concert, and Mr. Beecher promised a good notice, adding that he proposed to practise what he preached and would send at least twenty-five volumes. The next day down came two wheelbarrow-loads of excellent books from his library, and the congregation also liberally increased the donation."

Professor Rossiter W. Raymond, who grew up under Mr. Beecher's ministrations, says: "Many of his applications of science in the service of religion have been such as to invite collaboration and assistance from me, which I have given, receiving a good deal more than I gave. Mr. Beecher used to carry rubies and topazes in his pockets. He never included diamonds, as he did not like them. Some of the stones belonged to him; some were lent. I have known him to sit for over an hour at a time with his head in his hands, simply looking into the hearts of these stones. He told me they were like flowers to him, only more convenient to carry. Some of the most magnificent outbursts of Mr. Beecher's eloquence came unaware and suddenly in private conversation. His words were squandered upon a few, when they would have electrified thousands.

"Though he was passionately fond of Beethoven's music, he gave up frequenting the Philharmonic concerts because they exhausted him for his Sunday work. He regulated his eating and sleeping so that they should not interfere with his work. He had a most forgiving nature, and he never spoke or wrote unkindly of anyone. Once a man behaved so badly to Mr. Beecher that I cut him dead. I was angry. For years we did not speak. Imagine what I felt one day to see Mr. Beecher going down the street with him, arm-in-arm. 'Well,' said I to the pastor, 'if you can't cherish your own grudges, how

can I cherish them for you.' He laughed, and told me to drop it."

Thomas G. Shearman, one of Mr. Beecher's closest friends, and his confidential legal adviser in the Beecher-Tilton suit, says :

"The first thing that struck me about Mr. Beecher, when I met him thirty-four years ago for the first time, was his wonderful simplicity, his entire absence of selfishness. I was then a poor boy, and was introduced to him by a young man who was not only poor himself, but whose acquaintance with Mr. Beecher was very limited. Yet he received me in the same manner and with as much cordiality as if the introduction had come from one of his closest friends. He chatted pleasantly with me, and when he discovered that I sought his advice, although hundreds of people were crowding about anxious to get a word with him, he did not cut me short. He listened patiently, and with apparent interest, advised me carefully, and left it to me to terminate the interview. All that I have seen of him since has confirmed my first impression that he was the most sympathetic and kind-hearted of men.

One of his chief characteristics was his utter disregard for rank, station, or wealth. The rich and poor were alike to him, and I may mention an instance of this which came under my own observation. At our Friday night meetings there was one man who spoke almost every

time, fluently and intelligently, and with great fervor. He was a stranger to most of us, a poor Scotch pedler, I think, and yet Mr. Beecher seemed to pay special attention to him, and asked him to speak oftener than any member of the congregation.

I often argued with Mr. Beecher, and yet he never took offence. Thoroughly off-hand, frank and open, he always spoke his mind, and yet was very careful not to hurt the feelings of others. This consideration for others was, in fact, something remarkable. He was never careful, it is true, of what he said, but somehow escaped wounding anyone seriously. His keen sense of humor was continually finding amusement in the mistakes and slips of speech of speakers in the meetings. This, however, was never perceptible except through the twinkle of an eye or the twitching of the lips, unless the congregation thoroughly caught the point, and then he would give way to the general feeling and make some sly, good-natured comment.

Many people misjudge him because he never visited the sick and dying. He never, at least as far as I know, undertook any of the technical pastoral work. His reasons for not doing it were not generally understood. He was easily affected by sorrow, sickness, or death, and a performance of the technical duties of the church would, on account of his over-sympathetic nature, have certainly overwhelmed him and consumed his vital energies.

Those who knew him best were thoroughly aware of this, and although I have had several deaths in my family, I never asked him to attend funerals. His nature was a sensitive one, and to a certain extent he was obliged to harden himself on the outside or he would never have been equal to his great work.

As a preacher he was like an air-plant. His inspiration was drawn, not from books or study, but from an actual observance of and contact with men. The ideas he gathered thus he reproduced in dazzling forms. He judged that his mission and duty as a preacher were to accomplish the best pulpit work possible, and he bent everything to this. A great head and a great heart, a tender, sympathetic nature, quick perception, and lenient judgment—all these enabled him to see gold in mankind where others could discover nothing but dross. His very presence always struck me as that of a lion with a big heart—having power to smite to the earth, but disdaining to harm even the weakest."

An old journalist of New York thus relates how he first saw Mr. Beecher in 1854:

"I was then a boy setting type in Gray's printing office, Frankfort and Cliff Streets, in this city. The *Independent*, the *Knickerbocker*, *The Protestant Churchman*, and other publications were printed there. Mr. Beecher was editor of *The Independent* at that time. Once a week he came to the establishment to read his proof-sheets. The

proof-room opened directly back of my case. Everything said within it was heard by the boys at the row of cases. Louis Gaylord Clark, ex-President Roberts of Liberia, old Dr. Tyng, and others frequently met Mr. Beecher in this room and exchanged the latest stories. There were no chestnuts in those days. Clark was excessively funny. His yarns were light and trifling, and provoked surface laughter. Beecher's stories were told with a gravity and a sedateness that gathered all the elements of humor in narration, and launched the climax upon the hearer with side-splitting suddenness. His vividness of description and terseness of phraseology never shone to better advantage than when whiling away a social hour in the presence of literary friends.

"I last saw Mr. Beecher at the reception given to David Dudley Field on his eightieth birthday. It was at the house of his brother Cyrus, near Gramercy Park. The parlors were filled with eminent men. Among them were Roscoe Conkling, Jay Gould, John Kelly, Stephen J. Field, John B. Haskin, George H. Watrous, and a host of lesser lights. The greatest attractions were three clergymen. One was Mr. Beecher, the second was the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, and the third was Monseigneur Capel. Beecher and Talmage were the centre of admiring groups, while the Monseigneur stood in an angle of the parlor shaking hands with those who had the pleasure of an introduction. It was evident that neither

Mr. Beecher nor Dr. Talmage knew of the presence of the distinguished Roman Catholic divine. The Monseigneur wore a suit of clerical black, with a lilac-colored sash over his shoulders and around his waist. When asked whether he wished an introduction to Mr. Beecher, he smiled and replied :

"'It would be the greatest pleasure of my life. He is the one man in America whom I particularly desire to meet.'

"Three minutes later I had Mr. Beecher by the arm. I told him that the Monseigneur desired an introduction to him. Mr. Beecher's eyes twinkled.

"'What's his calibre?' he asked, as he moved toward the lilac-softened sash. 'And can you tell me whether he is loaded for bear or for quail?'

"As the pride of intellectual Brooklyn was presented the English priest moved forward and shook both his hands.

"'Ah, Mr. Beecher,' said he, 'this is indeed a pleasure. Do I at last see the world-renowned apostle of America? It has been the ambition of my life. This is the proudest moment of my existence.'

"'The pleasure is mutual,' Mr. Beecher replied. 'I am glad to meet you. Your intellect I have admired, but you are a much more handsome man than I had imagined.'

"'What,' broke in the Monseigneur, with a low laugh, 'getting jealous of me already?'

"After further pleasant badinage, Mr. Beecher gravely invited Capel to come over to Plymouth Church some Sunday and preach to his congregation.

"'Beware, Mr. Beecher,' responded the Monseigneur, in a seductive tone; 'this is a day of wonderful possibilities. I might turn your flock from the error of its ways. Some might be converted.'

"'If in one hour you can undo what it has taken me forty years to develop,' Mr. Beecher said, 'you must be a very remarkable man indeed. Come and preach to us. It will do you good, and we shall be glad to listen to you.'

"About this time the Rev. Dr. Talmage was introduced. The Monseigneur had begun to anoint him with the oil of flattery, when Mr. Thomas McElrath presented Russell Sage.

"'He's worth $10,000,000,' were the words whispered in the priest's ear, whereupon the man immortalized in 'Lothair' turned his back on both Beecher and Talmage, and vainly tried to fascinate the big-tailed fox of Wall Street."

Mrs. Sarah Cole, eighty years of age, lives at 248 Adelphi Street, Brooklyn. Her father, John Cole, was the first of that name to settle in Brooklyn. He lived with his family for thirty years in a house which stood on the site of Plymouth Bethel. The family were Episcopalians, and went to old St. Ann's Church, but Mrs. Sarah

Cole went to hear the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher deliver his first sermon in Plymouth Church, after he had been called, and she has a very vivid recollection of it.

Her memory is excellent and her eyes undimmed in spite of her years. She talks and laughs as cheerily as though she were a score of years younger, and said to a visitor:

"I remember well the first sermon that Henry Ward Beecher preached in Brooklyn after he had been called. The church was crowded; all the aisles were filled. Mr. Beecher took for his text the words, 'Jesus Christ and Him crucified.' He was a slim young man of medium height. He had long dark hair and very strong features. The face was not handsome, but very good. Such oratory I never heard in all my life. What he said sounded so new, nobody had ever heard anything like it before. It made people feel so bright. The Bible was lighted up and made plain and real to us. When the service was over you ought to have heard people talking as they were going out of the doors. They were astonished, and said to each other, 'That's preaching for you.' The congregation of St. Ann's Church thought we were terrible. They imagined we were going to leave the Episcopalians and join Plymouth Church, but there was no fear of that—we were too much attached to Dr. Cutler. We went to hear Mr. Beecher quite often, though, and grew to love him very much. People didn't know what to make of Mr. Beecher. They said he was not orthodox, but those who heard him

once said he was orthodox enough for them. He never put on any airs even in those days. He was very good to the poor.

"I was in his church on the morning the fire started. Smoke was coming from some place and filling the room. Deacon Howard approached Mr. Beecher, who was in his pulpit, and whispered to ask if it would not do better to dismiss the congregation. He said, 'Oh, no,' and went on with the service. After the service was over they hunted out the fire and extinguished it, but the flames burst out again and the place burned down. The congregation got a temporary place while the church was being rebuilt. Clergymen and strict church people of other denominations thought Beecher was off the track. They said he was a Universalist, but he wasn't. He was just as liberal then to all other denominations as he was when he died. He never said anything against any other creed. I've heard him say he would like to sit beside the Roman Catholics in heaven. And he not only never spoke any harm of others, but he also never thought any harm of them. He was the most unsuspicious man I ever met. He made the very best of everybody. The good which he did was incalculable here. Six years ago my sister went out on Sunday morning and came home late for dinner. I said: 'Where have you been?' 'I've been in heaven,' she said. 'How you talk,' said I; 'your dinner has grown cold.' 'What I heard was dinner

enough for me,' she said; 'I was at Plymouth Church listening to Mr. Beecher preaching. Oh, he was grand!" That was the last sermon my sister ever heard. She took pneumonia, and was dead in two weeks, but I believe that sermon brightened her last days."

Allan Forman, editor of *The Journalist*, tells an anecdote charmingly illustrative of the interest Mr. Beecher took in young people, and incidentally, of the broad quality of his mind, which deemed nothing of kindly notice too trivial for his remembrance.

"I was born almost within a stone's-throw of Mr. Beecher's house, in Brooklyn," says Mr. Forman, "and among my earliest recollections is that of the kind face of the great pastor of the Plymouth Church. Mr. Beecher was the friend of every boy in the neighborhood, and nothing seemed to please him better than to watch us at our games and to have us appeal to him for some decision in our childish squabbles.

"I remember one morning—it must have been twenty odd years ago—a crowd of us youngsters were playing marbles not far from Mr. Beecher's house. Mr. Beecher was out for his usual morning walk, and when he came to us he stopped and stood for some time watching us as we snapped the marbles around and yelled at the top of our voices. At last he said: 'Now, look here, boys, you don't know how to play marbles. You ought to let me show you how.'"

"'Come in! Give us some points, Mr. Beecher!' we yelled, and waited with our mouths open and our eyes dancing, to see him get down on his knees and win all our marbles from us.

"'Well, I am going down the street now,' said Mr. Beecher, 'but I will come back in a few minutes and we will have a good game.'

"And pretty soon he did come back; and what made us almost jump up and down with joy was that his pockets were fairly bulging out with marbles.

"'Come on, boys,' he said, and he stooped down and started in on a game of 'snap in the ring.'

"Unfortunately for Mr. Beecher's prestige, his hands were rather stiff, and it was not long before it was my luck, as I was pretty nimble with the marbles, to 'clean him out,' so to speak. In fact, when he got away from us he didn't have a marble left, for we were playing 'in earnest.'

"Mr. Beecher took his defeat very good-naturedly, and with the smiling remark that 'he guessed he'd have to practise a little before he tried it again,' left us.

"I had forgotten all about the incident, but not very long ago I attended a fair at the Plymouth Church with my wife, when Mr. Beecher came along and touched Mrs. Forman on the shoulder, and pointing to me, said: 'Mrs. Forman, do you know that I haven't played marbles since your husband swindled me out of my whole stock when he was a boy.'"

When Mr. Beecher was in Chicago a few years ago, a reporter of one of the morning papers was assigned by his city editor to report a sermon which the divine was to preach at Centenary Church. While on his way from the church to his office the reporter lost his notes out of his pocket. In his desperation the news-gatherer sought Mr. Beecher at his rooms, at the Palmer House, and begged the divine to help him out of his dilemma. Mr. Beecher, who was in bed at the time, arose and, seating himself beside the reporter, went over his sermon with so much deliberation that the newspaper man was enabled to give his paper the best report printed in the city the next morning. This is only one of the many courtesies Mr. Beecher showed to reporters.

CHAPTER XXIII.

REMINISCENCES AND ANECDOTES.

Fishing with Lampson at Litchfield.—Result of Divine Mercy.—An April Fool.—An Old Reporter's Reminiscences.—A Friend to Newspaper Men.—Knowing One's Own Country.—The Mood Necessary for Work.—The Leather Promissory Note.—Weak Coffee.—The Warm Icicle.—A Feast at Waterbury.—Dr. Hall and Mr. Beecher.—Mr. Beecher's Humor.—A Total Abstainer at Public Dinners.—Mr. Beecher's Visits to Washington.—His Dinner Habits.—A Bridal Substitute.—Hon. Willard Bartlett.—Mr. Beecher's Fondness for Dogs.—The Prayer for Delivery from Sudden Death.—A Little Boy's Compliment.—Last Appearance in Public in New York.—Dr. Talmage.—Mr. Beecher a Good Swimmer.—The Debating Society.—The "Beecher Calendar."—Rev. Frank Russell.—Rev. William M. Taylor.—Crossing the East River on the Ice.—Eating Candy like a School-boy.—The Railway Lunch-Counter.—Misunderstood in a Sermon.—Dead Letters.—The Photographs.—The Stomach the Boiler of the System.—The Giddy Gusher's Reminiscences.—Mr. Beecher's Friendship for Actors.—His Present to Ellen Terry.

A GOOD story is told of Mr. Beecher when years ago he spent a portion of his vacation at Litchfield. It was before the war, when the distinction, even in our Northern States, was marked between the white man and the colored man. Mr. Beecher had donned his regimentals, as he called them, consisting of high top-boots, a farmer's

straw hat, blouse coat, and pants tucked slouchingly inside his boots. Lampson, the whitewasher, was of gigantic form, and as black as the ace of spades.

Mr. Beecher was in readiness to start for Bantam Lake, when Mr. Hollister who was to accompany him, was detained on legal business by parties from out of town.

"Never mind, Hollister," said Mr. Beecher, "I will go on alone."

The first person he met after leaving the Mansion House was the black person, Mr. Lampson.

"See here, my man," said Mr. Beecher, "do you ever go fishing?"

"Yes, sah."

"And enjoy it?"

"Yes, sah."

"Well, then, come with me."

While Lampson was absent for the horse someone told him that his companion was no less a personage than the great preacher, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. Lampson was awe-stricken. Forgetting to secure the horse, he approached Mr. Beecher, hat in hand, and said:

"Be you Mr. Beecher?"

"Yes," laughed the preacher, "but what of that?"

"I was sure you had made a mistake, or perhaps you are most blind."

"Not in the least, my man. Come, the sun is getting high; let's be off."

Lampson made another stand against occupying the same wagon-seat with the great man, but finally all obstacles were removed, and they started at a rapid pace down West Hill.

The fishing was excellent, and Lampson drew up his lines about as rapidly as he could set them. Soon the bottom of the boat was well filled with pickerel, roach, a few catfish, and one bass. But Mr. Beecher had not been successful in making a single haul.

As Lampson was gathering up the fish, Mr. Beecher still sat in the boat and watched him with a serene expression upon his face as he said: "Don't tell me that the black man is the white man's inferior. Look at the spoils of to-day. Which is the better man of the two?" From that day out the colored people of Litchfield had a reverence for Mr. Beecher which exceeded that for any other earthly human being, and Lampson especially was ready always to assert that he was one of the greatest of the great men of the age and time.

When the Lyman Beecher Lectureship in the Yale Theological School was established, the distinguished son of the great polemic was naturally chosen as the first lecturer. This was in 1872, when his intellectual and oratorical powers were at their climax, and his fame was brightest. Of course, the size of the chapel, which was far too small, was the only limit to the size of the audiences. It was Mr. Beecher's custom, at the close of

every lecture, to submit to a rattling fire of cross-questions upon every phase of theological doctrine, of homiletics, and of pastoral work. Professors and students were the questioners, and it will readily be believed that some of them sought rather to puzzle the witness than to elucidate the subject. But Mr. Beecher never hesitated for an answer, and often turned the laugh upon the man who perhaps had expected to embarrass him. Altogether, it was a remarkable display of mental nimbleness. One day an anxious inquirer, after many efforts, obtained a hearing, and asked :

" Mr. Beecher, how is it, in your opinion, that there are so many short pastorates in these days ? "

" Largely of the Divine mercy," was the instantaneous response.

It is needless to add that the audience broke into a roar of laughter, which burst forth anew as often as it subsided, until it seemed as if it would never stop.

One of the almost countless instances of Mr. Beecher's readiness at repartee occurred a few years ago on the first of April. Some would-be wag sent him a letter containing on a sheet of paper only the words, " April Fool." Mr. Beecher opened it, and then a delighted smile beamed over his face as he exclaimed : " Well ! I've often heard of a man writing a letter and forgetting to sign it ; but this is the first case of a man signing his name and forgetting to write the letter ! "

"The newspaper men will always remember him with ind regard," remarks an old New York reporter. "Of l prominent public men, I think he was the most ap- roachable. Even during his great trials—both Church nd State—the eminent divine was affable to the umblest scribe, though the latter may have been con- ected with a paper that was anti-Beecher, with a duty ssigned him that was to discolor the bright plush of 'lymouth's pulpit. True it is that his counsel and friends ept Mr. Beecher as much aloof as possible from inter- iews by press representatives, and well they might, for ords had been placed in type—in cold lead—that never ell from the great preacher's mouth, and 'Bohemian' ranslations were given to his expressions as far removed rom the truth as an Egyptian hieroglyphic is from a anging-order to a sheriff.

The last time I met Henry Ward Beecher was in the Brackett House, Rochester, N. Y., when he and his pri- ate secretary were on their way to Salt Lake. This as some time after the last trial, and shortly subsequent o the time when he was chosen chaplain of the Thir- eenth (Brooklyn) regiment of the New York National Guard. He had been absent from home several days, aving made the trip to the point named *via* the Erie oad, as he wished to pay a visit to his brother Thomas, n Elmira. I found him in the hotel parlor waiting for he Western train. He was reading by the aid of a half-

burned wax-candle which he held in his hand close to the paper, although there was the usual ample gas-light in the room. Very pleasantly he remarked that his eye-sight had grown dim and necessitated a nearer light than that generally afforded by the illuminating fixtures in public places. He said he was making a Western trip, perhaps for the last time, and that only one more extensive journey was in contemplation, and that that was across the sea. "I hate," he said, "to go to Europe and have people ask me about places of note in my own country, and then have to confess I never saw them. Hence, I intend to make very close observations during this Western journey."

On being asked if he did not think the ordeal through which the Tilton scandal had forced him would occasion him rather unpleasant publicity, he said he had never given that matter a thought since the case had ended in the courts. In fact, as the newspapers had made it their own property, he did not even then have a first mortgage on the scandal. It so happened that on the day referred to Frank Leslie's illustrated journal had arrived, with the first-page picture representing Henry Ward Beecher in the full military dress of the chaplain of the Thirteenth. When it was shown him for the first time, he laughed heartily, and remarked that the picture was very life-like indeed, especially as he had never worn the uniform, and in fact had not at that time ordered it.

He hoped, however, that the tailor would make as good a fit as the sketch artist had, and also as cheap. Wendell Phillips had lectured in Rochester that night on "Daniel O'Connell." When Mr. Beecher heard of this he became very enthusiastic in praise of the great orator, and expressed his regret at not being in the city at an hour that would have permitted his attendance at the lecture. "Wendell and I have been friends for a lifetime," he said, "and there is only one thing I have to blame him for. He ought to have been a minister. What good he could have done! Yes, he might have been a chaplain of a militia regiment, and I do not doubt in the least that had he taken clerical orders he would have been the target of scandalous tongues and pens. One thing is certain, however, he has done more than a regiment of soldiers and preachers for the freedom of the negro, and if Ireland had one or two such champions, that distressed country would need no Fenian organization."

Just before Mr. Beecher departed for the West, Wendell Phillips arrived at the depot to take the train for the East. The meeting between the two great American orators was of the most cordial character, and profuse regrets were heartily expressed that they were not going in the same direction. Thus ended an interview ever to be remembered.

Though methodical in his habits of labor, he could never work when he did not feel in the humor for it.

"I can't work unless the sap flows," was his common remark when urged to finish the "Life of Christ." His correspondence was immense. If away for a few days his table would be covered with letters from all over the world. He was punctual in replying to all that he found worth answering. This was about the only writing he was accustomed to do at night.

If a certain promissory note, made upon a piece of leather, be found among his assets, it will be dated "Saratoga," and contain the signature of a Saratogian who expected to reap a rich harvest by having the distinguished divine lecture in the Town Hall one evening several winters ago. Unfortunately, the weather that night was of the blizzard pattern, and the attendance was a numerical disappointment to the individual management. The lecturer was to have begun at eight o'clock, but he did not ascend the platform till 8.15 P.M. It subsequently leaked out that the person who had engaged Mr. Beecher was financially heart-broken at the result and was able to hand him only a portion of the $250 agreed upon. "I will give you my note for the balance," said the Saratogian. "That is a good idea," said Mr. Beecher, "but allow me to suggest that you make it out on leather, in order that I can the better preserve it." Whether the leather note relic is found or not, the incident illustrated the eminent pulpit orator's keen appreciation of the ludicrous and grotesque.

Two or three times during the lecture referred to above Mr. Beecher was annoyed by the insufferable noise created by a gallery door, the hinges of which had evidently not been greased for years. An overgrown fellow, wearing a new pair of heavy boots, blundered through the swinging door and measured his way to a seat, when Mr. Beecher stopped in the centre of a brilliant flight of oratory, and with a quizzical expression remarked: "I actually believe that it would greatly add to the happiness of all if the hand of industry would apply the oil of harmony in order to alleviate the excruciating agony of that squeaking hinge." The wearer of the boots was of the opinion that he was the "hinge" referred to, and consequently was the only one in the audience who did not enjoy the lecture. The hinge—not the boots—has been oiled regularly since that date.

Once while taking supper at a second-rate hotel in Central New Jersey, Mr. Beecher, after a few moments of meditation, called to the colored waiter. "Can you give me a good deal of your time to-night?" said the great preacher to the son of Africa. The son of Africa, with bright visions of a two-dollar bill, replied, "Yes, sah. May find it mighty hard, sah, but I'll try." "Well," said Mr. Beecher, "I want you to sit up all night with that coffee. It's so weak it's going to die before morning."

While delivering the Lyman Beecher course of lectures in 1872, Mr. Beecher was asked by one of the theo-

logical professors if a cold and unsympathetic man ought to enter the ministry. "As well," quoth Mr. Beecher, "take an icicle to warm a sick man's bed."

The Young Men's Institute engaged Mr. Beecher to lecture in Waterbury, Conn. It being his first visit to Waterbury, Hotchkiss' hall was filled in floor and gallery. Beecher stopped at the Scoville House. Its reputation then (kept by a former landlord) was not very good. It was at a time when the firemen, at their annual ball supper, were given cold rice and used to have to draw cuts between each couple for an oyster stew, as this delicacy in those days was alternated down the long tables with clam chowder.

On the morning following the lecture Mr. Beecher decided to visit a friend in New Milford, and concluded to drive overland. A team was hired at the Scoville House stables. Jerry Flynn, the stable-boy, engaged to drive Mr. Beecher to New Milford. Not a word was spoken for ten miles, when going up a long hill near Southbury, the divine spoke up abruptly:

"Boy, did you ever feel like a stuffed sausage?"

"No," said the boy.

"Well, sir, you never will if you board at the Scoville House."

This was the only word uttered during the trip, but it verifies the statement that Mr. Beecher liked something good to eat.

The great friendship that has always existed between Mr. Beecher and the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Holy Trinity, has been a favorite theme of discussion among Brooklyn pastors, and the following incident shows the depth of that feeling: It was during the famous trial, and a celebration of some kind was being held in Dr. Hall's church. To the surprise of the strict Episcopalians, Mr. Beecher attended, and to their horror was admitted behind the chancel-rail. This provoked an expression of indignation from some of the members, who carried their grievances to Dr. Hall. That gentleman drew himself up to his full height, and inquired: "What have you to say about it? Mr. Beecher is not convicted; he is only on trial; and I reserve the right to extend the right hand of fellowship to any man who needs it or deserves it. He is my friend, and what kind of a man is he who will not in time of trouble help his friend? What have you to say against it?"

"But the Bishop—what will he say?" asked the indignant members.

Dr. Hall's face grew blacker than ever. "The Bishop," he said—"what business is it of his? What right has the Bishop to interfere with my private affairs?"

Mr. Beecher remained, and the only comment of the indignant members was, "Well, Dr. Hall is the only man who could do that, and Mr. Beecher is the only one who could make him do it."

An old-time New York journalist, who had had intimate associations with Mr. Beecher for many years, said, recently: "I never found anything about Mr. Beecher more characteristic than his humor. He was filled with amusing anecdotes about public men, and loved to hear one at his own expense. I met him one night on the steps of Moulton's house, in Brooklyn, and he sat down on the cold stone to listen to a story about his first volume of the 'Life of Christ.' Mr. Beecher laughed heartily over it, and admitted its entire truth. When the book was ready for the press a steel plate costing $400 was made for the title-page. It read, as engraved, 'Life of Jesus Christ. By Henry Ward Beecher;' but Mr. Beecher had written on the margin, for insertion after Jesus and before Christ, the word 'the.' The idea had not come to him until after the plate was made, and the question of expense never occurred to him."

"Naturally enough," said a friend of Mr. Beecher, "he was frequently present at public dinners, and a singular feature of his conduct on such occasions was his total abstinence from the solid and liquid good cheer set before him. His abstinence, he told me, was in accordance with his doctor's advice, and a measure of precaution against apoplexy. Just fancy the stoicism and self-denial involved in a man of Beecher's enthusiastic temperament sitting through a long dinner, and patiently waiting for the time to come when he should share in the intellectual

part of it. I have seen him occasionally drink a little water at a banquet, but beyond that indulgence he never went."

A friend in Washington says, there is no doubt that President Cleveland held Mr. Beecher in very high esteem. This was so notorious, it will be remembered, that during the early part of the present administration there was some talk about the divine going to England as Minister to the Court of St. James. But Mr. Beecher had no taste or ambition for such a position, were it offered him.

A number of times during the past six years Mr. Beecher visited Washington. Usually he came in the capacity of lecturer, and occupied the pulpit at the First Congregational Church. He drew large audiences of the best people. He always stopped at the Ebbitt, and a large number of citizens would go to the hotel for meals during his stay, simply to get to see and hear him in his more private capacity than he appeared in when on the rostrum.

When Mr. Beecher entered the dining-room he was invariably seated at a table alone, and ere ten minutes elapsed there would not be a vacant seat at the table occupied by him. Instantly upon his seating himself there would be a movement about the dining-room. Everybody who knew him, and many who did not know him personally, insisted upon going to his table. And scarcely

a moment during the hour and a half at the table would all have sober faces. It was an uninterrupted season of laughing from the moment one sat down beside him till he was out of sight. He insisted that serious subjects ought not to be discussed at the dining-table, as they retarded digestion.

Mr. Beecher was to have married a young couple at his house on Thursday evening of the week before his death, but on Wednesday night the young man came to announce that the lady had backed out. "Cheer up," said Mr. Beecher—"I will get you a better girl," and he summoned his house-maid, Mary Moloney.

Mr. Beecher was present at a dinner to Herbert Spencer some years ago, and addressed a highly intellectual, not to say sceptical, audience, and brought them to their feet in a perfect storm of applause by a speech which he concluded with the confident assertion of his belief in immortality. Hon. Willard Bartlett says: "He then vindicated his title to be considered the greatest preacher of his time, not only to the common people, but to those who, in some sort at least, claim to be the wisest of mankind."

Once in an address in the Broadway Tabernacle he described some atrocity in the South, and said: "Is there anybody worse than that in Sing Sing?" From the highest gallery a shrill voice cried out, "Yes." "I give it up, then," said Mr. Beecher; "you've been there."

When the audience learned that it was not prearranged, the cheering was tremendous.

Mr. Beecher even had a fixed opinion about dogs. He once said: "If the dog isn't good for anything else, it is good for you to love, and that is a good deal. I have two miserable little scraggy dogs up at my Peekskill farm. They are practically good for nothing, but I sometimes think that they are worth more to me than the whole place."

He did not like the petition in the Litany in the Book of Common Prayer for delivery from sudden death. His father, Lyman Beecher, lived long after his mental faculties were impaired. Referring to his father's experience, he once said to a friend: "I know there is a purgatory, for I have seen it."

He was very proud of a compliment paid his preaching by a little boy who said: "I don't know what he means, but somehow I feel better."

As before stated, Mr. Beecher's last public speech was delivered at a demonstration in Chickering Hall, in New York, on February 26th, in favor of the Crosby High License Bill. He was received with a perfect tumult of applause. When he began his address he did so in a somewhat low tone of voice, which elicited cries of "Louder!" He replied: "I'll be loud enough when I get warmed up."

Dr. Talmage was asked what he thought of the narrow-minded refusal of the Chicago clergy to send Mrs.

Beecher an expression of sympathy. He smiled gently, and said: "I read of a battle fought in a fog, during the late rebellion, when two regiments of the same army shattered each other before it was found that friends were destroying friends. Mr. Beecher was too great for destruction by a battle in a fog."

A young gentleman who has grown up under the ministrations of the Plymouth pastor thus describes his youthful acquaintance with him:

"Mr. Beecher was always a great swimmer. There was in those days near Fulton Ferry a huge floating boat-house, kept by an old-time exhorter named Gray. Thither Mr. Beecher used to go in his younger days, and with head-long jump, plunge deep into the East River waves, spouting and puffing with all the energy of a fully-developed whale—an expert swimmer, a diver better than any boy in the City of Churches. The price for a bath was a shilling, and I never shall forget the odd sensation I experienced one day when, meeting the dominie in the street, he asked if I would go down to the ferry and take a bath. I was about eight years old, and not over-burdened with spending money, and bluntly told him I would like to go first-rate, but that I hadn't got the shilling. A quizzical look spread all over his ruddy face, as laughingly he took me by the hand and said: 'Come along. When you ask a young lady to take ice-cream with you, you don't expect her to pay for it, do you?'

"Later on a number of us boys clubbed together and started a debating society. Governor Banks, John H. Raymond, President of Vassar College, and Mr. Beecher were among our lecturers. We hired the Athenæum, corner of Atlantic and Clinton Streets, Brooklyn, and with a flourish of trumpets announced Mr. Beecher in his famous lecture on 'Character.' His clean-cut distinction drawn that night between character and reputation produced an impression upon many a mature mind, and started thoughts in many a youthful mentality that have been of vast usefulness in stormy periods since. It fell to my lot to introduce the lecturer, and just before we went on, while waiting in the little ante-disrobing room, I said, suiting the action to the word, with chin in the air, this is the way I am going to sit. Beecher laughed and said: 'No, no; put down your chin. Whenever you see a man with his chin in the air, you may know there is nothing in the front of his head.' Continuing, he asked: 'What are you going to say?' I told him I wanted to announce that the next lecture would be delivered by Mr. Banks, of Massachusetts, but that I really didn't know how to do it. 'Why,' said he, 'do it just as you have done it to me. Tell them what you have to say and then sit down.'

"The receipts of the lecture were about one hundred and seventy-five dollars; the expenses, including rental of the hall, advertising, and attendance, about fifty dol-

lars. After the lecture was over Mr. Beecher, my cousin, and I walked home together, and as we said 'Good-night' at the door of my father's house, while shaking hands with him I left in his palm his fee of fifty dollars. Recognizing in a moment what it was, he pushed it back with a gesture almost of impatience, certainly of annoyance, and said: 'Nonsense; keep that to pull you through.'"

Mr. Beecher spent most of the last day of his conscious life driving about New York with his wife on various errands of pleasure and business. Mr. E. C. Fisher, a prominent member of his church, met him at the second landing of the stairs leading to Cassell & Co.'s office, at No. 739 Broadway. Mr. Beecher was out of breath and exhausted with the effort of climbing, and as he sank into a chair at the door of the office he said, "Confound those stairs!"

"Why, Mr. Beecher," said Mr. Fisher, "I never heard you speak ill of anybody before."

"Well, those stairs are not anybody," Mr. Beecher replied, and he would not budge from the chair at the outer door until he was thoroughly rested.

Then he went with Mr. Fisher to the inner office to be introduced to Mr. Dunham, the manager of the house. He had come to get a "Beecher Calendar" for every one of his children and grandchildren. When the calendar was issued Mr. Beecher took very little interest in it, and said that he was not epigrammatic enough to furnish

brief selections suitable for such a purpose; it was too easy in that way to get hold of one end of his idea and leave the other in the air. But a friend who had one of these calendars converted him by reading to him, whenever he appeared, the very concise and appropriate phrases in which he had hit off the sentiments. After that he regarded it with more interest, and was really quite pleased with the way "that old fellow" daily touched upon the foibles, provoked the mirth, and soothed the sorrows of his kind.

The following from the pen of the Rev. Frank Russell, who was intimate with Mr. Beecher's family, may be suggestive of one charm:

"The impression is prevalent that Mr. Beecher's life was one of singular charity and generosity, and in this regard he was probably susceptible of easy imposition. I have seen him hand money to those asking alms, or calling at his door with pitiful tales of distress, in amounts which I silently thought were far too large for the occasion. The remark was common among those who knew of the circumstances, when his apparently large salary was the theme of conversation, that it made very little difference how much Mr. Beecher received, for he would give all away but his living, and his family had to watch pretty closely to get that."

The principal charm of Mr. Beecher's sermons was that they were neither bookish nor shop-worn. There

was none of the atmosphere of the study on them, nor the flavor of midnight oil. The Rev. William M. Taylor once wrote concerning his sermons, saying:

"Those who know him best say that he studies his sermons in the shops and stores, in the streets and in the ferry-boats; and we believe it, for they are like the productions of a man who has gone through the city with his eyes open."

Mr. Beecher said concerning his sermons that he never put them on the market before they were ripe; or, in other words, he never preached a sermon that he had not carefully thought out beforehand. He preached to his people, not at them.

Some years ago, a friend relates, the East River was frozen over, and the passage of the ferry-boats between New York and Brooklyn stopped for several hours until a channel could be cut. A number of venturesome business men, anxious to reach New York, crossed on the ice near Pierrepont's stores, landing on the New York side below Fulton Ferry. Mr. Beecher came down from his residence, with the intention of taking passage to New York, and finding the boats not running he led a large party across the ice-field, which late-comers had hesitated to venture upon. Mr. Beecher acted most of the way, like a school-boy—running and sliding—and when he reached the New York shore he declared, "I've not had as much fun since I was a boy!"

A neighbor of Mr. Beecher relates that he never grew old in his love of simple pleasures. He would eat candy like a school-boy. One night the neighbor was crossing Fulton Ferry at a late hour, when Mr. Beecher sauntered aboard and took his seat under one of the side gaslights. He was unattended, and there were very few passengers in the cabin. He had a big, white paper of "mixed candy." There must have been a pound of it at least. It was cone-shaped, and while with one hand he held the apex he thrust the other into the sweets every few minutes and conveyed a handful to his mouth. He munched away without ceremony, regardless of the side-long glances stolen at his democratic feast. When the boat struck the slip he moved out into the street and up the Heights, eating away with childish relish and at a rate that promised the total consumption of the supply before he got to his house.

At another time the same gentleman was on his way to Washington by the limited express when, just as the train was about to leave the depot at Jersey City, Mr. Beecher came hurriedly aboard. The place assigned him happened to be one of the sofa-seats in the same compartment with his friend. It was in the winter, and he had on a capacious overcoat. The outside pockets were stuffed with pea-nuts. The train had hardly started when he produced a package of papers, most of them religious weeklies, and began to read. Although he must

have had breakfast hardly an hour before, he brought out a handful of pea-nuts and proceeded to eat them. From this moment onward until the train reached Wilmington, at two o'clock in the afternoon, he never left his seat. But he read the papers and ate pea-nuts. Even in the fifteen minutes for lunch at Philadelphia the caterer on the train did not divert him from his twofold occupation. He drank nothing; he saw nothing; he ate nothing but pea-nuts. The discarded shells were carefully thrown in a heap at the end of the sofa, and would have more than filled a peck measure when the train arrived at Wilmington. Here the monotonous business was interrupted at last. A gentleman who got aboard at this point walked through the train, looking for someone. It was a committee-man delegated to meet the clergyman and escort him to his hotel in Baltimore, where he was to deliver a lecture that night.

Ex-Postmaster McLeer, of Brooklyn, relates an amusing story of Mr. Beecher. He notified Mr. Beecher that a "dead letter" of his was held, and received in reply the following:

"October 28, 1880.

"COLONEL MCLEER—

DEAR SIR: Your notice that a letter of mine was dead and subject to my order is before me.

"We must all die! And though the premature decease of my poor letter should excite a proper sympathy

(and I hope it does), yet I am greatly sustained under the affliction.

"What was the date of its death? Of what did it die? Had it in its last hours proper attention and such consolation as befit the melancholy occasion? Did it leave any effects?

"Will you kindly see to its funeral? I am strongly inclined to cremation.

"May I ask whether any other letters of mine are sick, dangerously sick? If any depart this life, don't notify me till after the funeral.

"Affectionately yours,

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Colonel McLeer examined the deceased letter and wrote to Mr. Beecher: "I hesitate, Mr. Beecher, to carry out your instructions in regard to the cremation of your letter, as it contains a check for $150."

On the receipt of this information, Mr. Beecher hastened to Colonel McLeer's office. Entering the room with a rush, he threw his hat with force on the desk. Drawing himself to his full height he, without preface and looking the colonel full in the face, said:

"I do hereby fully revoke, cancel, and rescind all the powers delegated to you to cremate any letters of mine, or any in which I may have an interest."

Then he demanded his letter, received it, and the two

friends sat down and endeavored to outdo each other in telling stories.

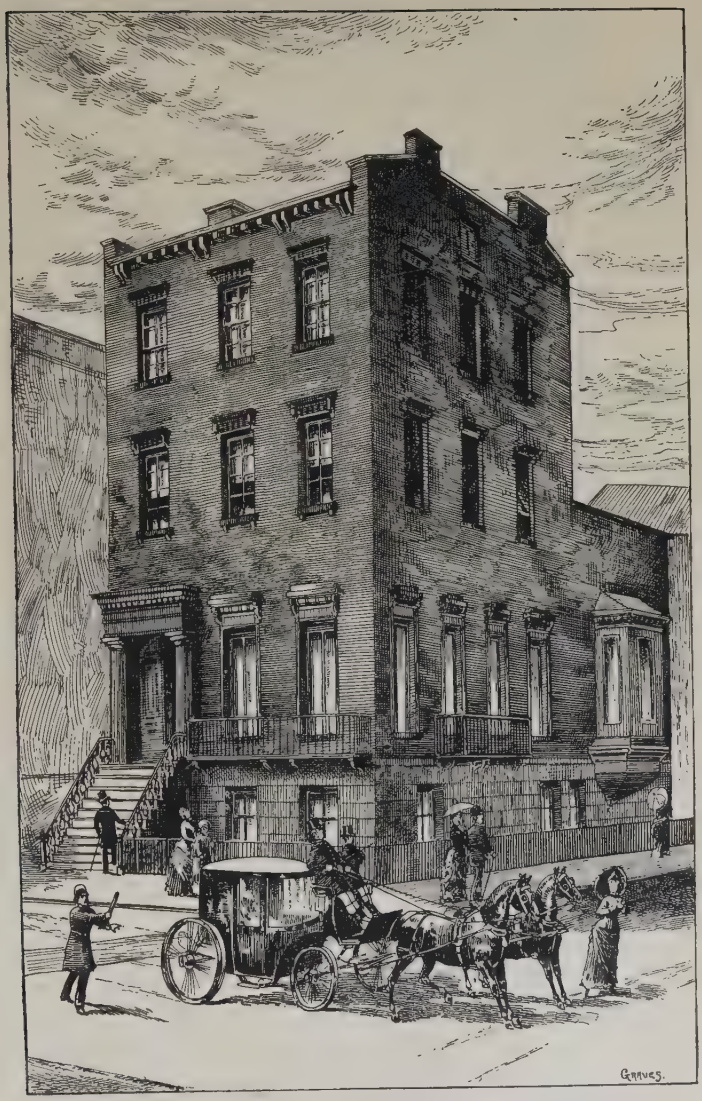
The following letter was written by Mr. Beecher to a local artist some time ago, after a number of photographs of himself had been submitted to him:

"DEAR SIR: One of the small photos is comely in my wife's eyes. The larger ones are good, provided you finish one of them for women and one for men—*i.e.*, one of them as I ought to look, and the other as I do look.

"HENRY WARD BEECHER."

Chandos Fulton relates that he was taken by a mutual friend to call on Mr. Beecher, and see his collection of engravings, when he lived in his home on the Heights. The stories he had heard in childhood, in his Southern home, of Mr. Beecher strongly prejudiced him, and he determined to have little to say to him. Mr. Beecher, however, was so cordial and affable, the introducer being an esteemed friend, that the Southerner's predilections soon vanished, and he observed, "Oh, Mr. Beecher, if the Southern people only knew you, you would have many friends there." Mr. Beecher, who had just returned from his first Southern lecturing-tour, responded, "I wish I could be the cement for a reunited North and South."

Fulton was then a pale-faced stripling, and the conversation turning on the physique, Mr. Beecher, glancing at



MR. BEECHER'S RESIDENCE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—THE HOUSE IN WHICH HE DIED.

the slender waist of his guest, laughingly exclaimed, "Administrative men need good stomachs. The stomach is the same to the man that the boiler is to the locomotive. See what large, rotund boilers the locomotives require to haul trains over the mountains here, because great work is required of them. They couldn't do their work without great, big boilers. A man needs a good corporation to do much sustained, active, great work."

The conversation was interrupted by a parade of the Plymouth Sunday-school, which Mr. Beecher reviewed from his front steps. Each child was provided with a large bouquet of roses, which was thrown to Mr. Beecher, and by the time the procession had passed he stood knee-deep in a pile of fragrant roses. In showing his engravings to his visitor Mr. Beecher evinced an artist's enthusiasm in his appreciation.

Mrs. M. H. Fiske tells the following anecdote: Some years ago, shortly after the great Brooklyn trial, I took an early morning train for Pittsburg, and to my satisfaction the occupant of the next chair proved to be Henry Ward Beecher. Notwithstanding a dozen attempts made by passengers to enter into conversation, he dozed until nearly noon, and then, though pleasant to those who from time to time gathered about, conversation was confined to his questioners; he took very little part in it.

There was a solid-looking old fellow opposite, and he fell to talking to me of a very dreadful sentence he was

reading about that had just been passed on some criminal. The man was to be confined in a prison for a year; at the end of the year he was to be taken out and hanged.

"It's something horrible to think of that man living a year with certain death hanging over," said the stranger.

"We're in the same boat," said I. "Perhaps our sentence will take effect in less than a year. There's many a person on board this train who hasn't twelve months' imprisonment to serve."

Mr. Beecher swung around in his chair.

"No doubt about that," said he. "And probably that criminal will give as little heed to the end as we do, until the months narrow down and the very scaffold is in sight."

The conversation became interesting. Mr. Beecher said he questioned the wisdom of granting that man's prayer who said, "Oh, Lord, let me know my end." We discussed capital punishment, and about all the great questions of the day, when, to my horror and utter astonishment, the old man said: "This Beecher business is an unfortunate affair. What's your opinion of its effect on the Church?"

I don't know which of us got the worst of that blow. We both fairly staggered. I looked in the face of the well-meaning, innocent old questioner, and then the fun of the thing struck me, and I burst out laughing. Mr. Beecher was amused and perplexed, so I said:

"Haven't you read the conditions on which this Pan-Handle road issues tickets?"

"Why, no."

"It expressly states that a ticket is forfeited if anyone holding it converses about the Beecher case."

"I've heard they put up such notices in factories—it led to so much discussion," laughed the old man.

"And it's specially objectionable in railway trains," said I.

Mr. Beecher was looking at a Philadelphia paper with a not wholly pleased smile on his face.

"I am afraid the artists of country journals are not very successful in their portraits," said he, as he laid it down, with an expressive glance at me.

Then things went on very pleasantly until the train stopped for dinner, and a hungry looking minister came in from another car, straightened up before us and sung out, in a hymn-book voice:

"Well, Brother Beecher, will you go out and try this place?"

And Brother Beecher replied that he would like to shake the cramps out of his legs by a turn on the platform, but he had a painful recollection of that refreshment-room as containing more mediæval sandwiches and prehistoric pie than any other on the road.

Our poor companion was almost paralyzed at mention of the name. I saw him give a hasty but en-

lightened glance at the big gray mane and florid face of H. W. B.

When the two ministers left the cars, in a despairing tone the patriot across the way said:

"I do believe that's Beecher himself."

"It certainly is," responded I. The old fellow muttered something about a smoke, got up, took all his baggage and went to some remote car to finish his journey alone.

After Mr. Beecher came back he said:

"I wouldn't have believed that outside a blind asylum such an incident as that could have occurred."

Then we fell to talking of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and the play and the people who played in it, and he told me of meeting some old actor and asking him if he ever played in "Uncle Tom," and the old fakir replying that he had done "everything in it but Eva and the cake of ice that Eliza escaped on."

"They are a large-hearted, great-souled people as a class," said he of actors. "I question if there are any happier persons in the world than those in the theatrical profession. 'All the world's a stage,' and I clasp hands with my fellow-actors as often as I can."

And he certainly did. I remember Ellen Terry showed me a strange old aqua-marine ring he gave her, and she told me what a charming Sunday Mr. Irving and she had spent at the parsonage in Brooklyn.

At a New England dinner in Boston Mr. Beecher heard Nat Goodwin in some imitations, and was delighted with him. Meeting him afterward at a hotel in the West, Nat told him a story of some New York clergyman, unconsciously imitating the voice and mannerisms of the gentleman.

"Give me an imitation of myself," said Beecher. "Why, peculiarities I have never noticed I recognize in your imitations. I'd really like to hear my own defects so voiced that I might remedy them."

But as Nat would never do Irving for Irving, so he didn't treat Beecher to Beecher.

The great orator had a marvellous memory. Ten years after that ride to Pittsburg, although I had met him many times, we had never discussed the funny old man of the train. But when Klunder gave a big flower-show at the Metropolitan Opera House I had seen almost everyone turn to take a second look at Beecher, when of a sudden a couple of men halted near us, and one said audibly: "Which one is Beecher? where is Beecher?"

Mr. Beecher laughed and turned to me and said:

"That old man's got back from Pittsburg," showing plainly that the ten-year-old incident was unforgotten by him.

"I knew I should meet you here," said an old lady to him. "I never went to a flower-show in my life that I did not find you there before me."

"I'm like all the other old ladies in my love for flowers," said he.

As an Irishman remarked of his dead friend, "How he would have enjoyed his funeral if he had lived."

Another intimate friend of Mr. Beecher says that he occasionally seemed to lose confidence in himself. "Time and again," said this friend, "he has told me that when before an audience at some public meeting, and while awaiting his turn to speak, he was often almost on the point of getting up and going out. 'As I listened to one and another speaker address the meeting,' he used to say, 'I would think, my goodness, I never can make such speeches as those: I'd better leave here at once.' But when he was once on his feet all these feelings vanished, of course, and he felt completely at ease. He was always subject to these times of self-depreciation both in and out of the pulpit. When he first came to Brooklyn he used to go round the back streets just to avoid meeting people whom he might know. He combined with his wonderful vigor and boldness the shrinking timidity of a school-girl."

Of Mr. Beecher's absent-mindedness, Dr. Searle, his physician, told this story: "Mrs. Searle was standing at the parlor window one day, when she noticed Mr. Beecher go up Mr. Raymond's stoop, over the way, and ring the bell. Before it was answered he came down the steps, and continued on his way up the street. See-

ing Mrs. Searle he crossed over, and with a smile said: 'Say, can you tell me where I am going this afternoon?'

"'Why, you are going to baptize Mr. Howard's child to-day, are you not?'

"'That's it, that's just it,' he replied, 'but for the life of me I couldn't recall the fact.'

"Another instance I recollect," continued the doctor, "happened at his house. I was there at dinner. Major Pond, who was also present, spoke about a concert that was to be held in New York that evening. Mr. Beecher said he would like to attend it with him. 'But you can't go,' said Mrs. Beecher to him, 'you have an engagement for to-night.' 'Oh, no, I haven't,' he rejoined, 'I am free to-night, and I think I'll go over to the concert.' While she was trying to convince him that he really had some other matter on hand a carriage drove up to take him to Hoboken, where he was booked for a lecture."

In reference to Mr. Beecher's memory, the doctor added: "It was marvellously poor. About the only thing that he could remember, he used to say, was the list of prepositions that govern the ablative case in Latin. These he could rattle off like sixty, and did so frequently."

CHAPTER XXIV.

HIS ILLNESS AND DEATH.

Mr. Beecher's Visit to England in 1886.—Declines to Interfere in English Politics.—Preaching and Lecturing.—Declines a Reception on Returning Home.—His Last Sermon in Plymouth Church.—The Fatal Stroke of Apoplexy.—How the News was Received.—Incidents of His Illness.—Sinking Steadily.—His Death on Tuesday, March 11th.—Sympathy for the Family.—Private Service at the House.—A Public Funeral without Crape.—Floral Decorations.—Lying in State.—Services Simultaneously in Five Churches.—Testimony of a Hebrew.—The Closing Ceremony.—Laid at Rest.

In 1886 Mr. Beecher visited England for the third time, partly for rest and change of scene, and partly to fulfil numerous lecture-engagements. He was accompanied by Mrs. Beecher and Major Pond, and sailed on June 19th on the Cunard steamship Etruria. At that time all England was ablaze with the national elections. It was a question whether Gladstone and Parnell should control, or whether Home Rule should go to the wall. The period was a critical one. Everybody knew in what direction Mr. Beecher's sympathies tended, and there was an expectation that when he reached the other side there would be something in the nature of a repetition of his war-time triumphs over English prejudice. There

was some disappointment on this side, therefore, when he failed to realize the expectations of some of the folks who were hopeful that he would work toward the good of Ireland.

On arriving at Liverpool he found telegrams and letters awaiting him, asking his attendance at the Home Rule meetings that were then being held throughout the land. He was compelled to ignore them all. Delegation after delegation waited upon him to urge his presence at this, that, or the other place throughout the United Kingdom, where Gladstone's policy was to be upheld, but to all of them Mr. Beecher returned, in substance, this answer :

" I am here simply as an American citizen. Whatever may be my personal feeling in this matter, I am debarred just now from thrusting my views upon the voters of the country. From an international stand-point it would not be courteous, and from my stand-point it would be impertinent."

At the same time he could not restrain himself entirely. His sympathies were so thoroughly aroused in the cause of the Irish people, which was to him broader than the mere question of sectionalism, that he was perforce embroiled to some extent in the contest. He delayed his departure to London for three days in order to be present at Gladstone's closing address in the campaign, at Henglar's Circus, Liverpool. The " two grand old

men" met in the ante-room at that meeting, and when they went upon the platform there were almost as many and as enthusiastic cheers for Beecher as there were for the latter-day industrial liberator. Despite the urgent calls for some utterance from the man who, a quarter of a century before, had quelled the pro-Southern Liverpool mobs and brought them to reason, Mr. Beecher would say nothing, adhering to his belief that at that time it was not fitting that there should be any American interference.

For a month he stopped in London. His social reception there was of the most emphatic and flattering description. He lectured extensively, being greeted everywhere with crowded houses; and after a four months' absence, returned home and was received with open arms by a people who cherished him as a man of large heart, great brain, and large manhood.

When he arrived there was some talk of a reception by his church, which he discouraged, and the Common Council of Brooklyn tendered him a public reception. This, also, he declined, with expressions of abundant appreciation of the honor offered him. He said that, while he was pleased and grateful that his fellow-citizens held him in high esteem, he dreaded going through the ordeal of sitting during a whole evening while his praises were being spoken, which he presumed would be the form the reception would take. But aside from that, and more

decisive in the matter, was his reluctance to accept a demonstration of the kind proposed at the very time when the Church of the Pilgrims was celebrating the fortieth anniversary of the Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs' pastorate. He said that Dr. Storrs was justly entitled to great honor, and that it would be unseemly for another minister in his own denomination to consent to a reception to himself which might even seem to be intended to divide public attention.

While he was abroad he wrote as follows to an old friend in Brooklyn:

"I want to come home. I have wandered enough. I cannot say I have rested enough, for I am kept very busy. True, I was never in better health and vigor, and am doing my work easily. I do not think I shall come back jaded. Yet I long every year to lay down my tasks and depart. It is not a judgment formed on reasonable grounds. It is simply a quiet longing of the spirit, a brooding desire to be through with my work, although I am willing to go on—if need be."

After his return Mr. Beecher was occupied in his usual manner, in lecturing and the work of the Church, and also in writing the second volume of the "Life of Christ." In addition he wrote weekly letters for a newspaper syndicate, and prepared some magazine and other miscellaneous articles. Certainly he had few if any idle moments.

His last sermon was delivered in Plymouth Church

Sunday evening, February 27, 1887, from the text, Luke xvi. 4, the first clause: "I am resolved what to do."

The following extracts from this sermon will be read with interest in view of the circumstances of their utterance:

"The unjust steward had been accused, and rightfully, of betraying his trust and wasting that committed to him. His master called him to an account, and he was satisfied that the end had come; and he communed with himself, and as the result of that, and looking over all the circumstances, he said, 'I am resolved what to do.'

"What he resolved to do was not very honest, but it was very shrewd. He resolved to make friends of all the debtors of his lord. He called them up and settled with them in such a way as to lay them under obligations—gratitude to Him. And so, although he and they cheated the master, he made his own nest warm and the master praised him—not Jesus, but the man that owned the property is the one. When he heard of it he said to himself: 'Well, that is shrewd; that is cunning; that is wise,' and the comment on it is: Children of this world are wiser than the children of light; that is to say, men who are acting in worldly reasons, for worldly reasons, are very much wiser than the men becoming good from the highest moral considerations. But that that they have selected is simply this: 'I am resolved what to do.'

"What, then, is the nature of a resolution—what is the

MR. BEECHER'S CHURCH, BROOKLYN, N. Y., CALLED PLYMOUTH CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

scope of it, the potency? A resolution is a purpose in so far as simple things, uncompounded, incomplex, are concerned. A resolution may be executed immediately, without loss of time; indeed, the greatest number of resolutions are those which, like the stroke of the hammer or the explosion of the gun, are almost without any appreciable interlapse of time. 'I am resolved what to do.' Natural resolutions: At the cry of fire the man instantly looks out to see what to do; at the call of a man to step to the door and see a stranger or a friend, he resolves to do it; although the resolution is latent in such a sense by repetition, he is not conscious of making up his mind.

"There are a good many people who don't seem ever to have a resolution; they are like sieves—all their thoughts run through and are wasted; there is a great deal of diffidence about them. There are some men whose thoughts are like the ratchet-wheel, the wheel that has, notch by notch, to hold what it has got; and there are a great many whose thoughts are like thistle-downs, that are going everywhere, and don't know that they are going anywhere, and are subject to the mutations of the wind. There is a great deal of difference—need be—to win men to form resolutions, sometimes, of a strong nature and a sterling, strong purpose; when once they have resolved never to flinch, they never know in any hour a downsliding; they may be less active at one time than

another, but they don't turn back. Once having put their hand to the plough, they don't look back again. But then there are those that have the same policy resolution, but they are made of different stuff; it slides away; they forgot it; they are not stiff enough to stand up against the wind, it may be, that shall come upon them.

. . . . . .

"Did you ever undertake to take apart a watch? That is very easy. Did you ever undertake to put it together again? That is not so easy. You don't know which screw goes in which hole; you don't know exactly which wheel goes in first; but one thing is perfectly certain, and that is that nothing else will fit together but that of which the watch was made, and each wheel was destined to one place and to one avocation, and if you can bring them together, according to the intent of the maker, it will perform, and otherwise it will not. Now, a man was built with a great deal more care than ever a watch was. He has definite relations to himself. A man was made to live with men, and there is only one way and one principle on which men can live together—kindness, love. . . . True Christianity means living in those relations for which we were created—harmonization of ourselves, harmonization of our relations to our fellow-men, harmonization of our relation to the invisible future.

"Are you, then, resolved at once to become a Christian? Can I be a Christian at once? In one sense, no; in another sense, yes. Nobody ever learned a trade at a blow, but he can begin this day; no man ever became a scholar by a resolution, but he never can become one without a resolution; it is a complex one and a constantly repeating one, ancillary resolutions upholding the main one. Are you willing to take the Bible just as a ship-master takes the chart? When he leaves the last shore-light and takes his direction he never says, 'Read me a direction or two of the sailing-directions, and then read me the draughtings inside again and then again.' They have no relations at all to his course, to his actual sailing; but he is not going to read so many parts of his chart and of his sailing-directions. Why, no; he lays out his voyage from the beginning and every day he takes observations, and then he checks down on the chart just where he is. At noon to-morrow he takes another observation; not because there is any need of reading his chart, in reading any book on navigation; not because he is studying astronomy for the sake of anything that is in astronomy. He has got a definite purpose in life; after which he sells his astronomy, and after which he sells his books, or those which lay his course. Are you willing to begin a Christian course and voyage by going to the Word of God to ascertain exactly what is expected of you, both what you are to reject and what

you are to adopt? That is sensible, that is right resolving, according to a practical basis and resolution. Are there any of you that are willing to make that resolve? For a little while it will be a troublesome thing, for a little while; and then easier and easier, with remuneration and exhilaration and joy and final victory."

On the morning of Sunday, March 6, 1887, the newspapers throughout the country spread before their readers the startling intelligence that Mr. Beecher was lying at the point of death. His physicians had long feared an apoplectic stroke, and it came on Saturday, March 5th; there were a few preliminary symptoms, running through Thursday and Friday, but no one recognized in them anything but a trifling illness, and the blow came at last with the force and horror of an unexpected thunderbolt. He had been ill since Thursday. He had been in New York the greater part of the day and went to his son's house in Brooklyn late in the afternoon with a feeling of nausea. By the time he reached the house, No. 124 Hicks Street, he seemed quite prostrated. Dr. W. S. Searle, who has been his family physician for years, was summoned. In addition to the nausea and headache, the doctor found Mr. Beecher suffering from a soreness about the throat and chest to such an extent that he feared an attack of pneumonia. These symptoms quickly passed away and the patient grew better; but when he went to bed he complained of a severe pain in

his head. After a while he dropped off to sleep, but awoke at intervals all through the night.

After daylight he began to improve, and by the time the doctor called he was better. Through Friday his condition was favorable, quieting all alarm felt by the family.

Saturday morning a sudden change for the worse took place, and of such an alarming character that Dr. William A. Hammond, of New York, was hastily summoned. He and Dr. Searle made an examination and declared that Mr. Beecher was suffering from an apoplectic attack. He lay in a semi-comatose condition, but neither consciousness nor his unfailing sense of humor had quite forsaken him.

"Can you raise your arm, Mr. Beecher?" asked Dr. Hammond.

"Yes, I guess so," came the low reply.

"How high can you raise it?"

"Well, high enough to hit you, doctor," said the clergyman, with a feeble smile.

All the family was summoned as soon as the doctors pronounced the condition of Mr. Beecher dangerous. During Sunday and Monday he continued to sink slowly but surely, and his death occurred in the forenoon of Tuesday, the 8th. About three in the morning of that day Mr. Beecher began to fail rapidly, and at half-past four the doctor issued a bulletin saying that the end was

approaching. There was a brief rally an hour later, but at half-past seven the sinking was renewed, and the fact of speedy death was known to be inevitable. In another hour Mr. Beecher was dying. The pulse grew more and more feeble, the breathing became irregular and shallow, there was an accumulation of mucus in the throat, and the respiration became stertorous. The pulse flickered and stopped, the breathing grew fainter and died away, the mouth closed, the muscles relaxed, and Henry Ward Beecher was dead!

His death was what he had wished for, painless, and not preceded by a long illness. He had often expressed the hope that he would die suddenly, and in the midst of work, and he had no sympathy with the prayer in the Episcopal service which asks that we may be delivered from sudden death.

Not since the death of General Grant has the demise of any man touched the popular heart in America as did that of Mr. Beecher. Letters and telegrams of condolence came to Mrs. Beecher from all parts of the country, and there were several cablegrams from England to the same purpose. In Brooklyn and New York flags were at half-mast all over those cities, and many religious, political, and social organizations held special meetings to pass resolutions of sorrow. The letters and resolutions that reached the mourning family would fill a volume. All breathed the same sentiment, that a great man, a

power in the nation and the world, had been laid low, and the event had stricken the whole country with grief.

Private funeral services were held at the house on Thursday, March 10th, the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Hall, of Holy Trinity Church, Brooklyn, officiating. When Mr. Beecher's eldest sister, Catharine, went to live with her brother, Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, in Elmira, N. Y., and died there, Dr. Hall wrote to Mr. Beecher saying that, as Miss Beecher had at one time been a member of his church, he would be glad to go to Elmira and conduct the funeral services. Mr. Beecher replied, thanking him, and said it would not be necessary; "but," he added, "I wish now to mention what I have already told my family and friends, and I might as well tell it to you. It is that you shall have charge of my funeral if I should go before you. That you shall be present is my hope and desire."

After the private service, the body was taken to Plymouth Church, where it lay in state during the rest of the day and till late in the evening. In compliance with Mr. Beecher's well-known desire, the church was decorated with flowers instead of the customary drapery of black. The huge audience-room was transformed into a bower of roses and smilax and evergreens. The reading-desk and the chair from the Mount of Olives were set on either side of the platform. Mrs. Susan Howard, the

friend of half a century, who for years had furnished the decoration of the desk on festal occasions, had that historical object swathed in pink and French roses and vines. The stout chair where the pastor sat for many years was upholstered for Mrs. S. V. White in pink and Eucharis roses, white carnations, and smilax. Back of these pulpit-relics an arras of flowers stretched from the platform-floor almost to the summit of the giant organ, festoons of laurel-rope stretched from chandelier to the four corners of the ceiling, and a ball of roses hung from the former. The façade of the gallery was bright with potted plants, interspersed with wreaths of laurel. Evergreens were around the walls both above and beneath the balcony, while under the gallery-wall smilax and flowers were also festooned. The front of the church outside was also decorated with evergreens.

There was an immense crowd waiting outside the church, and when the doors were opened for the procession it began immediately. By actual count, between seventy and seventy-five persons a minute got a chance to look at the life-like face of the dead preacher. It is a safe estimate to say that at least nine-tenths of the line was composed of women and children. Many of the women held handkerchiefs to their eyes, and not a few were led up to the casket sobbing and in tears. Strong men wept, and hurried by as if afraid that their emotions would overcome them. It was estimated that fully

eighty thousand people passed the coffin of Mr. Beecher during the hours of Thursday and Friday when the public was admitted.

The public funeral was on Friday, the 11th, Dr. Hall paying an admirable tribute to his deceased friend, which was heard by an audience that filled every inch of sitting or standing room in the vast edifice. Simultaneously with this service there were services in four other churches of Brooklyn, a circumstance without a parallel in the history of that city. These additional services were as follows: First Baptist Church, by Rev. T. De Witt Talmage; First Presbyterian Church, by Rev. C. Cuthbert Hall; Church of the Saviour, by Rev. W. T. Dixon (colored); and Sands Street Methodist Church, by Rev. Alexander McLean. All the clergymen spoke eloquently in honor of Mr. Beecher, and dwelt earnestly upon the great work he had performed in his exceedingly active life. In the Sands Street Church, Rabbi Harrison spoke of the work of Mr. Beecher to secure the toleration of the Hebrew race in this and other countries, and added:

Men revered him as they watched him in his pulpit, week after week, pleading for humanity. All sects revered him, all churches and creeds recognized in him the incarnation of their best thoughts. He was a hero, a moral and intellectual hero, a champion of the poor and the oppressed of every land and every creed. He was a protector of social equality, a champion of religious tolerance. He stands at the head of his age, and his fame will always remain. To

all creeds, to all classes, he has been a help, a succor, a light to guide in the darkness.

On the morning of Saturday, March 12th, the remains of Mr. Beecher were removed from Plymouth Church to the vault in Greenwood Cemetery. Only a limited number of persons accompanied the hearse. Altogether there were about fifty in the company, which consisted of the Church Committee, the trustees, the deacons, and a few prominent members of the church, representing various large family circles. All along the route many persons raised their hats as it passed—a deference to the dead common in other countries, but not here. Arrived at the cemetery, the casket was placed in a zinc-lined box and carried to the receiving vault, whose double gates were beautifully decorated with flowers. Rev. Mr. Halliday offered a touching prayer. The casket was placed in the vault, with its decorations of palms, and Henry Ward Beecher was at rest.

It is probable that the remains will rest in the vault for at least a year, and in the meantime the family will secure a burial plot in Greenwood. It is a fact not generally known, that Mr. Beecher had little respect for the bodies of the dead. He held that the spirit was the valuable part, and when once it had gone out of the body there was little left worthy of love or sympathy. He could not understand the reason why people visited cem-

eteries and spent their tears above the tombs of the dead. He never, or seldom, visited the resting-place of his children's remains. "I believe that they are in heaven, not in Greenwood," he would say. It was this belief which made him so careless about providing a plot for his own resting-place and for the widow and children who would come after him.

Had Mr. Beecher lived until next October to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination as a minister, the fortieth anniversary as Pastor of Plymouth Church, and the golden anniversary of his marriage, he would have received a testimonial of a noteworthy character. President Cleveland and the members of his Cabinet, the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, and others prominent in the literary, social, and religious world, had agreed to unite in the presentation to him of letters and literary contributions, which were to have been presented to Mr. Beecher at a public meeting, to be held in the Brooklyn Academy of Music early in October.

CHAPTER XXV.

ESTIMATES OF HIS CHARACTER.

Tributes from Many Christian Pulpits.—All Denominations Honor Him.—Loss of Beecher Like the Removal of a Mountain.—His Speeches in England one Long Speech.—His Fervid Eloquence.—The Great Leader in Pulpit and Republic.—Who will Wear His Mantle?—The Shakespeare of the Christian Pulpit.—A Marvellous Imagination—Wonderful Knowledge of Character.—Great in the Life of the Republic.—The Most Striking Figure of Our Time.—The Incarnation of Love.—A Part of America's Life.—Tributes from the Hebrews of New York.—A Great Star Below the Horizon.—The Representative of Democracy in the Pulpit.—The End.

On the Sunday following Mr. Beecher's death nearly all the clergymen of New York and Brooklyn, as well as many others in all parts of the country, without regard to denominational differences, devoted a portion of their discourses to the character of this remarkable man and his influence upon the moral and religious world. Volumes might be compiled from these testimonials, and even then the supply would not be exhausted. All of them bore tribute to Mr. Beecher's transcendent abilities as a preacher and an orator, and as a man who loved his fellow man. In this, our concluding chapter, we have only the space for a few brief selections from the pulpit utterances in honor of his memory.

Rev. J. H. Chadwick, the eloquent Unitarian preacher, of Brooklyn, said among other things:

"The sense of loss and vacancy occasioned by the death of Henry Ward Beecher is common to all people of intelligence and thinking minds in the United States, but to us, who knew him in our daily walks, the loss is more keenly felt. He was our foremost citizen. He has carried the name of the city everywhere, and he has attracted more people to the city than any other man. His life has been one of the hardest kind of work. His work in crushing the slave power is hardly less than that of the great abolitionists, William Lloyd Garrison, Wendell Phillips, John Brown, and Abraham Lincoln. His work in robbing religion of its terrors is greater than that of any man the world has ever produced. The loss of Beecher is something like the sudden removal of a mountain. There it had been, year after year, our childhood's wonder and our manhood's pride. To awake some morning and find the mountain gone is our feeling in these last days. But no such loss can compare with ours. He had faults, but they were unique. He spoke oftener from his emotions than from his beliefs. When he came to Brooklyn he was advised to let politics alone. Had they advised the sea to leave the moon alone they would have been listened to as much. No other orator had his power to call upon men to do and suffer all things for the right. Noisy opposition was

meat and drink to him. His auditors never found him nodding. Oliver Wendell Holmes said that Beecher's five speeches in England were in reality one long speech, with its introduction in Manchester and its closing words in London.

Rev. Charles H. Eaton, of the Church of the Divine Paternity, New York, took for his text Romans x. 15: "How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace." In speaking of Mr. Beecher he said: "His was a noble character. His whole life was spent upon the broad ocean of humanity. Mankind was his study, and the amelioration of the race his constant aim. All that he was, was due to his ancestry. He came of a sturdy, honest stock, and inherited their virtues. Heredity counted more than country. While the glorious climate of Connecticut gave him a vigorous constitution, his mental powers were inherited away back from the sturdy blacksmith, Nathaniel Beecher, who plied upon his anvil under the very tree where the celebrated Davenport preached his first sermon in New England. From Nathaniel Beecher and his descendants down to the brainy Lyman Beecher, his distinguished father, Henry Ward Beecher inherited his manly spirit of independence, his love of religion, and broad spirit of philanthropy. . . . "Greatness is derived in different fields of action. Stephenson's genius lay in an invention; Seneca's in morals; Webster's in statesmanship; and Can-

ning's in oratory. It was as an orator that Beecher will go down in history. All that he accomplished was through the power of his fervid eloquence. And why? Because he dealt with great principles. He dealt with the verities of God. He removed the vail which hid the Redeemer from mankind. He was unquestionably one of the greatest preachers of the age, and as a leader of the masses, he had few equals."

"Mr. Beecher's Mantle and Who Will Wear It," was the subject of Rev. N. B. Thompson's address at the Free Baptist Church, Twenty-fifth Street, near Eighth Avenue, New York. "During the past week," said Mr. Thompson, "the eyes of the world have been turned to the city across the river. For forty years there lived in Brooklyn a man whose name was a household word throughout the Christian world. Henry Ward Beecher was the head of the people, the Elijah of the Church. We shall never see his like again. What Elijah was to the other prophets, that man of Brooklyn was to the modern Church. The mantle of our later prophet is fluttering down from the skies, and no one dares to touch it or lay hold upon it. And now the question goes echoing through Christendom as to who shall wear it. There are many who would be glad to crawl into that mantle. But so large was it that it could wrap within it nine-tenths of the prophets of the present day and have room for more."

"Henry Ward Beecher, the Shakespeare of the Christian Pulpit," was the subject of Rev. John Rhey Thompson's discourse in the Washington Square M. E. Church, New York. After reviewing Mr. Beecher's firm action in the cause of the emancipation of the negro slaves in the South, the pastor narrated at length the great Brooklyn divine's work in freeing the pulpit from the scholasticism fastened upon it by the Calvinists. He made the pulpit, according to Mr. Thompson, a natural and humble place, and taught that right conduct led to correct belief, or, in the words of the Bible, "The pure in heart shall see God."

"Shakespeare," continued Mr. Thompson, "was considered the king of English literature, and what he is to literature Henry Ward Beecher is to the Christian pulpit. There are many points of similarity between the two. The critics often say that it is impossible that Shakespeare is the author of the works which bear his name. They ask, How is it possible for a man of his limited opportunities to write 'Hamlet?' It is even claimed that Lord Bacon was the author of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare. So with Beecher. He also was a man of limited opportunities. Both men learned from within. What other people dig patiently and wearily for, they abstracted by intuition, and what the one is to his field, the other is to his. In reading De Quincey and Paine on Shakespeare, one could strike out

the names of the bard, and substituting Beecher, find the criticisms to apply equally well. Shakespeare was a man of royal imagination. Who denies a royal imagination to Henry Ward Beecher? Both were true to nature. Shakespeare had a marvellous knowledge of character. Beecher could sweep every key in the mighty organ of the human soul."

At the Church of the Messiah, Rev. Robert Collyer prefaced his remarks by reading from 2 Chronicles, chapter xxiv., verse 16, "They buried him among the kings because he had done good, both toward God and toward his house." Continuing he said:

"Mr. Beecher's death has touched the heart of our nation and moved it as it was never moved before by the death of one who has filled a sacred office. No nation's heart has been so moved since Martin Luther died three hundred and forty years ago. He was not an old man, for the autumn days had hardly touched the life that lay within. He was still the great leader in the American pulpit, and I know of no one who was greater in the life of the Republic, and so full of enthusiasm for the work he had to do. His heart was open and warm, and his eye watched carefully for the light on all the wide horizons, and welcomed it with the gift and grace of earlier years rather than our later ones. Where would you look for the eagle glance, and the eager, open heart more surely than in the Plymouth pulpit. His

laughter was blended with tears, and in his quick, clear wit, born of a man at his best, there still were woven threads of gold through the warp and woof of his public discourse and his private talk. Those who knew him best wondered how little three score and thirteen years had abated the royal gift.

Not only did the clergymen of all Christian denominations speak in his praise, but there were words of comfort to his sorrowing friends from the Hebrew synagogues in New York and other cities. His love for mankind included all races and religions, and the Hebrews were prompt to acknowledge the services he had rendered to them on many occasions. At the memorial service in the Temple Emanu-El, in New York, the front of the altar was decorated with a magnificent portrait of Mr. Beecher, and above it was suspended a large wreath of white flowers. Rev. Dr. Gottheil, rabbi of the temple, spoke of Mr. Beecher's address in that very temple two years before, on the occasion of the memorial services in honor of the celebrated Hebrew philanthropist, Sir Moses Montefiore, and read several extracts from it. He then delivered an affecting tribute in which he said: Henry Ward Beecher will live in generations to come, the giant he was. It can also be said of him as of the old prophet, that 'His eye did not grow dim.' Such a death is dying by the kiss of the Almighty. No mortal man has disclosed the true greatness of this coun-

try as Henry Ward Beecher. This typical American was the perfect citizen of the world. He disdained all outward show and artificial authority. A great, brilliant star has sunk below the horizon, and the American people are watching where it has disappeared, to wait—God knows how long—until his return."

Professor Felix Adler, President and leader of the Society for Ethical Culture, paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Mr. Beecher, closing as follows: "He was the type of the American democracy in the pulpit. He was not a vain man in the ordinary sense, but he was supremely conscious of his power: no man ever more so than he. The secret of his power is to be found in the fact, that the American democracy beheld their qualities reflected in him as a mirror so enlarged and enhanced that he was pre-eminently the American Democratic man, the representative of American Democratic ideas in the pulpit. He rose above social prejudice, which is worse than political prejudice. Let him pass to his rest with Lincoln, Sumner, Phillips, and Grant. 'The great war preacher'—let that be his just title to enduring fame."

Nothing can be more appropriate for the closing page of this memorial volume than some of Mr. Beecher's utterances on the question of death and the future life.

"To one who is living aright, no death can be sudden, and no place unfavorable. One step and all roads meet.

"Dying is the best part of life to one who knows how to live worthily.

"When we comprehend the fulness of what death will do for us, in all our outlook and forelook, dying is triumphing. Nowhere is there so fair a sight, so sweet a prospect, as when a young soul is passing away out of life and time through the gate of death—the rosy, the royal, the golden, the pearly gate of death.

"Death is as sweet as flowers are. It is as blessed as bird-singing in spring. I never hear of the death of any-one who is ready to die, that my heart does not sing like a harp. I am sorry for those that are left behind, but not for those who have gone before.

"Beat on, then, O heart, and yearn for dying. I have drunk at many a fountain, but thirst came again; I have fed at many a bounteous table, but hunger returned; I have seen many bright and lovely things, but while I gazed their lustre faded. There is nothing here that can give me rest, but when I behold thee, O God, I shall be satisfied."

FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

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